

REMINISCENCES

S. W. ALLEN.

To Millie

From Uncle Nat.

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Dedicated

TO THE

MOST HONOURABLE THE MARQUIS OF BUTE.

REMINISCENCES.

PREFACE.

THE following little book is the result of a request by many friends to publish in book form some of the stories I have often told them verbally. I am aware that there are many others whose experiences would be far more interesting than my own, if they were only induced to jot them down before they have faded from their memories, so that others may be benefitted by them. The modern City of Cardiff is of such recent growth, that the happenings of the middle of the last century may not be well known to the majority of the inhabitants. A few personal recollections and sketches may revive old memories.

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Cardiff.



REMINISCENCES

BEING A FEW RAMBLING RECOLLECTIONS
OF SOME PEOPLE AND THINGS I HAVE
_____ MET WITH _____

By

S. W. ALLEN.

1918.

—

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VII.

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CONCLUSION.

Reminiscences.

BY S. W. ALLEN.

EVERYONE has some experiences that might be of interest to their friends, if they only took the trouble to jot them down, and present them in book form, so that they may be referred to for their benefit or amusement in after years.

It was when giving a lecture on "Reminiscences" at a Social Meeting of a Cardiff Scientific and Artistic Society some time ago, that I was urgently pressed to do something of this kind.

This little book therefore is the outcome, and with the hope that it will add something to the knowledge of the present generation of what we used to do, and how we were amused as early as the middle forties of the last century, up to the time of writing these notes in the year of Grace, 1917.

I well recollect in 1849, hearing my Grandfather hailing my sister and myself with a nautical greeting, as we rushed out-doors to meet him in the Castle Square of Haverfordwest.

About the same time, a Phrenologist visited the town, and I was taken to have my "bumps" felt, when he said that I would be blessed with an excellent memory, and that I was going to be an Engineer, perhaps this has had something to do in shaping my future destinies.

THE WRECK OF THE "FROLIC" ON THE NASH SANDS.

My Grandfather, Captain Bennett, a retired ancient mariner, formerly of the good ship "Frolic."

The wreck of this little vessel is one of the great Pembrokeshire tragedies, and took place in the thirties of the last century.

In the Tower Hill of Haverfordwest, at the lower portion, near, and almost opposite the Mariners' Hotel, stood two

corner houses, long since demolished. Captain Bennett lived in one of them, and Captain Jenkins in the other. Both of them were in the employ of the Company who owned the Steam Packets which traded between Milford and Bristol. A barge or tender transferred the goods from Milford to Haverfordwest, whilst the passengers usually went thus far by road.

On the last eventful voyage of the "Frolic," there was a large party of the principal tradesmen and gentle-folks of Haverfordwest, who had arranged to go to Bristol for business and other purposes, each taking with them a considerable sum of money, as Bristol was the principal centre of trade for South Wales in those days, and where the biggest purchases were made.

The Proprietors of the "Frolic," it was stated, had requested the Captain, for some reason or other, to take the steamer inside of the Nash Sands, a long Sand Bank which visitors can always see just off Porthcawl at low water, whilst, when the tide is up, this shoal is completely covered, a most dangerous spot at any time, and in rough weather particularly so, as the seventy good folks of Haverfordwest and the entire crew found out to their cost, for this little vessel was dashed to pieces thereon, and not a single soul was saved.

It was thought that as each had carried so much money in their pockets, and sewn up in their clothing, that this extra weight had much to do in preventing them from gaining the shore. Many of the bodies were afterwards found, and in each case they were heavily weighted in the way I have named. The Nash Light-houses were afterwards erected to warn future mariners of the existence of this dangerous shoal.

Captain Bennett, luckily, had remained home on this occasion, and never went to sea after.

All this happened long before my time, but as it was always the principal topic of conversation when a child, I am tempted to include the story in this little book.

Readers of Blackmore's celebrated novel, "The Maid of Sker," will, of course, remember that the Nash Sands figures very largely in that great classic of English literature, and was the happy hunting ground for local fishermen in the days gone by.

Some years ago, within my own knowledge, the well known little Cardiff steamer, the "Pilot," was caught just

outside in a very rough sea, as she was on a voyage from Bideford up Channel, and was thrown on a big wave right up over the Tusker Rocks, which form part of the Nash Sands, and then, at the mouth of the Ogmore River, dashed high and dry, and was wrecked on the shelving beach. In the company of the late Captain Cuthbert, who was the Managing Owner of this vessel, I went to see what could be done with the wreckage. We found the crew huddled up in a comfortable Farm House close by. They were in a most pitiable condition, and on questioning the Engineer as to his experience, he told me that when the vessel was labouring in the heavy seas, and expecting every moment she would be dashed to pieces, his words were :—" The Captain, he wer' aprayin', and the Mate he wer' aprayin', and the passenger from Bideford, he wer' aprayin'." I said, " Were you apraying ? " " No," he said, " what's the use of me doin' that, hadn't I had to look after the darned old engines ? "

THE CASTLE SQUARE.

Our house was a very old one, as it stands on the Bridge Street corner of Castle Square, backed by the Castle, which rises to a great height on a precipitous rock, and dominates everything else in the picturesque old town.

Much of the town's ancient features had passed away not long before the writer came upon the scene, for in the middle of the Square were several houses, and there was another series of houses called the Short Row at the bottom of the High Street.

DOG TRACTION.

One of my early recollections is that of the common use of dogs for traction purposes, and many a heavy load of coal or coke have I seen being hauled up the steep streets by this means. Once I was being taken by my father for a walk, when he saw a fine dog struggling its very hardest to haul up a comparatively large and fully loaded cart up the High Street, the surface of which was covered by huge round pebbles, when he, without ceremony, unharnessed the dog, and insisted on the driver pushing the cart to its destination himself.

MY FIRST PUBLIC RECITATION.

I have frequently entertained my friends in later years in the way of poetic and other recitations, it may perhaps amuse them, if I say how I got on in my first attempt at this kind of thing. I have now before me a little Wesleyan Hymn Book, with the following inscription on the inside of the cover :—

WESLEYAN SUNDAY SCHOOL,
REWARD,
SAMUEL ALLEN,
JULY 3RD, 1856.

This event took place in the Chapel that stands alongside of a picturesque walk, known then by the rather prosaic name of the "Pigs' Parade."

I can see myself now full of importance, and of the mature age of eleven, standing with my head just above the front rail of the gallery, and holding forth to a full congregation. All but the last two lines have escaped my memory, these alone remain,—

"Now these girls with greater beauty
Will come forth and do their duty."

It will be imagined with what pride I walked up to the Set Vawr, and received my tiny and chubby Hymn Book Prize, and which has been duly treasured ever since.

RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE.

There were several places of worship close to the one in question, and it illustrates the sweetness of religious tolerance when I append another poetic effusion, which we used to sing as we went or left Sunday School. It ran thus :—

"The Baptist Bugs
And the Tabernacle Slugs,
But the Wesleyan
Beats 'em all."

Other denominations used the same verse, but, of course, reversing the order of the "Chapels" or churches which they claimed to belong, the contending parties usually settling their differences of religious views in the pugilistic way we were instructed by the navvies who were engaged in the construction of the South Wales Railway.

THE LAUNCH OF A GREAT WARSHIP.

The greatest local event that took place in those days was the launch of a warship at Pembroke Dock, for Her Majesty's Navy, and of which every Pembrokeshire inhabitant has much reason to be proud.

The first that I remember was the building and launching of the celebrated three-decker, the "Duke of Wellington." She was built under her first name of the "Windsor Castle," about 1854. This ship was afterwards the Flag Ship of the Navy, and carried no less than 120 guns. I have seen her since at Portsmouth, where she was moored for many years, and eventually broken up.

The Railway at that time did not reach below Haverfordwest, so we had to go to Pembroke Dock by road and ferry. A lady relative had a farm at Neyland, and always rode to town on a great cart horse. She frequently took me with her on these excursions, perched up behind her. I have often thought since of a song I learned about the same time, it went thus,—

"I went to Market
To buy myself a Hoss,
His back was so wide
I couldn't stretch across."

and thus I travelled to see the building and launching of the world's greatest war vessel and finest ship afloat.

I have since had the pleasure of seeing many another glide into the Harbour from this Welsh Dockyard, such as the "Orlando," a longer and more rakish vessel than the "Duke of Wellington," and for very many years considered to be the fastest ship in the British Navy. I last saw her about 1870, a sheer hulk as she lay for many years close under the Saltash Bridge at Plymouth. She has long since been consigned to the tender mercies of the ship-breaker.

THE LAST OF THE THREE-DECKERS.

I also was present at the launch of the "Howe,"—she was the very last of the three-deckers, and was never fully completed. The nautical fights between the North and Southern States of America fully demonstrated the value of defensive armament, when the whole system of war-ship design was

changed. The "Howe" is to be seen to-day at Plymouth, but her name has been altered to that of the "Impregnable," and as she now lies off Devonport Dock Yard, a stately reminder of Welsh Shipbuilding in the fifties of the last century. I never pass her in the little steam passenger vessels that run up and down the beautiful Tamar, without a thrill of personal satisfaction of having looked on her with immense admiration when she was building in her own and in my native county.

THE "THUNDERER."

It was also a great day in years after, when the "Thunderer" was launched, and I made a special journey from Cardiff to witness the ceremony, and I shall never forget the crowded state of the trains that took the passengers to and from Neyland. I was in the company of my very esteemed and life-long companion and friend, the late Mr. James Gough Griffiths, and we got into a very crowded compartment, mostly ladies, but there was one man opposite me who insisted upon smoking a dirty clay pipe, much to the discomfort of the ladies, and also to the other men folks. We tried all we knew to make him desist, but all to no purpose, still he kept on, so without further controversy we very forcibly ejected him out of the train at Johnstone.

LAUNCH OF THE "RENOWN."

My next experience of a launch at Pembroke was that of H.M.S. "Renown." I was then accompanied by a clergyman friend, who was not at all interested in vessels, war or otherwise, and as we stood on Hobb's Point, and watched her glide gracefully into the deep water of the Haven, my friend was quietly looking at something else in the ecclesiastical way, in the opposite direction.

IN THE PULPIT.

My father was a local preacher, and when he used to preach in a little Chapel at Prendergast, or in a curious old room on the old quay, I was always accommodated with a little three-legged stool inside the pulpit.

SCHOOL DAYS.

Most of my school days were spent at a school near St. Thomas' Church, kept by Mr. Ellis, a gouty old gentleman of considerable artistic ability. His walls were hung with large landscapes of his painting, and I expect that it was from the contemplation of these pictures that I imbibed much of my liking for the fine arts. He could not reach us very well for the punishment for our misdeeds, so he used to have a ball tied to a string with which he made unerring aim at our unprotected heads, and as quickly drew it back again for another shot,—the boys near to him were more easily reached by means of a flat or other shaped ruler. It was with one of the former that I remember coming into contact with on one occasion, and, as I always was, and am, of a mechanical turn of mind, I had fitted up my lock-up desk with all sorts of toys made to work by the pulling of a string, that I had arranged to pass from one desk to the others, so that a boy in a remote corner of the school could manipulate the string and put the whole of my mechanical arrangements into motion. On one occasion I was very busy contemplating the perfection and beauties of my marionettes, with the desk top supported on the crown of my head. Mr. Ellis had been watching from behind for some time, when down came the ruler, I bobbed my head, the ruler came on to the edge of the hard wooden desk and broke into two pieces. I wasn't much hurt, but it was the end of my exhibition of mechanical curiosities in Mr. Ellis' excellent School.

MESMERISM.

I daresay that most people at some time or another have been infected with the craze of Mesmerism, whether there is anything in it, or not, I will not attempt to discuss, but I will say this, and I have seen many ostensibly bona-fide experiments, I have never seen any that I did not regard as fraudulent. My first experience in this way was when my father and mother were much interested in the cult, about 1850, and I think others in the town were bitten in the same way, as it appears that in nearly every house in Haverfordwest, at the time I speak of, there was something going on in the Mesmeric way. Our house was a very old one, and like most

old houses, was supposed to be haunted, and it was to test the truth of this supposition that my parents engaged a lady medium to dive into the hidden mystery. The top floor of the house was what was called the Garret, a weird and ghost-like series of small appartments in the roof, it was here that the demonstration took place. The medium in her "Trance" said that there was a large sum of money inside one of the walls. My father, with other assistants and the vigorous application of crow bars, and pickaxes, removed quite a lot of stone work and mortar, so much indeed, that there was great danger of the roof collapsing and falling in upon them. At the same time there was another seance going on in another part of the town. I expect they were acquainted with our goings on, when the "medium" sent a message to Mr. Allen to desist from further dilapidations, as they would never find any money there, as it had been removed long ago. It was the fear of doing further damage that I think stopped the pickaxe investigations, not that most people really believed in the possibility of finding a valuable hoard, a belief in which I think all of us shared.

LANGUM OYSTERS.

I daresay you have heard of Langum Oysters. — they are now I think rather a scarce luxury, but in my young days they were exceedingly plentiful. I have often seen the ladies of Langum dressed in their picturesque costumes, which, in spite of modern fashions, still present much the same aspect as of yore, with their flat brimmed men's felt hats and jackets, short skirts and scarlet petticoats, trudge into town heavily laden with their baskets on their backs, filled with the succulent bivalves. "Wist tha' bie a LI' couple oysters to-day, hunny, ta leiten the baskat, my beack is almost brooke. Please ta bie a pennert," and for that small coin we used to purchase a good few of the lady's wares. I fancy we would not get quite as many to-day for the same expenditure.

A friend of mine, a few years my senior, tells me that he is quite certain that about this time, his mother frequently gave him a penny, and some bread and butter, to purchase as many oysters as the penny would fetch. You will scarcely believe me, when I say that he often obtained as many as a quarter of a hundred for the penny, and each opened ready

for consumption, and then had the cheek to grumble if the lady from Langum had tried to swindle him by passing off a small one.

ANTHRACITE COAL.

Culm is the fuel most in use in the neighbourhood. This is very small anthracite or stone coal. There now are many important collieries in Pembrokeshire, but at the time I am writing about, the culm was only worked in a small way near the surface, and at Freystrop on the banks of the Cleddau, a few miles down the river from Haverfordwest, I have often looked down into the shallow depths of a pit, and watched the collier by the light of a tallow dip cut the culm and fill it into the basket, which was hauled up to the surface by a primitive winch, no bigger or stronger than can be seen any day on the village well where no pump is installed. The collier's good lady provided the engine power, which lifted the laden basket from the depths below, and emptied it into little canvas bags, and place them carefully across the back of her patient donkey, several of them piled one over the other to the fullest extent of the animal's capabilities, then trudge along the road in the direction of Haverfordwest, selling her bags of culm to any householder she may happen to meet. These cavalcades could be seen almost any day. The ladies had a wonderful power of persuasion in inducing customers to purchase. "Bie a pennert a culm to dea, unny, to leiten my donkey's beack, it 'ill burn leik a ceandle," or "If thee woosn't bei a bit a culm, wist tha geive me a yappeny ta bei a yappert a bacca."

THE BALL FIRE.

To burn anthracite coal or culm in an ordinary fire grate is a difficult matter, as it is not only very reluctant to catch fire, but disintegrates quickly, and falls in red hot particles into the grate below unconsumed. It gives off an immense amount of heat, and absolutely no smoke. The products of combustion of some kinds however give off a very offensive odour, which, if burnt in an open grate, would be very objectionable. Closed stoves, such as they use in France, can be used with success for this, or in fact, any other kind of coal of an anthracite nature. To render the Pembrokeshire culm

suitable for household use, it is incorporated with a certain proportion of the ordinary yellow clay of the district, this is well mixed, and sufficient water added to make it quite plastic. The usual method is to hammer away at it with a long-handled hoe and spade until it is got into a suitable consistency, something like ordinary black mortar which the masons use for building purposes. It is then made into a heap, and left either in some convenient place outside, or neatly stored in the "Ball House" for use when required. A small quantity is taken out at a time, and mixed by hand into ovoids, like good-sized potatoes, and placed on top of the glowing fire every day. Frequently the "Balls" are ornamented by touches of white-wash, so as to give them an artistic appearance, and then left quite untouched, when they will soon get incandescent and remain so all day. At night time, a large shovelful is dumped on the top, and a neat round hole left in the middle for the gases to escape. This is repeated every night, and is called *stumming the fire*. The fire is never left to die out, and many an old fire-place in Haverfordwest and the neighbourhood have never had the fire out for generations. The clay mixed with the culm is merely for the purpose of holding the particles together, and does not otherwise contribute towards the combustion, yet in consequence of its heat-retaining propensities, after exposure to the fire, does much to retain and give off the heat thus obtained to the apartment and its occupants, at the same time holding the particles of combustible matter together to the very last. Such a fire is of necessity a very dirty one, and the ash produced is excessive, this however is easily removed by careful stoking, and as the incandescent mass gravitates to the bottom of the grate, fresh "Balls" added to the top, and occasionally neatly inserted between the bars where required, is all that is necessary in order to make a fire that will go on almost indefinitely.

I am writing this after about half a century of varied experiences with other kinds of fuels, it being quite the time mentioned since I have seen or assisted in the making up or the "stumming" of a "Ball" fire.

THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

I wonder what would the school-boys of to-day say if they were sent off to the nearest blacksmith shop when their

boots required tips and nails, yet such was my case, for the smiths in those days were very expert manipulators of the hot iron, and could forge tips for the toes and heels, and make the necessary nails and drive them into the soles of a boy's or man's boots whilst the client sat on anything he could find convenient, and waited the result. For the tips, the smith took any convenient small piece of good iron, and heating it in his bellows-blown forge to a white heat, dextrously hammered it to the desired size, then made a longitudinal groove right along by driving in a correctly made swage, afterward bending it to shape, and punching the holes through for the nails, afterwards filing the whole up cold to give it the necessary finish. To make the nails he used what he called a bolster; this was an iron or steel tool a foot or so in length, with a hole at the one end, and on the side, this little hole was taper of the exact shape of the prong, or sharp part of the nail. He then heated a small iron rod called a nail rod of about quarter inch square to the necessary heat, then hammered the end on the edge of the anvil to a sharp point, cutting it nearly off on a fixed chisel shaped cutter in the anvil top, of sufficient length to form the head. He then pushed the point into the hole, and hammered the head to the proper shape, and turning the tool over with a sharp blow on the face of the anvil, the nail dropped out on the floor, these were sufficiently cold in a very few minutes to be picked up by hand, and driven into the soles of the boots of the waiting customer.

There was a blacksmith's shop kept by a Mr. Bentick, near the foot of the steps in Hill Lane, where I have watched this proceeding many a time, and where I first imbibed what little knowledge I possess of the work of the blacksmith, and which has been of great service to me in after years.

THE LATTER DAY SAINTS.

This blacksmith shop was adjacent to a tiny place of worship, and was occupied by a denomination which called themselves "Latter Day Saints." It was the delight of the youths of High Street and the Square to assemble at the top of the steps close by and roll down huge stones or anything they could find capable of adding annoyance to the simple folks inside, who listened to the vapouring of the apostles of the notorious Brigham Young or Joe Smith of Salt Lake City.

THE ADVENT OF THE SOUTH WALES RAILWAY.

Before the first Railway Engine was seen in Haverfordwest, there was much speculation among the boys as to what it was going to be like, as there were few illustrated papers available, and photography was in its infancy.

We had seen other kinds of mechanism, principally agricultural machinery, at Marychurch's Foundry, in the "Hole in the Wall," a lane leading to the works from Bridge Street.

I had pictured the anticipated visitor as a kind of a Crab Winch, on a wheeled trolley, with a pot boiler slung on behind. I have since fancied how much my primitive ideas were like the realisation of Cuiquot's first French Locomotive, or Trevithic's Tram Engine that saw the light in Merthyr Tydfil, and was the pioneer of all railway engines.

I was not prepared to see a great thing with a copper-domed fire box shell, a long barrelled boiler, and big single driving wheels, with the broad gauge so familiar for many years afterwards, until it was replaced by the 4 ft. 8½ ins., or narrow gauge of to day. Our greeting to the new monster was to steal on to the railway line a short distance out of the town, and to stick up small vertical sticks with lumps of clay at their bases, and then to retire to a safe distance and watch the knocking over and crushing of the results of our mischievous enterprise. Another experiment was to place pins on the rails, and after the engine had passed over we were delighted to find that they were flattened out like miniature sword blades. Pins in those days were not made with solid heads, but had the heads formed like little beads, tightly squeezed on to the shanks. We had been taught in school, when receiving a lesson about the complicated method of manufacture and necessary subdivision of labour, that it took ten men to make a pin, thus impressing upon our minds that the whole business was performed by hand. Now pins are made by the million, by automatic machinery, and I rather expect that one girl, or boy, can attend to several machines and simply look on whilst the machine does the rest.

THE MAYOR OF PRENDERGAST.

Perhaps you have never heard of that Municipal Dignitary, the Mayor of Prendergast. I expect the Mayoralty has now

become advisedly extinct. Strangers will scarce believe me when I say that for many years there was a chosen person selected for this honour, and his sole qualification was that of the biggest drunkard in the street, and this selection was not an easy one, for Prendergast is a very long thoroughfare, and reaches from near the Old Bridge well into the country on the road towards Fishguard, for probably half a mile or so. When a person was found that satisfied the requirements of the self-constituted electors, a long ladder was obtained, and an armchair fixed about the centre, on which the "Mayor" was to be seated, the ladder being of sufficient length to allow a large number of the Prendergast boys to push their heads between the rungs, and to carry their burden triumphantly along the Principality. The Mayor's remuneration was easily settled, for mine host of the various hostelries visited, and I can assure you that none were missed, contributed the liquid refreshment to not only his Worship the Mayor, but also to his retinue.

The Mayors' speeches on these occasions were sometimes really witty, as the honoured individual was generally a local well known wag, who, through constant practice, could carry, without showing it, a considerable amount of alcoholic stimulant.

THE NEW BRIDGE.

The Town of Haverfordwest is fairly divided into two parts, the river forming a central line, so that to obtain access on either side substantial stone bridges have been built. The "new" bridge occupies the site of a much older wooden structure, which must have been a very picturesque affair to an older generation than my own, and I have heard my mother describe it as it existed in her younger days.

The "New Bridge," as I first remember it, had a little pay box at one end, and substantial gates that were only opened to allow vehicles to pass through. A little wicketgate on each side permitted passengers on the payment of a half-penny to pass as many times in the day as they choose.

Old "Carter" used to keep a very watchful eye on all of the boys, as it was our great delight to evade his vigilance, and to escape the payment of the coin named, not that we

had any business on the opposite side, but still, it was considered a fine game to evade the clutches of the toll-keeper.

When we had paid the necessary halfpenny, we thought we were having our full money's worth by ostentatiously crossing and recrossing throughout the entire day.

GUN POWDER PLOT.

Gun Powder Plot used to be commemorated with great gusto. There was not much pyrotechnics, with the exception of a few squibs and crackers, and an occasional "rocket" sent up from the parapet of the New Bridge. The great fun was the tar barrels, which were set alight at the highest part of the town, and then allowed to roll down such places as Market Street and the High Street. These usually came with such force as to strike against the corners and walls of the houses lower down with terrifying results to the occupiers, as there was generally a good blazing bonfire resulting beneath the very doors and windows. Every boy managed to get a ball of tow steeped in tar, or turpentine, and with a short length of wire, he carried this flaming ornament, swinging it vigorously to increase the effect and to induce a greater blaze—luckily, this custom has died out, and very few who engaged in the pastime ever managed to escape without receiving serious burns. As all of these reminiscences so far occurred before I was into my teens, I may be excused when I say that for a long time, I had an idea that these fire-work displays were in honour of my birthday, which happened on the fifth of November, and curious enough, it was also the birthday of my paternal relative.

THE WHIP TOP.

Every boy, is, I think, fascinated by seeing things go round, like Budge and Tottie in the story, who were never better pleased than watching the wheels go "round," and Pembroke-shire boys in the middle of the last century were no exception, for when "Top" time came at its regular season, all of us went wild with "Top" fever. No toy shop tops for us. These were contemptible in our critical eyes, for were they not squat blunt chumps of round wood, with a tack driven into the very obtuse apex? No, we all had our own ideas as to what a properly shaped top should be, consequently

we kept the wood turners of the town fully engaged in supplying our needs, and the turner who could give us a long, lanky affair, with a sharp cone at the business end, and slightly tapering at the top portion, with neatly grooved rings around its circumference for the leathern thongs of our scourges, as we called them, to strike on, in order to give rotation, with other grooves on the top surface for pure ornaments' sake, was the man for us. These were usually made of the best selected box-wood, or *lignum vitæ*. We used to supply the motive power for the lathe ourselves, for the turner had a big wooden fly-wheel, on the periphery of which a leathern or rope belt communicated motion to the lathe spindle, whilst on each end of its centre axle, was a long winch handle which we were delighted to turn, and, at the same time, watch our purchase being manufactured to our liking. A son of one of these turners was a very boastful "kid," and as we all had extravagant ideas as to the possibilities of a turning lathe in the hands of an expert turner, we were very receptive of the wondrous tales this boy told us of his father's prowess in that direction. He went, perhaps, a bit too far one day, when he proudly produced a bran new pocket knife with a Mother-o'-Pearl handle, and the usual ornamental escutcheon, which he gravely told us that his father had made for him by turning it in his lathe.

On one occasion at this period, some careless person had withdrawn a large iron poker from our kitchen fire, and left it red hot projecting above the fender. My father said, here is a fine scourge handle for my little boy's top, and grasping it in his hand received some terrible burns, from which I do not think he ever quite recovered.

THE RIVER TRAFFIC.

The maritime traffic of Haverfordwest was of a fairly extensive character before the advent of railway competition, most of the merchandise on the river had to be transferred from sea-going vessels to allow of them reaching the extensive old and new quays. The goods therefore were placed in large open lighters, and rowed by men operating very long and heavily balanced oars, much in the same way as the galley slaves of old we see sculptured and pictured in the Biremes and Triremes of the Phœnicians or Romans. When these

mariners were well out, and in the middle parts of the river, it was a safe gibe for the boys on the bank, myself amongst the number, to annoy them by shouting out "Who steel Haroldstone Church doer to meak a rudder?" Whether we had any authority for this assertion, I could never find out, but of this I am certain, that it was a very sore point with the lightermen on this the navigable part of the river.

THE LADIES OF LANGUM.

Boat races, or regattas, frequently took place, the great event being that of the women of Langum; these ladies could hold their own with the best of men rowers, being, as it were, born on the river, and their daily calling the fishing and oyster industry of the deep water of the lower reaches, the great fun being when the men got the chance to collide with the ladies' boats, and capsize the lot into the water, and, as each of them could swim like ducks, there was no fear of much damage.

A few years ago, I revisited Langum, and photographed one of these young ladies, "Jane." She was then dressed in her costume for town visits. She told me that if I "liked to come to Langum 'tomorrah,' I could teaak her in her trousers," meaning that she donned that masculine garment for working purposes, as she was the Tow "horse" that walked along the muddy banks of the lower reaches of the Cleddau, and with a long rope hauled the boat along, while her mother or father was on board attending to the dredging operations.

A SPLENDID RIVER.

I have often wondered why this long stretch of deep tidal water has not been made more use of, with its many miles of wharfage and numerous creeks or inlets, and its great wealth of anthracite coal measures. Probably no other river in the country can equal it, not even the Tyne, the Wear, the Tees, the Humber, or the Clyde.

Shakespeare well knew this when he asked,—“How came Wales to be so blessed as to inherit such a haven.”

PORTFIELD FAIR.

Portfield Fair was a great institution in those days. This was the occasion when farm servants were hired for the year, or some definite term. This took place in St.

Thomas' Green in the upper part of the town. It was a very gay affair, the spacious green for close upon a mile in length was occupied entirely by drinking booths, shows, cheap-Jacks, and roundabouts. These were not the gorgeous engine-driven affairs of to-day, but were little things with about a dozen wooden horses, about the size of sheep, pushed around from near the centre by amateur pushers, who were rewarded by the proprietor with the magnificent remuneration of being allowed to ride for nothing, so there was never any lack of sturdy labourers to do this evidently fascinating work. I have seen very old ladies even in those days ride around enjoying themselves most hilariously. I remember on one occasion my dear old mother was looking on with great disgust at an old lady acquaintance who had thus been having a rare old time. She said, "Come on, Mrs. Hallan, unny, its luvly in my deed, eill pahy."

TERPSICHOREAN REVELS.

Every house right along was a house of entertainment and refreshment. There was dancing and fiddling no end, little tiny rooms were filled to the doors and windows, the fiddler perched on a box or chair conducted the terpsichorean efforts, and beer flowed freely. The Cattle Fair was usually held at the upper part of the Green, near to Merlin's Hill, whilst the sheep occupied the whole length of Shut Street, and as far as I can remember, the pigs enjoyed themselves close to the western end of the glorious old St. Mary's Church, and in close proximity to a well-known hostelry called the "Cat and Bagpipes." The female servants from the country came usually dressed in full Welsh costume, with tall silk hats, neat white frilled caps, and tiny shawls over their shoulders, real Welsh flannel dresses and aprons, strong clogs on their feet, and if the weather was wet and dirty, pattens. These were a kind of clog with buckled straps and a ring of iron with little vertical struts to keep the fair wearers' feet up high and dry a couple of inches above the mud puddles. These always had the effect of making little and short damsels to appear fairly tall, and the taller ones were taller still, and well merited the title of being "Daughters of the Gods"—for the world knows that the Pembrokehire girls are "Divinely Fair."

THE SHOWS.

Then the shows : here monstrosities of all kinds were to be seen,—fat ladies galore, and likewise fat gentlemen, that often rivalled the fatted Castle Martin bulls, or the big Pembrokeshire pigs in the neighbouring street close by.

One of the great attractions was "Bakers'" show ; this was a great favourite for one of the daughters danced the tight-rope, and afterwards became the celebrated "Female Blondin," whilst the son was a good low comedy actor. The most popular of his pieces was a play that went by the distinguished title of "Jeremiah-Stitcham-Starvo," whilst Pa and Ma did the heavy business.

AMATEUR ACROBATS.

Samuel's show was another great institution, this gentleman could bend back until his head touched the ground, and could actually drink a glass of water that was placed behind him on the ground. Of course we all used to try to do the same thing, but the only one who could really do it was a gentleman called "Bill Phillips" the "Bull," and the way he learned to do it was by stuffing his cap full of grass, and thus making an effective buffer to prevent his head coming into contact with the stone pavements, which we used to call flags. "Bill" was also the best man at walking on his hands, with his feet sticking up in the air. He could walk in that way round the Castle Square, and well up into the High Street, without once putting his feet to the ground. As for me, my great accomplishment was that of standing on my head, which feat I could do to perfection for almost any length of time. I tried to do it quite lately to the immense delight of my household, who scrambled for the coppers that escaped in consequence of the unusual position of my pockets.

THE MEMORY OF A TUNE.

It is astonishing how long a tune hangs about. There was a favourite one that was invariably squeaked out of the wheezy fiddles at Portfield Fair, that will never escape my memory. I happened to be in Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, a few years ago. I stopped in front of a Chalet in

"Skansen," where there was fiddling and dancing going on by the natives of one of the Swedish villages, and the very tune played and danced to was my old acquaintance of Portfield Fair of over fifty years ago.

"Jimmy King" was one of the favourite fiddlers at Portfield Fair. He used to entice the girls and boys to join in the dance by saying, "Neow-me-unnies, there's three-pahyed-tur-, and henny wan-a-wantin'-, who'll be the next to meak up tha set?"

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Not very long after the opening of the South Wales Railway between Haverfordwest, Milford and Neyland, railway signalling and continuous brakes were of a comparatively primitive character, and once when an engine and train was proceeding down the line, in the direction of Neyland, when the bridge that crosses the river was opened in order to allow a sailing vessel to pass. Through some misunderstanding about the signal, which was placed on a little tressel foot bridge that crosses the line at the "Frolic Cutting," the engine with its train dashed towards the open bridge at great speed. It so happened that the good lady who lived at the Gas Works close by, and who was in her garden at the time, saw the danger, and clambering up the steep embankment, wildly gesticulated for the driver of the train to pull up, which he did by reversing the valve gear of the engine and turning on full steam, and, at the same time, applying the screw hand-brakes, which was the ordinary system in use at the time, pulled up the train with the front portion of the engine projecting over the edge of the bridge. The Bascule on the opposite bank being raised to a vertical position by the operation of a hand-winch and chains, with balance weight to assist, it was a slow moving affair. The bridge man also seeing the danger, could not lower the bridge quickly enough, climbed to the top of the Bascule, so as to add his own weight to hasten its descent. The problem for school boy mathematicians for a very long time after was as to the necessary speed to enable the train to jump the gap of 20 or 30 feet with safety. I have heard tall American stories of trains accomplishing this feat.

THE PICTURESQUE LADIES.

At this period, practically all of the female members of the Welsh-speaking part of Pembrokeshire, dressed in the picturesque costume, now unfortunately scarcely ever seen except in pictures, consequently, at every market day, crowds of ladies from the surrounding country invaded the town with their tall silk hats.

I remember one of these young ladies, who had spent a few months as a domestic servant in Havertordwest, and had, to a certain extent, adopted the peculiar "twang" then in almost universal use, thought that she would like to still further improve her English, so she obtained a situation in London, and after a few months' service returned to Havertordwest for a brief holiday. You can imagine her look of contempt when she arrived at the pretty station, and heard her exclaim, "Here's a funny ll place. Honly wan Omblyguts, an' norra keb." The visit to London, as the natives expressed it, had "cracked her jaw."

Most of the old land marks remain very much as they were, but the people have changed. New generations have sprung up, and only a few remain to compare notes with on the bygone days of the forties and fifties in the last century.

Where are the folks who rejoiced in the picturesque by-names so generally acknowledged by their friends to the almost utter obliteration of the ones in the Church or other register?

NICK-NAMES.

Many of the old nick-names hold a permanent place in my memory, whilst the real ones have faded away, even if I really knew the correct ones.

There was an old gentleman who was known to us as "Bosymacue," who lived in a hut over the tan pits, near the Old Quay. His face was very much like a monkey's, it was nearly all covered with hair. He was never known to wash himself, and to approach him was an adventure not to be desired from a sanitary point of view. No wonder that parents frequently threatened to give their naughty children to "Bosymacue," when they had a tendency to get out of hand, it always had the desired effect. He sold bundles of split sticks, tapered off at one end, and dipped in molten sulphur.

The sticks were as thin as he could make them, and about five or six inches in length. These were used for ignition on being brought close to a tinder box, with steel and flint, and were the immediate forerunner of the sulphur and phosphorus dipped matches of the present day.

Another well-known, but harmless, individual, Davy Titum, was generally to be found leaning up against the lamp post on the High Street Corner of the Castle Square, and humming a tune the refrain being "Itum Titum-Diddle-liddle Itum." He was supposed to have been a drummer in the Militia.

Then there was Davy Drivel, who used to loaf about the street corners. The lower part of his face, and the front of his dilapidated waistcoat was impregnated with the moisture that streamed from his large and capacious mouth.

Jack Straps was a terror to all the boys on account of his violent temper. He used the leathern strap from his waist to inflict punishment on his domestic household, including his good wife, and he used to do his best to do this towards the other boys in the street (when he could catch them) who delighted in shouting out "Straps" as he went by, and they being at the same time well out of reach of his favourite weapon.

A pompous individual rejoiced in the sacrilegious title of "God Almighty." He was in a good position in the town, and thought himself everyone's superior, and put on airs accordingly. This reminds me of a story of an Irishman named Hooley. He was endeavouring to impress upon his listeners the greatness of his individuality, by telling them a little about his personal history. He said that when he was a small boy, they called him Paddy Hooley, when he grew up, he was Patrick Hooley, and became a labour leader, when they called him Patrick Hooley, Esquire. They then elected him to be a member of the Town Council of his town, and to celebrate the event he went to Church, and as he walked pompously up the aisle, the Parson and the choir and the whole congregation shouted out together, "Hooley, Hooley, Hooley, etc." The rest of the sentence will suggest itself.

LADIES IN THE STOCKS.

Mrs. Jeckans was a notorious old lady of bibulous propensities, and drank large potions of "Small Beer," which

was sold by the brewers at the low price of a halfpenny, or a penny for a large jug full. We used to say that this old lady lived almost entirely upon this liquid nourishment, which had the effect of generally landing her in the "Sticks," which at that time was placed just under the wall at the east end of St. Mary's Church at the top of the High Street, to the great delight and amusement of the boys and girls of "Honey Harfat."

"Dull Johnny" was a poor harmless lunatic, who used to sit on a little stool by his cottage door in Cartlet, not far from the Railway Station, which, at the time I write about had not long been in existence. His face was covered with huge warts, or other protuberances, and his hands were likewise profusely ornamented in the same way, but whether his hands were blessed with six fingers on each, or that the extra ones were a pair of large warts, I am not prepared to say.

Tenny Rosemarket, was a well-known character, and visited the town on Market days, generally with a long stick and a wallet, tramping along the country roads, and dancing for anyone who offered him the smallest coin of the realm, or its equivalent value in refreshment, whilst for drivelling, he even excelled "Davy Drivel" himself in that undesirable accomplishment.

Johnny O.E. was a man of substance, but of great eccentricity of character. I have heard that he frequently invited the local gentry to a Ball in the Assembly Rooms, and then cancelled the invitations with some very transparent excuse, just before the ceremony was to come off. He was always very energetic, and changed his mind every few minutes, a fact that caused great hilarity amongst the inhabitants. Then there was "Martha Tav Tav," and "Johnnie the lawyer."

The population of the town and county of Havertordwest, at the time of my earliest remembrance, was somewhere between seven and eight thousand, and I do not think I am far wrong if I say that every one of them had some sort of a nick-name. I need not therefore apologise for leaving a large number of them out of these reminiscences, but those uppermost in my memory I have endeavoured to chronicle.

THE ESCAPE AND CAPTURE OF "BLACK STOCKING."

"Black Stocking" was a noted evil-doer, and on one occasion when he was incarcerated in the County Jail, and

accompanied by another prisoner, whose name I forget, managed to escape from captivity,—the opening through which they broke out can easily be seen from almost any position in the centre of the town, being under a small window high up in one of the corner Towers, from which they managed to remove a big stone just below the strong iron bars, which may be still seen. They cut up their bed material, and twisted it into ropes, down which they lowered themselves a hundred feet or so, and then dropping a considerable distance on to the roof of a small outhouse built against the Castle wall, afterwards escaping into the open country. They were free for about a week, when they were discovered in a drain a few miles outside of the town.

I have a very vivid recollection of their being marched back again to jail, handcuffed, and with leg irons attached to their ankles.

“Bogie.”—This was a celebrated character, and appeared to spend most of his time enjoying the waste heat of the Cartlet lime kilns. His wife was equally celebrated, both of them were the subject of great amusement to the “boys,” who delighted in keeping at arms’ length. I have seen “Bogie” in the Stocks frequently. This instrument of punishment in those days, I mean in the fifties, was placed in the open space in front of the lime kilns, under an old wall, on the other side of which was the Jubilee Gardens, now a public recreation ground, on which a magnificent new Drill Hall has recently been built. When his good lady died, there was a remarkable funeral, the body being put into a very insecure and rough coffin, which, through some probably equally rough usage, met with a mishap when being lowered into the pit—the lid came off, and revealed her standing on her head, with her feet in the air, and fully dressed in her every-day costume. The boots being unfamiliar to “Bogie,” presumably being borrowed from a neighbour, which caused “Bogie” to exclaim, “Take off them Denmarks, they don’t belong to thee,” Denmarks being the name of a particular kind of ladies’ boots worn at the time.

Jenny Tucker, of Creamston, was a celebrated poultry dealer, with a very extensive vocabulary, and occasionally was very particular as to the description of the bird she was selling. “Bye a neice gentleman bird to dae,” she would sometimes say, whereupon her customer would tell her that

the bird in question was "an auld one with yaller legs like thee." Jenny would always be equal to the occasion, and reply, "Hauld thy dull tongue, my legs beant yaller." "Meak me a lie," says the customer, whereupon an ocular demonstration was given, and Chanticleer immediately changed hands.

"Gipsy George" was a terror to all the children. He made a periodical visit to the town. He was a tall military-looking old man, with bare feet and sandals, and very little clothing; like John the Baptist in the pictures, he always carried a long staff. We dreaded his arrival, and parents used to frighten their children by telling them that "Gipsy George" was coming, although "Gipsy George" was a very harmless individual, except when in his cups. Then we knew we were perfectly safe, for his legs were safely fastened behind the strong timbers of the Stocks.

Upon the exact spot where I last saw the Stocks in use, now stands a superb Celtic Monument, erected to the memory of the Pembrokehire heroes who fell in the late Boer War in South Africa.

"Nanny Come Quick."—As far as I can remember she was the heroine in a murder case, and was acquitted. It was supposed that her husband had been smothered, and then taken to an outhouse with a rope around his neck. She had cut the rope, and then ran to the neighbouring farm, shouting, "Come quick, my John has hanged hisself."

"Billy Granny."—I do not know why he was honoured by this title, but I do know this. He has chivied me many a time, when I and other companions have dared to address him as such.

"Johnny One Head" was a gentleman who carried his head much to one side, giving the impression that he wanted another to keep his balance true.

I cannot very well remember the reasons for some of the honourable titles bestowed on many of the friends of my youth, some of which are perhaps only slight abbreviations of their real names.

This is a short list of some of the names they were known by, viz. :- "Georgie Black," "Billy all by Leisures," "Billy Kelly," "Lord Lavender," "Slashing Harry," "Owen Turlock," "Billy my Lady," "Tommy the Devil," "Sally the Devil," and the "Little Imps," "Johnny Keek," "Dull Tommy

"Portfield," "Conkey," "The Grinch," "The Virgin Mary," "Gentleman Griffiths," "The H. Crumb" (meaning the little Crumb), "Tar Bush," the last named having had the reputation of tarring bushes whereon the good housewives of the time used to spread their washed linen goods to dry on the thickly wooded banks of the "Frolic," and the other outskirts of the ancient Town and County of Haverfordwest.

Then there was "The Kite," "The Pelican," "The Bonassa," "Billy the Boo," "Johnny the Boo," "The Linnet," "Billy Ketch," "The Cutty." "Cutty" was a familiar name for a small bird of the Wren species.

"Georgy Lovely" was the bell ringer of St. Mary's Church, and when he had an engagement to do honour on festive occasions, was not averse to transfer the pealing of the Joy bells to any of the boys who undertook the work whilst he imbibed at the nearest hostelry, and these were particularly numerous in those days, as in fact they are really at the present time.

OUT WENT THE GAS.

"Affy Tuffy" was a noted small boy, and indulged in every prank conceivable that caused fun, and no little consternation occasionally. His real name I forget, but I can tell you the origin of his "nom de plume," for his maternal relative kept a little shop near the Corn Market, in which she sold Toffee, locally pronounced "Tuffy," hence the origin of his title, "Affy," of course, meaning Alfred. On one occasion, when the congregation of the Albany Chapel in St. Thomas Green were solemnly engaged at their devotions, of a sudden out goes the gas, and various attempts were made to regain the illumination by the good lady who kept the chapel in order, who stood on the backs of some of the pews, and tried in vain by means of a flickering candle to get the burners of the central gasolier to light up. She kept on turning the arrangement around, with the result that she unscrewed the whole concern, which fell with a crash amongst the worshippers, luckily no one was injured. The cause of the whole trouble was that "Affy Tuffy" had surreptitiously turned off the main gas tap, which was very conveniently placed for his purpose just inside the main front doorway.

I do not know whether the author of this escapade was ever discovered by the authorities, anyhow, the "boys" knew where to lay their hands on the culprit.

"Tommy Morty" was always ready to fight anybody, or anything, especially on Fair Days, when he was usually accommodated by some of the country visitors, to the evident delight of the boys of Honey Harfat, who were always spoiling to see a fight.

"Snuffy Billy," "Cocky Hood," "The Orator," "Cursed Jimmy." "Cursed" is a term used in Haverfordwest, not in the usual sense, but rather complimentary. To say that a boy is a "cursed boy," is to mean that he is mischievous, and full of good humoured fun. Molly Raven, who used to be greeted in this way:—

"Old Molly Raven from Coulston she came,

She stole Jimmy's saddle to gain a good name."

"Toppin."—This gentleman used to head the procession of the Liberal candidate, dressed from head to foot in a blue chintz costume, riding on a big white cart horse. The procession promenaded the principal streets soon after the election.

THE FORTUNE-TELLING TEA-CUP.

"Moll Row" was a lady well known to all of the boys. Her chief occupation was to visit the various households in the town, with a large wooden tub, which she dexterously balanced on her head, and had it filled with what was known as "Washings," or "Pig's Wash." This was always collected by the careful householders in a large up-ended cask, with the lid off, called a kive, and in which all kitchen refuse was placed, and sold for a trifle to the lady in question. Her other occupation was that of an occult character. She used to tell wonderful stories to the servants, and was an expert at manipulating the dregs that usually form in the bottom of a tea cup. She would give it a mysterious twist or a twirl, and after placing the cup upside down for a few moments, again replaced it in its usual position, when wonderful things were to be seen and dilated upon, to the gratification, or otherwise, of her clients. The grouts, as she used to call them, could be easily described as wedding or funeral processions, just as her fancy dictated. Tall men, or short; fair men or dark lovers could all be manufactured on short notice, and the future peered into with as great an amount of accuracy as is possible with the most elaborate set of playing cards, or the wrinkles of a skinny hand.

THE ARRIVAL OF A STEAM BARGE.

The first steamer that came up the Cleddau, as far as the Old Quay, I think she was called the "Daisy," a little thing with engines aft, and a good cargo hold, extending from the engine-room bulkhead to pretty near the bow. There was great excitement amongst us embryo engineers at the time, who were all desirous of making a voyage in her. Now the distance from Haverfordwest to Milford, as the crow flies, is about seven miles, but in consequence of the windings of the river, the mileage by water is very much more than this, so that a voyage by steamer from Honey Harfat to Milford is one that took a considerable amount of time in those days. I made up my mind one afternoon that I would take such a voyage, and, although I was a small boy, not yet in my teens, I look back on that, my only voyage down the beautiful river Cleddau, with immense delight, and have oftener wondered why a good passenger service has not been instituted to exploit the scenery of this lovely river, on the banks of which were so many stately castles and country mansions, culminating in probably the world's finest Naval Harbour of Milford, with the Royal Dockyard and Pembroke Castle itself, which frowns down upon a delightfully picturesque creek, branching out of the Haven. All this comes up like a vision before me, as I dream of those far-off days when I sat on the deck of this little steam barge, and landed at Milford far into the night, with a seven mile tramp home at midnight, weary and foot sore, but happy in the delight of seeing some of the most beautiful and extensive river scenery in South Wales.

WHEN THE GUNS OF SEBASTOPOL WERE BOOMING.

In writing of this little lonely tramp from the sea shore homewards, I am reminded of another adventure of a somewhat similar nature. It was in the time when the guns at Sebastopol "volleyed and thundered," and many of our brave countrymen perished in the Crimea. Haverfordwest was then quite a military town, the railway had not then been constructed beyond that town, so that soldiers for Pembroke Dock had to march the rest of the journey on

fect. It was on a Saturday that a detachment of the Monmouthshires arrived by rail, and spent the week-end with us. They were billeted upon the inhabitants, and two of them were accommodated in our home in the Castle Square, with the result that military ardour filled the breasts of all of us, so when the regiment marched away on Monday evening towards Pembroke Ferry, I was not long in making up my mind to "follow the drum," and shouldering one of the heavy muzzle loading muskets, I tramped alongside one or other of the soldiers all of the way, reaching Pembroke Ferry at about eleven o'clock at night. I can see them now, embarking in great military boats, and boat load after boat load rowing away and across the Ferry towards Pembroke Dock. I gazed at the last boat as it disappeared from view in the moonlight, leaving me a solitary kid of about nine, to tramp my lonesome journey of six miles home in the pale moonlight.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

I was bitten with this craze at a very early period of my life, and well I remember when the first Wet Plate Professional Photographer made his appearance in Haverfordwest, for before this, the popular method of Portraiture was by means of a scissors and black paper, the well known silhouettes. But before my time the Danguerreotype was well in universal use, and this process is one of the most beautiful and refined adaptations of the photographic art ever invented. A polished silver plate was sensitised and exposed to mercurial vapours, which formed the image, the dark parts being the deep reflections of its mirror-like surface. The only portrait of my father I possess was taken this way, probably about 1840.

The gentleman who first appeared in Haverfordwest took a small shop in Bridge Street, and exposed samples of his work in the window. This was about 1856. We had a very advanced idea as to the possibilities of his art, for did we not frequently pose in front of his shop, satisfied that we should appear later on in his show case? but I need hardly tell you that we were disappointed, so it was decided that I should have my portrait taken. I was accordingly dressed in plaid unmentionables, each square was about an inch,—they were alternatively black and white, like a real chess board, and so that there should be a permanent record of much

detail I held in one hand an orange, and in the other a Ladies' Companion, belonging to my sister, who also had her's taken at the same time, and I availed myself of this opportunity. The picture was on glass, of course, and tinted with powdered colour. You can imagine that the yellow orange was a very prominent feature in the picture.

Soon after this, a school friend had obtained some boys' book, which told us how to make a camera. We soon set to work with our limited appliances to make a box, with a sliding tube in the front, and a magnifying glass, dark slides and all, and with some collodion, nitrate of silver, and iron developer, with the poisonous cyanide of potassium, managed to produce our first photographs. My friend's name was Fred Elliott, and a relative of the much respected Mr. Birch, of High Street, Haverfordwest, where we were allowed to carry on our first experiments in amateur photography.

NEW YEAR'S WATER.

There used to be a curious custom in Haverfordwest, in order to celebrate the advent of a new year, and that was to greet everyone we met with New Year's Water, so that after the folks had come out of the various places of worship, where they held "Watch Services," the youths of both sexes invariably carried a sprig of box, the small circular leaves of which held a considerable amount of water, which was constantly replenished by dipping into any convenient receptacle, and then splashing the contents into the faces of their friends. I have not heard of this ceremony for many years, or have I seen it adopted in other places.

There is one verse of a song that I remember a local celebrity used to sing on these occasions:—

" Here comes Sir Gilead,
With goold upon his brow ;
God bless the good man of this house,
Wherever he may go."

PRE-RAILWAY TIMES AND MANUFACTURES.

The advent of the Railway system into a town is always supposed to bring greater prosperity into that particular neighbourhood, and many principalities to this day regret

exceedingly the attitude taken up at the time in opposing the various companies in their desire to come amongst them. Certainly, the town of Haverfordwest has not improved very much, nor have the industries formerly so prosperous been advanced, but on the contrary have very much declined. The town was formerly a centre, and supplied the major portion of the county with its own manufactured merchandise, such as agricultural machinery, saw mill work, high-class cabinet making, flour milling, the manufacture of paper, men's hats, and gloves. I have many a time watched all these processes in the early fifties, and strolled up to the Head Waters and peered into the open windows of Harvey's Mill to see the huge pulping machines, driven by water-power from the river, and saw the finished paper emerge at the other end of the Mill.

At the bottom of Prendergast there was a factory where felt hats were made, these were certainly of a coarse character, and suited well the agriculturalists who came in from the country to purchase them. The fur, I presume, obtained principally from rabbit skins, was skilfully treated, and blown by air pressure on to a revolving conical wire mould, until the felt was of sufficient thickness, when it was hand-manipulated into the required shape. Close by was a glove factory, and, as far as I can remember, these were not the dainty things worn by the ladies and gents, of the time, but such as hedgers and ditchers use for such work as need protection for their bare hands and arms in hedge trimming, and such like.

Marychurch's Foundry in Bridge Street was, in those days, quite a hive of industry. Here were made most of the chaff cutters, ploughs, harrows, and portable steam engines used by the local farmers. Well I can remember with what pride a new engine or machine was displayed, as it passed through the Castle Square, and how we boys with an engineering turn of mind looked on with awe and admiration. In those days the County families kept their town house, and the High Street, the New Bridge Goat Street, and one side of the Castle Square was almost entirely devoted to residential houses for the county gentlefolks.

THE SEDAN CHAIR.

The Assembly Rooms, with its glittering chandeliers and mirrored walls, were almost nightly devoted to dances and

social gatherings, and the Chairmen, with their Sedan Chairs, was a very frequent and familiar sight, as they emerged from my lady's residence with her ladyship inside, and carried along and deposited right into the ball room itself; surely there is nothing so picturesque or convenient in use at the present time. Among those persons who possessed and carried the Sedan Chairs were the following:—"Joe Morris," "The Jacks," "The Morse's," "Tom the Cutty" and "Jim the Cutty," "The Simlets," etc.

I made some enquiries recently as to the possibilities of the present existence of any of the old Sedan Chairs, so familiar to me in the days of my youth, and was informed that Mr. Morse, who was probably the last of the Chairmen, had not long ago "Cut'n nup with a hatchat."

EXCAVATORS AND NAVVIES.

As I have said, all this was going on in the early fifties, so also was the making of the South Wales Railway, when the town was alive with excavators and navvies, who introduced many undesirable sports. Prize-fighting was then a daily occurrence. I have seen many a gory battle fought by frequenters of the Black Horse in Bridge Street, who, to settle their differences, adjourned to the Friars, where they stripped to the waist, and had it out, retiring to the river close by, where the blood, which copiously flowed from their faces and bodies, was washed off in the waters of the Cleddau.

PRACTICAL JOKING.

About this time, rather a comical thing happened to the inhabitants of the lower parts of the town, for on an occasion when there was an exceptionally high tide in the river, some wags took the advantage of the carelessness of a large number of the shopkeepers, who had omitted to fasten their window shutters, by removing them in the night wholesale, and launching them into the swollen tidal waters. Most of the floating shutters were discovered later, many miles down stream.

THE MAY BUSH.

The first day of the month of May was a great occasion with us, for that is the day we choose our May Queen, which was generally the prettiest little girl we could find. She was

carried around the town, and her friends solicited contributions to the May bush, which frequently took the form of candles, with which the bush was afterwards illuminated and decorated. The male element in the morning proceeded into the country, and commandeered the finest May tree, blamable, which they soon cut down as near to the roots as possible. Then, with a triumphant war whoop, marched in triumph to town, towing the tree by a long rope to its destination, ours was in the Ffars, where it was soon set up, and kept erect by huge stones placed around the lower part, the girls, meanwhile, having obtained a plentiful supply of wild flowers, cowslips mostly, with which the bush was proudly decorated, whilst the candles (tallow dips) were secured to the long sharp thorns, which projected in all directions from the branches. All being in readiness, the candles were lit, and the crowd joined hands in a circle, and indulged in games of all kinds, concluding with a big bonfire of the tree and everything combustible obtainable.

Sometimes, rival May bush enthusiasts from other parts of the town, with whom there was always a kind of feud existing, when they made a raid on their rivals, and if successful carried off the bush. These rushes were very ugly sometimes, and I rather expect that it was owing to this undesirable element that the picturesque May bush, and its associations have disappeared.

THE STAGE COACH.

Before 1854, how we used to look forward to the entry of the Stage Coach, with its team in-hand, as they drove into the Castle Square from Cothmarthen. The horses were put up at the capacious and well appointed stables of the Castle Hotel, with its old time surroundings, and backed by the great frowning Castle. In the well appointed kitchen, with its huge open fire-grate, worked the little dog, one of my very earliest playmates, as I was born almost next door. This little chap used to mount an inclined plank, and get inside a revolving wheel, about two feet in diameter, and by trotting around like a squirrel in his cage, produced the motive power that revolved the horizontal spit upon which the huge joints of meat were roasted to provide the necessary refreshment for the hungry travellers brought in by the stage coach.

AMATEUR RAILWAY CONTRACTORS.

The making of the railway, with its deep cuttings, big embankments, and bascule bridge over the river, gave the boys of the town much food for thought, and a desire to do likewise, the result was that every boy wanted to be a navvy and make railways. Accordingly, we took possession of a place called the Haggard, which was a sloping piece of ground, right under the Castle Walls, and immediately over the rear of the houses in Bridge Street. Here we excavated, and made tunnels, cuttings, and embankments, using Rock powder, which we had obtained from the navvies, and doing considerable damage by our explosions. Our Dobbins and Wagons were made from flat boards, obtained from Clare, or Greenwich and Dawkins, the drapers, and the iron wheels and axles from Marychurch's Foundry, with these we shifted a considerable amount of earth, and made our railways. I have often wondered why we were allowed to do this, and suppose that at that time policemen were scarce.

I only remember one, and that was Robinson,—his son, Jack Robinson, and Tom Smith, the son of the Jail Superintendent, were some of my fellow navvies, so that perhaps accounts for our immunity from police persecution, whilst the redoubtable Lewis Pugh and Billy Evans, the Sadler, could tackle anybody, or anything, that dared to interfere with either ourselves or our work.

The popular song at that time commenced with the words :—

“ I’m a nipper, I’m a Tipper,
I’m a Navvy on the line.”

The nipper was the navvies’ “ boy,” so in our early railway experiences, I was the nipper, the other navvies being a few years my senior.

THE FLINT LOCK PISTOL.

I have said that the making of the railway had a tendency to convert all the boys into navvies, or railway men, so also did the war with Russia put military ideas into our heads, for then we were all little soldiers. As for myself, our kitchen dresser was decorated with old brass barrelled horse pistols, such as were used at Waterloo. They belonged to one of my

forbears, who was in the military line, consequently I considered myself an authority on pistols. It didn't need much persuasion on the part of the other and bigger boys for me to surreptitiously commandeer these formidable weapons, so one day we repaired, fully armed, to the Priory ruins, with one of these old flint lock weapons, crammed full to the muzzle with powder and shot, in order to make war on the crows. There was a scuffle amongst the warriors as to who should fire the first shot. There were four or five of us in the conflict, when the weapon went off, with a terrific bang. It can scarcely be conceived that, notwithstanding our being almost in a bunch, pistol and all, not a single hair of either of us was singed, and the shots passed harmlessly into the air.

HANGSTONE DAVY.

About half-way between Haverfordwest and the Haven in St. Bride's Bay, and on the main road on the left hand side as you leave the town, is a large stone that does not appear to be a projection from the rock below, but evidently placed there ages ago, like many another Maen Hir, to be found in other places in Wales, and of pre-historic origin. The name given to this monolith is "Hangstone Davy," it being generally believed that an individual of that name, a noted sheep stealer—a hanging offence in days gone by—had been up to his usual depredations, and carrying the sheep on his back, suspended by a rope, rested his burden on the stone. The sheep slipped down, and the rope got entangled in Davy's throat, strangled him, thus saving, or rather doing, the common hangman out of a job.

Perhaps the most lasting memory in a boy's school days is that of the Tuck Shop, and I am reminded of this by a Member of His Majesty's House of Commons, and a high official in the present Government, who told me recently that in all his experiences in after life, and in London in particular, or anywhere else, that no pastry in the world could equal that provided by Miss Rogers, of "Tower Hill," and in the judicial capacity of an impartial judge, his judgment will be fully supported, not only by myself, but others innumerable. I must not forget to say here, that when on one occasion in

conversation about old times, the late Mr. Abel Thomas, Q.C., M.P., etc., reminded me of the same appreciation, and I am sure, would have been cordially supported by the late Judge Owen, Mr. Bowen Rowlands, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. Donald Maclean, M.P., Deputy Chairman of the House of Commons, and Chairman of the London Appeal Tribunal, as well as other notabilities who were school boys in Honey Harfat in the fifties and sixties.

I SET OUT FOR CARDIFF.

It was in the merry month of May, 1859, that my mother dispatched me, per the South Wales Railway, to Cardiff, with the fervent hope that I should learn the profession of Engineering, and with that object in view, I was apprenticed at the Hayes Foundry. My early reminiscences of that town, now a very important city, I will record in the following chapters.



CARDIFF IN 1859.

A VISITOR to the modern and beautiful City of Cardiff will see a vastly different place to what I saw on my arrival in 1859, the main features of which had very little changed since they were pictured in Speed's Map of 1610.

The district of Canton consisted of very few streets, such as the Severn Road, the houses of which had only just been built, and were, for the most part, untenanted, and in a great state of dilapidation, many of them quite uninhabitable. There were practically no other houses except those on the Cowbridge Road, and these were few and far between.

New Town was then, as its name denotes—new. Its principal part was Adam Street, and the small streets on one side adjoining the Great Western Railway. May I ask why did the City fathers of those days ever call it such an absurd name, knowing very well that it could not always remain new? This query also applies with equal pertinence to "Newport," the inhabitants of which would give much if they had had the sense in days gone by to have given it some other name, so as to distinguish it from the numerous other Newports throughout the country.

Grangetown, Cathays, and the labyrinth of streets that completely surround the old town, were then non-existent.

Perhaps it would be more convenient if my readers would accompany me to the station of the South Wales Railway. This was a very insignificant wooden structure, occupying the approximate position of the present booking office, and flanked on either side, with the exception of the station approach, by an iron foundry, the proprietor being Mr. Morgan Lisle, the father-in-law of our late and much respected citizen, Alderman Taylor, M.D. An important industry carried on here was the manufacture of cast-iron pipes, and it is pitiable to know that, at the present time, nothing of the kind is done here locally. Newport, certainly, has a large pipe factory, but the majority of pipes used in this neighbourhood come from as far away as Scotland.

There is no reason why such work should not be carried out here as formerly.

The shops of Messrs. Andrews & Sons, and the Great Western Railway Offices, are on this site, the other portion being on the south side of the railway, now covered by very extensive additions to the Great Western Railway.

This foundry was always kept busy in manufacturing railway requisites and such like.

Temperance Town was non-existent, the site being a tide-covered marsh, and the place where the Tramway stables now are was a huge depression, formerly the bed of the River Taff, and extended right along what is now Westgate Street, to the rear of the Cardiff Arms Hotel, for every spring tide, the whole of the Cardiff Arms Park was completely flooded, the water reaching up to the back part of St. Mary Street which was then, for nearly its entire length, practically a one sided street, as there were only a few small houses between the present Go-late and the site upon which the "Western Mail" Offices now stand. Below this was really the maritime part of Cardiff, and the Glamorgan Canal, then in its palmy days, was a place of considerable traffic. Some of the old houses of the wharf still remain, but a large number of the smaller ones have been swept away.

THE HAYES BRIDGE.

We will now pass through Mill Lane. On the left hand of St. Mary Street corner was a small hostelry, called the Old Steam Mill, whilst further along, and on each side of the lane was "Newbery's" Foundry, another busy place, and also devoted principally to the manufacture of railway work, bolts and nuts being a speciality, as well as steel springs for railway rolling stock. We come now to the Hayes, this place was then, as now, a great centre of trade. The bridge that crossed at the Bute Street end was of a similar type to any of those still to be found on the Glamorgan Canal. The present is a very beautiful structure, with its Celtic ornament, the bridge having had many rebuildings and widenings since those days. The engineering of the first widening was carried out by Messrs. Parfitt & Jenkins, of the foundry close by, and where the Stuart Hall now stands, was a long and low series of rambling buildings, reaching down to the water's edge, here were all sorts of shops, mostly with the upper parts of the windows open to display the goods for sale, and through which

the shoemakers and tinkers could be seen at work. The name of one of the industrious proprietors was "Micky Hicky," who did a good business in the cobbling line, and occasionally, when the natives suffered from toothache, with the instruments he had at hand for repairing shoes, or which he borrowed from the Hayes foundry, extracted the offending teeth from his customers. Then there was a pretentious Shooting Gallery, upon the red sign board of which was painted in glaring letters, "The wooden walls of Old England." Here we used to be allowed to fire off a gun, with a little round piece of wood with a spike at its end, no longer than the stump of a worn out lead pencil, against the target, the explosive being only a copper percussion cap, the target had little brass rings and numerals painted thereon, so that if our dart managed to strike a certain number, we were rewarded with nuts. It was when any of our friends attempted to brag about his abilities to shoot, we used to tell him that he could not "Shoot for nuts."

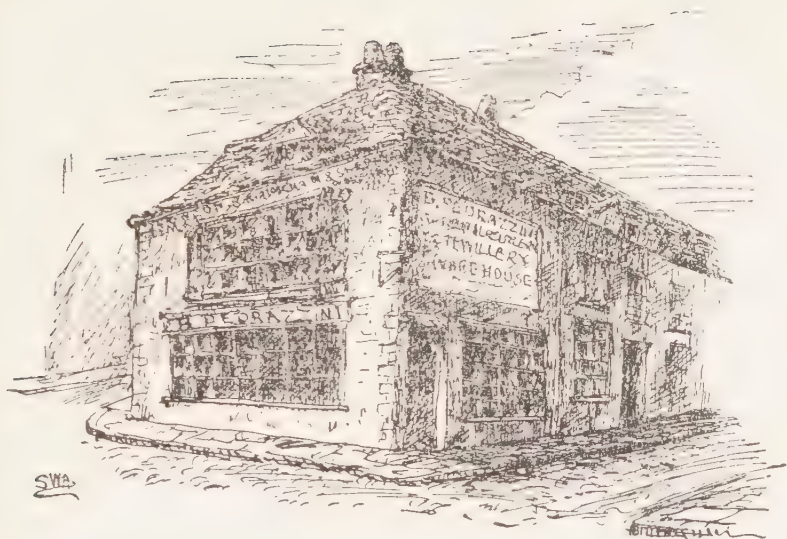
A little further up was the Hayes Foundry, devoted to all kinds of engineering work, of which I shall probably have more to say later.

A row of houses stood in the centre of the Hayes, with a large pork butcher's shop at one end, kept by Mr. William Ayres, who did a roaring trade, especially on Saturday nights, in that savoury delicacy known to Cardiff boys as baked faggots. Beyond this was the Vicarage garden, the site of this would be almost exactly above the present elaborate Corporation lavatories, and nearly to where the statue to the memory of the late John Batchelor now stands. Passing still further along Working Street, we came to another central row of houses, the streets being extremely narrow on either side, and with a draper's shop facing the North Road entrance. Down the centre of Crockerstown was another row, with also a street on either side,—Smith Street on the north side, and The Running Camp on the south. A quaint shop occupied the western side of the block, and was kept by Mr. Pedrazzini. The eastern end was devoted to the public weighing machine, and a yard in which the Corporation kept their lamp-posts and other materials for the town's use. Here was situated the Town Pump, which would probably have been within the walls of Cardiff, and where the Eastern Gateway was situated. There were several wells in Cardiff in those days, for each of



THE OLD TOWNE HOUSE WHICH STOOD IN CENTRE OF HIGH STREET,
AND DEMOLISHED IN 1860.

I am indebted to Mr. Tom Griffiths, a nephew of the late Mr. Alexander Wilson, for permission to reproduce this photograph from the original oil painting in his possession.



PEDRAZZINI'S SHOP.

the inhabitants had their own supply. In some places, one pump was used for more than one or two houses, a moveable shute being provided to direct the water where required, but since the deep drainage system was adopted, these pumps are practically unavailable, and, possibly, unsuitable for domestic purposes. Close here was the Town Dead-house. On one occasion, it has been said, that an unfortunate person, who was found drowned in the Canal, was placed here for identification; was forgotten, and remained there for a month or so, and it was remarked by some of the "boys of the Hayes," "he could have walked out"; and this being in the summer time, was not impossible.

THE OLD TOWN HALL.

In the centre of High Street was the old Town Hall, with a narrow roadway on each side, and the fine bronze statue of the Marquis of Bute, grandfather of the present nobleman. At the other end of the Hall, and facing down St. Mary Street, was placed one of the Russian guns captured in the Crimea a short time before. This was afterwards removed to the rear of the lately demolished "Old" Town Hall, and is now in the

Victoria Park at Canton. The monument has also been placed in another position at the lower end of St. Mary Street, where it is, unfortunately, much disfigured by the crowded surroundings, such as Electric power, and Light Standards overhead wires, etc.

TURNPIKE GATES.

There was a turnpike gate at every entrance or exit from the town. One was placed near the Solopia Gardens entrance, another between St. James' Church and the Wesleyan Chapel on the Newport Road, another on the North Road, opposite the Castle entrance, another near the present Power Station at Roath, not to mention one which is still in existence on the Penarth Road at Llandough.

THE OLD SEA LOCK.

The shipping accommodation at that time was ample for the size and number of vessels entering the Port, as there were very few which could not be berthed in the Canal, as the Old Sea Lock was, and is, a well designed and thought out piece of Dock Engineering, and reflects the highest credit upon the engineers of a former generation.

The Pier head of the Old Sea Lock remains much as it was, but the smaller class of ocean going vessels have almost entirely disappeared, and the home coasting traffic is now very much in the hands of the Railway Companies.

THE LITTLE DOCK.

There was, what was called, the "Little Dock," this was situated between Bute Road and the Canal, near the Taff Vale workshops. On passing down this thoroughfare to-day, the visitor will see a huge iron tank, perched high above the roof, on a tower, near the Taff Vale Railway Running Sheds. In 1859 my curiosity was aroused as to what the big direct acting pumping engines were doing, that were placed in the base of this tower, so, in order to find out, I managed to get on friendly terms with the engine driver, Mr. William Jenkins, a very clever model maker, and a man after my own boy's heart. He explained the whole thing to me, and also showed me a cleverly made model of a locomotive

engine, which he used to set to run around a circular track, with a steam pipe conveyed from the centre, a separate boiler being used when he wanted to keep it going for any length of time. Its first public performance that I can remember was on the occasion of the marriage of King Edward VII. to our beloved Queen Alexandra. It was set outside the offices of the Taff Vale Railway in Crockherbtown. I have often wondered how many thousands of miles has this little engine run, to my own knowledge, and whether it is still in existence. To return, however, to the big tank and engine. I have said that there was a "Little Dock" communicating with the Canal.

THE OLD COAL TIPS.

There were several coal tips on the south side, the trucks being brought in on the level of the street, which they crossed, and passed through the gateway still to be seen. These tips were designed and built long before Sir William Armstrong invented his system of lifting by hydraulic pressure pumping engines. The operation was as follows:—Sunk into the ground in the centre of each tip, was a very large cylinder and ram, on the top of which was a cradle, on which the laden trams rested. Pipes of large diameter communicated with these rams and the bottom part of the big elevated tank, so that the simple weight of the water, due to its height and the large diameter of the rams, was quite sufficient to provide the necessary power to lift the laden trams the required height in order to allow the coal to slide out into the vessel's hold.

This little dock has only been filled in within the last year or two, but an interested investigator can easily trace the outline of the dock walls, as the coping stones are easily visible, as also the positions of each of the coal tips.

BUTE ROAD.

Bute Road at that time was, as now, a one-sided street, but there were long open spaces between many of the blocks of houses, in one of which was the principal draper's shop of the town, Friendly House, and which was well patronised by folks up town, who frequently went dockswards for their millinery. Friendly House had the first large sheet of glass in the town, which was an attraction for the inhabitants, who

used to pay a special visit to the docks to see it. A little higher up was the "Argyle Ball Rooms," here dancing was indulged to any extent, and to where the young "nuts" of the town, as well as the marine fraternity, repaired for their midnight revels. Soon after this all dancing music licences were withdrawn in Cardiff, with the result that the law was evaded by the dancers repairing to the Canton hostelrys, where, for several years after, there was perfect freedom in this respect.

THE COLLISEUM.

The only Music Hall in Cardiff in 1859 was the Colliseum, in Bute Street, just a little above the Bute Street Bridge. The Corporation Buildings now occupy this site. Here there was a long room, with an elevated stage and orchestra at one end. I really do not think that the proscenium was more than 10 feet in width, but here I have seen all sorts of melodramatic plays produced. The last one that I remember was that of "Jack Robinson and his Monkey." It will easily be seen that the agile person who impersonated the animal had not much difficulty in climbing up the scenic trees on the stage, which were only about eight feet in height. Poses-Plastiques were always a great feature here, and where Venus, personated by a rather adipose lady, was to be seen perched on a large property sea-shell, was revolved to squeaky music from a wheezy violin and an obese bass viol, played by a gentleman with a huge red nasal organ, who was generally requested by our section of the audience to "Blow up, old raspberry nose," which generally had the desired effect.

The price of admission to the main part of the hall was the not very extravagant sum of three-pence, which you paid at a little opening near the entrance, receiving in return a little brass cheque, which entitled you to a glass of beer, as well as to be a witness of the performance.

A CHAPEL.

When the music and dancing licence for this establishment was withdrawn, the place was converted into a Primitive Methodist Chapel. During this period, I confess, I only visited it once, and that was on a Sunday evening when a gentleman whom I knew, and who was a local brother of that fraternity, was preaching. At the close of his sermon, he honoured me

by the request that I should take round the plate. It was my first experience in that way. He told me that I must start the collection by putting in a two-shilling piece, or half-a-crown, and, as the only coin I had in the world was of the latter value, I gingerly drew it from my pocket, and with a rueful countenance placed it in the dish, and proceeded to make the collection.

ANGEL STREET.

There was another street in the middle of what is now called Angel Street. Some of the houses still remain on the southern side, the principal one being the Estate Offices of the Most Noble the Marquis of Bute. This was, at the time I am writing, the Angel Hotel, which, with the Cardiff Arms, were the principal hotels in the town. About the centre of the middle row of houses, long since demolished, was the Ty Derwen-Deg Hotel, kept by mine host, Fred Armstrong, one of the best friends, and most disinterested, that the Cardiff Infirmary has had, for to him is due the credit of starting and carrying successfully through several huge "Infirmary Schemes," which were the means of bringing in large sums to that Institution, and for which he was honoured by being made a Life Governor, the writer, who was also associated with him in the schemes, being a recipient of a similar honour.

AN AMATEUR PERFORMANCE FOR CHARITY.

It was on one occasion that I visited the Ty Derwen-Deg, and that was on the occasion of a little supper party to meet the late Mr. Edward Terry, the eminent comedian, who was at that time in the Stock Company of the Theatre Royal in Crockherbtown. We had that evening obtained the use of the theatre for a benefit performance for a local charity. I was the "First" old man of the piece. Terry asked to be introduced to the "Old Man." My friend, the late Mr. H. B. Moreton, who was our leading actor, said, "That's him, sitting next to you." "Why," said Terry, "that's a boy." He was prepared to see, after witnessing the performance, an elderly person.

THE CARDIFF ARMS.

There was an open space at the western end of this street, where the country folks assembled, especially on market

days, with their carts and farm produce, much in the same way as may be seen in the beautiful pictures of the spot by Thos. Rowlandson, of a much earlier date. Here was the palatial Cardiff Arms, with its imposing portico and stately Assembly Rooms, where most of the Society functions and concerts took place. Opposite was the Cowbridge Arms, and nestling under the curtain wall of the western end of the Castle, another hotel was the Five Bells, and a lot of small tenements called the Five Bells Court. The street between the Castle Wall and Angel Street was called Castle Street.

The Hayes was always the centre, but Cardiffians of to day would scarcely believe me when I tell them that large travelling Wild Beasts' Shows frequently set up their pitch right in the centre of the Hayes, and theatrical plays were also given on spare pieces of ground on both sides of the street.

Old Cardiffians will, perhaps, agree with me that, in the middle of the last century, the town of that day had far too many public houses, and that the doing away with a large number has been to the advantage of the citizens in general.

I wonder how many can point out the approximate situation of the following well known places of alcoholic refreshment, viz. :—The Cardiff Arms, now the Angel, the older Angel being at the present time the Bute Estate Offices in Angel Street, now Castle Street ; the Horse and Groom ; the Three Horse Shoes ; Cardiff Boat ; Wood's Wine Stores ; Three Tuns ; Star and Garter ; White Lion ; the Black Lion ; Blue Bell ; Evan's Wine Stores ; Old Green Dragon ; New Green Dragon ; Glove and Shears ; the Rising Sun ; the Bunch of Grapes ; the Duke of Cornwall ; the Three Cranes ; Mase's Arms, now the Carlton ; Unicorn ; New Inn ; Earl of Windsor ; Boulder's Arms ; Pembroke Castle ; Ship and Dolphin ; Golden Lion ; Cornish Mount, now the " Western Mail " Offices ; the Bath Arms ; the Jolly Sailor ; the Lane Chicken ; the Sailor's Return ; Shields and Newcastle Tavern ; London Porter House ; Elephant and Castle.

Amongst the old landmarks recently obliterated was the Town Pound, a portion of the rear wall is still in existence, and adjoined the little School House in the North Road, known as " Billy My Stick's School," the latter having been removed to make room for an electric-light engine house for the Castle.

The Pound had a round hole through which we used to peep in order to observe the unfortunate animals that had strayed from home, and there to await their release by the owners. The exact site of this Pound is just over the gentlemen's lavatory in the North Road, where also stood the Senghenydd, or North Gate, a castellated tower through which all traffic to, or from, the north had to pass.

Paul Sandys has a beautiful water-colour drawing of this picturesque gateway.

An attempt was made some years ago to re-construct this relic of a past age, but some yards further up the North Road, and later still, these new foundations were "discovered" when the City Hall buildings, the Cathays Park, and the roadway was being laid out, the new comers being under the impression that an important antique discovery had been made.

I wonder if it has been noticed by the City Fathers, that the old level of the Town Moat, near the Castle Walls, would be much lower than the Canal at that point. If they will take a peep through the doorway to the east of the Carlton, they will see a lock for raising the Canal boats from something like high-tide level, or the level of the old Sea Lock basin; this necessitates the road bridge a little higher up the North Road being kept at such a height as to cause a hump, which is not only inconvenient in itself, but spoils a fine view of our splendid Municipal Buildings from the principal approach.

If the Lock alluded to were moved to somewhere between the bridge and the Lock near the Castle entrance, a fine city improvement would result, and the existing tunnel extended from the present Crockhertown Lock to the North Road Bridge, a valuable roadway would result, and a still better approach to the City Hall, Law Courts, and Museum frontages, with the ruins of the Herbert Mansions and White Friars Priory in full view, besides allowing for some extensive and valuable shop frontages in the best possible position in the city.

BILLY GALE.

Pedestrianism was one of the great excitements in the sixties, and the boys used to attend the public exhibitions of the celebrated Billy Gale very regularly.

He was a wiry little man, whose ordinary avocation was that of a photographer, and occasionally advertised, as the

result of a wager, that he would walk so many miles in a certain time. On one occasion, I remember him claiming to walk a thousand quarter-miles in a thousand consecutive quarter-hours. He would walk his quarter-mile, and rest, or sleep, the remaining few minutes left of the fifteen, and, as the gong sounded, rouse up, and go on sprinting for another few minutes, and so on, until the thousand quarter-miles were completed.

At this time, a rough wooden building was erected for a Circus on the site of the present Theatre Royal, and the Exhibition went on intermittently night and day on the saw-dust covered track, refreshments being administered as he trudged around the arena. Many times during the night, when all was quiet, and I was working night turns, we were engaged on boring and turning large pumping-engine work, the cylinders being 10 feet stroke, and 40-inches in diameter, gave us plenty of time, with a slow self-acting cut and plenty of water in the boiler, to leave the machinery to take care of itself for quite a long time. One night I had become too much interested in Billy Gale's performance, that when I returned to my lathe work and engine driving, I found the water in the boiler below the gauge cocks, and the fire under the old egg-end boiler nearly extinct. I lost no time, however, in lifting the safety valve, and undoing the man-hole door, and rigging up a small hand-pump and a wooden chute to convey the water from the Glamorgan Canal into the nearly empty boiler, and then, after an hour or so's vigorous pumping and replacement of the man-hole door, and the kindling of a fresh fire, managed to get up steam soon after six o'clock, the time we were supposed to commence work.

I think we were not quite so punctual, however, that morning: anyhow, I never knew that anyone was the wiser for what happened in consequence of my desire to see whether Billy Gale was keeping proper faith with his Cardiff patrons.

TEMPERANCE TOWN.

There was no such thing as Temperance Town in those days, for the ground was of the same level as the Cardiff Arms Park is at present, and in some places, much lower, the gullies and ditches were always filled with water, and in frosty weather provided a free skating rink, or rather a sliding rink, for skating was not much practiced at that time.

Here we used to have a fine time, and where such veterans as Lord Pontypridd, Mr. Alderman Jacobs, and a host of others whose names have since become famous, joined in with myself to keep the "pot-a-biling." When the tides were high, the whole was under water, not only on the Cardiff side of the river, but stretched a long way, a huge sheet of water reaching occasionally nearly as far as Neville Street.

A LONG SWIM.

On one occasions, I had the desire to swim with the stream on the river, and divesting myself of my wearing apparel, under the Penarth Road Bridge, swam with the tide as far as a considerable distance above the Sophia Gardens, finding that I could not stem the tide for my return journey, I took to the bank on the Canton side, and by swimming the numerous creeks and wading the rest, managed to reach the Penarth Road with safety, and during the whole of the journey, I do not think I encountered anyone to object to my unorthodox bathing costume. Now the Fitzhannon Embankment, with street after street of houses reach as far as Wood Street Bridge, which was built many years after my swimming experience.

The ground under the houses in Temperance Town is formed of tipped household refuse, much added to by the foundry ashes and clinkers from the various engineering industries of the locality, the Hayes foundry contributing an enormous quantity to this end. The first buildings of any kind to be erected was the Temperance Hall, now Wood Street Chapel, and was built upon a kind of island by the late Mr. Jacob Scott Mathews, who had a very extensive market garden at the time in Crockhertown, now Dumfries Place. The Temperance Hall was built especially to further that desirable object, Mr. Mathews being an ardent teetotaller, and the first occasion of its use in that direction was when a young lady, a Miss Susanna Evans, lectured there, assisted by another enthusiast, who went by the name of the "Lancaster Gun." I was one of the audience, and I remember him telling us that if he had his way, he would bury John Barley-corn under the Garth Mountain, and that he would bury him face downwards, so that if he should ever come to life again, and begin to scrape to get out, he would only scrape himself deeper and deeper into the bowels of the earth.

He then said that he was informed that there was a public-house in Llandaff called the Cow and Snuffers, but he never before ever heard of a cow snuffing a candle. He told us that he was also informed that there was another public house up the hills, called the Rolling Mill, and he thought that it was a fine name for such a place, as it Rolled Souls into Hell. I understand that in the after years the lecturer renounced teetotalism and had become the landlord of that very public house.

THE FEMALE BLONDIN.

The Temperance Hall had a very short life as such, for in a very few weeks after it was opened it became the home of Gannett's Circus, the ring being placed in the centre, and the auditorium surrounding it on all sides. A proscenium was afterwards constructed across one end, and a stage erected with the usual theatrical appointments, the accommodation for the performers being provided upon the now disused auditorium seats behind, whilst underneath the gallery were the stables for the horses. For a long time both circus shows and melodramatic performances took place alternatively. A short play, generally of a blood-curdling character was given, followed by a circus turn, or acrobatic performance on the flying trapeze, or suspended rings from the ceiling. One exciting turn was that of an acrobat, after climbing to a short swing suspended from the roof, used to swing until quite in a horizontal position, then he would suddenly, with a yell, leap forward into space, being only retarded in his fall by a slip-knotted rope, which enabled him to reach the net below in comparative safety, where also a young lady used to walk a diagonally stretched rope, reaching from near the floor at one end of the building to a point near the roof at the other.

I had already seen the same young lady a few years before in a travelling show in the Fairs of Havernordwest, Miss Baker, and afterwards known as the Female Blondin.

JOE HOLBROOK.

One of the finest cannie singers I have ever heard was Joe Holbrook, he was one of the first proprietors of the Temperance Hall. His great song, or rather his most popular one, was that referring to the fight between Tom Sayers and

John C. Heenan, the "Benicia Boy." No matter how many songs Joe sang, we were never satisfied until we heard "Sayers and Heenan," one verse of which was as follows :—

" His aim was with his right,
 He with his left did fight,
 And quickly Johnny Heenan's sight
 Was damaged by our Tommy.
 For they both came up,
 And the both went down
 Heenan bravely stood his ground,
 But Tommy came dancing all around,
 For an active chap was Tommy."

Some of Joe Holbrook's favourite songs were :—" The Temptations of the good St. Antony," " Jack Rag," in which his splendid proportions and handsome appearance enabled him to give burlesque reproductions of well known Statues ; " Villkins and his Dinah " ; " The Ratcatcher's Daughter " ; " The Perfect Cure " ; " My love's dead " ; " Alonzo the Brave " ; and " The fair Imogene " ; " Lord Lovell " ; etc. Besides his own magnificent services, there was a fine minstrel troupe. I think this was before the establishment of the Christies in London. Of this, I am certain, that there has never been seen since in Cardiff, or perhaps anywhere else, such a fine nigger performance as was given by this fine troupe. Alibone was a magnificent basso, with a wonderfully deep and powerful voice. He used to sing most of the well known bass solos popular at that time. Kingdon was a delightful tenor, and sung " She wore a wreath of Roses," " My Pretty Jane," " The Bay of Biscay." I am afraid it would weary my readers if I attempted to describe all of the good things the boys in Cardiff used to enjoy at the big place of amusement in the sixties, for which we used to have an excellent seat in the gallery for the small sum of threepence.

THE PENARTH TIDAL HARBOUR.

The winter of 1859 was a very severe one, and snow covered the ground to a great depth for a long time.

We had been very busy at the Hayes Foundry making the machinery for the coal tips at the Penarth Tidal Harbour. These were all operated by the descent of the laden wagons due to its weight, and again returned to its former position by

the action of balance weights, and the erection of these tips in this exposed position we performed, in spite of the snow and ice. We had to remove the snow from the railway track from where the branch line joined the main line at Grange-town, and push many tons of the heavy gearing and shafting on plate-layers' trolleys to the side of the harbour, where we set up the tips, some of which are probably standing to-day.

THE EAST BUTE DOCK.

At the same time, the top of the East Bute Dock was being excavated, and the walls building, the machinery for which we were also engaged upon, as well as the columns and girders for the immense "A" warehouse at the upper end of dock, perhaps the finest piece of heavy constructional engineering in the Principality, the designer being the late Mr. Clark, of the Mardy, Engineer for the Bute Estate.

The late Lord Merthyr was at that time his chief assistant, and it was during the construction of this warehouse, and the casting of the girders and columns, that I first met his Lordship, who until recently occupied the position of Chief Administrator to the Marquis of Bute.

THE No. 1 TUG.

The first paddle steamer built at Cardiff was also in hand at about this time, the hull of which was built at the Graving Dock of Messrs. Charles Hill & Sons, at the top of the West Bute Dock, and the machinery at the Hayes Foundry, and was my first experience of marine engineering. The cylinders were oscillating, 18 inches in diameter, and 3-feet stroke, and the boilers were circular and had return tubes. This, also, was probably the first boilers of what is known as the Scotch dry back type ever built in Cardiff. This little vessel is still afloat, the paddle engines having been removed, and have since done excellent duty at a colliery in the Hills. The boat is now fitted with a pair of screw engines and suction pump. Her hold has been arranged to contain a cargo of sand, and she has been trading for years in loading up herself with this commodity obtained from the shoals in the Channel, and bringing it to various ports, where it is sold for building purposes. The great City Hall and Law Courts of Cardiff, as far as the sand and gravel is concerned, owe much to this

little old friend of the writer. Visitors to the lower end of the Glamorgan Canal, can occasionally see a queer little craft, with a bow and stern very much alike, for formerly she was blessed with two rudders, so as to avoid the necessity of turning around whilst at work in the Docks. Her name is the "Britannia."

THE OVERFLOW OF THE TIDES.

As an illustration of the extent to which the tides encroached on either side of the Taff, I have in mind a certain occasion when I was commissioned to end the existence of an objectionable cat, and her entire family. I had placed the condemned felines into a small hamper, with a wicker cover rather insecurely tied with string. I neglected to put anything in the way of a weight to cause the basket and its contents to sink, but threw it into the tide, which, at that time had risen to somewhere nearly opposite the entrance to the Sophia Gardens, now Lower Cathedral Road. The argosy floated out with the wind into mid-stream. I crossed over the bridge, and at that time there was nothing to prevent access to the Cardiff Arms Park. I again came up with the hamper, very near the present wall, what is now Westgate Street, and with a long stick managed to hold the basket under water until I was certain that the nine lives in the basket were extinguished. The bridge at that time was a very narrow affair, the outline of its foundations can still be seen to the north of the present bridge, the construction of which was carried out by the father of the present Lord Pontypridd, and it was during the erection of this bridge I first became acquainted with his Lordship.

DOCK TRAFFIC.

The Docks in the early sixties presented a far different aspect to that which meets the eye of the present observer, for at that time there were very few steamers, and sailing vessels were very much dependent upon suitable winds to enter and leave the Docks, so that frequently it was possible to look right along the centre of the East or West Docks without the obstruction of vessels, and it was then a common sight to see pleasure boats, and an occasional boat race at the upper end of the West Dock.

TIDAL HARBOUR

A Tidal Harbour occupied the position of the present Roath Basin, in which there were four balance coal tips, of the same kind as those at the Penarth tidal harbour, for as most of the vessels were schooners, brigs, or small barques and ships, they could lie in safety on the muddy bed of the harbour, and receive their cargoes of coal at convenient states of the tide, there being no demand for quick despatch as is the case to-day, when such appliance would be quite inadequate.

Captain Ferrier was the Harbour Master; several sons, including the late Mr. J. B. Ferrier have held, and still hold, very prominent positions in the commercial life of this bustling city.

A LONDON VISIT IN 1862.

The great event of the time was London's International Exhibition of Sixty-two, to which everyone that could manage it made a visit. We had just completed and delivered a small narrow gauge locomotive engine at the Hayes Foundry to Mr. George Parfitt's own designs. This was a very beautiful little engine, and like everything that Mr. Parfitt did, was the perfection of workmanship and finish. She was named the "Volunteer," as that movement was started about the same time, both Mr. Parfitt and Mr. Jenkins were amongst the first to join the ranks. We were all very proud of this engine, and I always look back to those days with infinite pleasure, as being my first introduction to locomotive work, and with which I have been intimately associated ever since. It can be easily imagined that when I visited the Great Exhibition, I took immense interest in the machinery section, and, indeed, spent the most of my fortnight there in an almost daily visit to this section.

The pictures, the statuary, with the sole exception of Hiram-Power's "Greek Slave," have all faded from my memory, but the machinery, never; for did we not see here the Great Western Railway's masterpiece in the form of the truly "Lord of the Isles." I have seen this engine many times since, not only at work on the main line, but at various Exhibitions where she has been repeatedly exhibited.

THE "LORD OF THE ISLES."

I saw her at the Glasgow Exhibition years ago, and the great and highly-finished modern engines alongside looked poor and mean in comparison. We had her here at the Cathays Park Exhibition in 1896, where she was a splendid attraction. She has since been exhibited by the Great Western Railway Company at Chicago.

MESMERISM IN CARDIFF.

Mesmerism, or, as some of the professors preferred to call it, Electro Biology, was then a very popular form of entertainment. The mesmerist could always find plenty of willing assistants, by giving them a free ticket for the following night's performance, and when there was anything like a slackening off of patronage, prizes were given to some of the audience who were lucky enough to have become possessed of the winning numbers previously distributed as they entered the building. The principal place for these demonstrations was the Old Theatre Royal in Crokerhbtown, the site of which is exactly alongside of the existing feeder, which passes under the Park Hall Buildings. Mr. Maton's jeweller's shop is about the position of the main entrance. The central door was opposite to a few steps leading up to the boxes, which were, in reality, little boxes forming the dress circle, underneath was the pit, which being almost level with the water in the feeder, was occasionally very damp when the water was above the normal. The theatre, generally, was not at all a badly designed building, its principal fault being in its being too small to hold sufficient money to make the venture remunerative.

It was here that a lady, a Miss James, assisted by her pretty sister, with whom most of the "boys" were much in love. One of the great performers at this time was the afterwards much respected and talented, the late Mr. H. B. Moreton. He used to do anything Miss James commanded him, from being a member of Parliament to a comic singer. Another subject was a gentleman now in retirement in Cardiff, Mr. William Dickens. He was the champion nurse maid, and did wonderful things with an imaginary baby, to the evident delight of the gallery boys, and to, perhaps, the just con-

sternation of the ladies. The usual climax to his impersonations was that of being attacked by a swarm of bees, when he used to pull off his jacket and waistcoat, etc., stamp on them, roll over on the ground, and before he did greater removals was apparently, with great difficulty, rushed off the stage by the lady mesmerist, and covered up by the loose canvas scenery that usually lay about the back and sides of the stage. This gentleman knew every nook and cranny of the theatre, and could climb through a little opening in the gallery that communicated with the ceiling over the pit, and from where access could be gained to the gridiron and flies above the stage, and where the dressing rooms were. One evening he was discovered, in his perambulations, by the late Mr. George Melville, who was lessee at the time, and being chased over the rafters with nothing but lath and plaster between, managed to slip his feet, and with legs astride the rafters, and the commotion occasioned by the falling of the dry plaster into the pit on to the heads of the audience, succeeded in again getting on to more stable ground, and leaping in the dark from rafter to rafter, managed to regain his feet beside the rest of the boys, looking as innocent as a baby, and as if nothing extraordinary had happened.

I am pleased to say he is still around, and will probably own up that he has never been mesmerised in his life.

Another great attraction was that of a mesmeric performance by a Miss Poole. A curious sequel to this was that on one occasion in 1867.

The lady, whose real name was Ellen Smith, appeared before the Hartlepool Police Court on a charge of attempting to administer chloroform to a gentleman who doubted the genuineness of her performance, when the hall had to be cleared by the police. The next day she went to his office, and struck him on the head with her umbrella, and for which the Bench inflicted a fine of 5s. and costs.

THE OLD THEATRE ROYAL.

At the theatre we used to get the very best talent of the time, although the scenery and appointments were very poor. The actors in those days depended almost entirely upon their genius, and would probably despise the elaborate make-up of the great ones of to-day.

On these boards I have seen such actors and actresses as G. V. Brooke, Macready, David Jones, Edward Terry, Leslie Crotty, George Melville, Herr Bandmaun, John Rouse, Madam Haigh Dyer, Ainsley Cook, Mrs. Rousby, Madge Robertson, and a host of others.

Shakespeare's plays were very frequent and well patronised, and frequently, Macbeth or Richard the Third was put on as a special inducement for Saturday nights' performance. Grand Opera was also very frequent, including operas that we now very seldom see, such as "The Bohemian Girl," "Faust," "Il Trovatore," "Norma," "Traviata," etc.

Most of the performances were given by Stock Companies, who frequently played a different play every night, and often enough produced two or three plays, and even more, each evening.

The orchestra was always a very limited one, and the audience was not very exacting in their requirements in this direction, for I have many times seen the late Mr. E. Roberts, the respected leader, and who was also a noted fisherman, when the show was going on inside, swing his fishing rod from the banks of the feeder close alongside, and land some fair catches of trout and roach.

When the scenery had been in use for a long period, and it was necessary to have it transformed into some other view, they used to let it swim in the feeder, and the then pure and clean water from the Taff, would automatically do all of the washing necessary. This was the way in which the old canvases were made new again.

PENNY READINGS.

The Penny Reading Craze and the Mechanics Institute entertainments were in full force in the sixties, and the surrounding villages, as well as Cardiff and other towns, were well supplied with readers, singers, and lecturers.

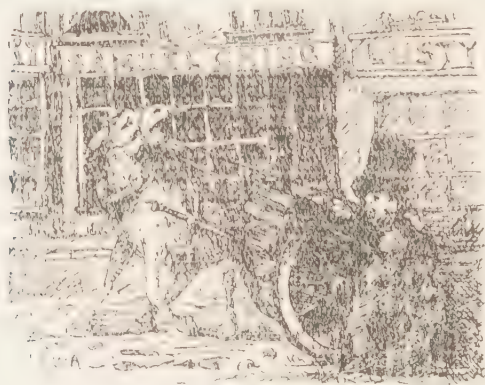
When I was engaged at Messrs. T. W. Booker & Co.'s Works, at Pentyrch, our general manager, the late Mr. Astley Thompson, was a personal friend of the late George Grossmith, the elder, and grandfather of the present clever representative of the family. He visited the "Ynys," Mr. Thompson's residence, that is quite close below Lord Bute's beautiful Castell Coch. Here Mr. Grossmith used to invite all of

Mr. Thompson's friends, and gave us some of his very best entertainments at these little social gatherings. I, also, had the honour of appearing, as my employer delighted to show the star of the evening what the boys from the offices of the Pentyrch works could do.

Several times we had another valued friend of Mr. Thompson's, and also of world-wide fame. It was no less a personage than the great John Parry, who originated the style of performance now so popular, where the performer sits at the piano, and entertains the audience by recitations with piano accompaniments and solos. I have seen a very large number of performers in late years who have effected this style of entertainment, but none of them, to my mind, come within a very long distance of John Parry.

TOMMY ROSSER.

One of the well known characters in Cardiff at this time was a little man who sold sand. This material was in common use for decorating the floors of most houses, and he used to



TOMMY ROSSER AND HIS CELEBRATED DONKEY.

sell this commodity from door to door. He had a wonderfully patient donkey, who was, if anything, more celebrated than his master, as Tommy Rosser and his donkey were about the best known personages to the young folk of the town.

Tommy had a weakness for alcoholic beverages, with which, perchance, his donkey fully coincided. It must be said that Tommy never went into a public house for his pint without also fetching another outside for his donkey, which the animal seemed to enjoy quite as well as his master.

Tommy always wore a battered top hat, which possibly was made for a person whose head was larger than Tommy's. He used to wear it with the side part to the front. We used to have much delight in teasing Tommy when he came into the foundry to beg for a linch-pin or some other contrivance for his cart. One of the boys used to lure him into a distant part of the works, whilst the others busied themselves in hoisting up Tommy's cart to the roof of the building, by means of rope and tackle, and sometimes with the foundry crane. Tommy, whose vision was somewhat defective, took a considerable amount of time to discover his property.

Occasionally Tommy Rosser managed to secure an order for sand or gravel from the local gentlefolk. It was necessary for him to send in his bill for payment of his account, and in order to do this he enlisted into his services some of the boys of my acquaintance, who were not very particular as to the wording of the document.

The following is a sample of one of them, as told me by the very gentleman who made out the account, and who is now one of the successful business men of the city:—

“To Mister Wyndham Lewis, Esquire,
The Heath.

Dr. To Mister Tom Rosser, Esquire,
Sand and Gravel Merchant,
Cardiff.

To half a load of Sand, five shillings.”

At that time nearly all the ships entering the port of Cardiff were ballasted with sand or gravel, and this was generally heaped up on large mounds at the head of the West Bute Dock, and from which the sand merchants obtained their supplies.

“PADDY ON THE RAILWAY.”

Another great institution was a gentleman who entertained the public with Irish ditties. He was called “Paddy

on the Railway," for that was his favourite song. One of his verses was :—

" Paddy from home had never been,
A railway train had never seen,
He'd longed to see the big machine
That ran along the Railway.
So off he went with furious haste,
Show me the Railway if you plaze,
Me carcas will not be at aise,
Till I have seen the Railway."

Chorus :

" Engine Biler water-tight,
Dirvin awaay wid all yer might,
Tunder an' Turf git out o' my sight,
I'm off to ketch the Raailway."

Then there was another song, one verse of which was :—

" The Pig is in the mire, and the cow is in the grass,
And a man widout a woman, is no better than an ass.
The Drake loves the Ducks, and the ducks like the drake,
An' for Judy O'Flannigan I'd die for her sake.
Oh my Judy, she's as fair as the flower on the lea,
She's nate, and she's complete from the neck to the knee,
We met t' other night, our hearts to condole,
An' took a promenade around the old Bog hole,
Singing, Cushla Mavourneen, won't you marry me,
Won't you fancy the bouncing young Barney Magee."

2nd Verse :

" Fine childer we will have,
For we must mind that
There'll be Darby and Barney
An' Loony and Pat.
There'll be Judy so neet,
An' Mary so bluff.
Oh stop, stop, she cries,
Have yez not got enough.
Oh no faith, sez I,
Shure I'll not be content,
Till you bring home as many
As there's fast days in Lent.

How the folks all will stare
 When we go for a stroll
 An' take a promenade
 Round the old Bog hole,
 Singing, Cushla Mavourneen, etc."

SAYERS AND HEENAN.

One of the great excitements of the time was the pugilistic encounter between Tom Sayers and Heenan, and soon after that event they visited Cardiff, at what was called a Fete Champetre, in the Cathays Park, where they gave an exhibition of boxing, and displayed their champion belts and other trophies of the ring. Of course, I was there. I had only the week before met with what might have been a very serious accident, for a huge foundry two-wheeled cart had toppled over on the top of me, resulting in a big scalp wound, the marks of which are very prominent at the present time, I had my head in bandages, and must have looked a pretty picture, with my cap perched on the top of the wrappings.

A MONSTER DRUM.

Another of the great attractions of the fete was, what was described at the time in verse as:—

"A monster Drum as big as St. Paul's,
 Whose sound is like Niagara Falls,
 At the Fancy Fair, and Flower Show."

And, indeed, it was a real monster. I should think, about 10 or 12 feet in diameter, but it was not quite correct to have called it a drum, as it had only one head, and was more of the nature of a huge tambourine, supported on a high tripod, whilst the drummer, with a long handled drumstick, belaboured the timpani, perched on a sort of scaffolding arrangement.

A STEAM ORGAN.

The old Town Hall, in the centre of High Street, was for a long time partly covered by bill-stickers, and the last big display heralded the visit to the town of a circus, its great speciality being that of a steam organ that could be heard for five miles. When it arrived, it fully justified the description, for it had a little locomotive boiler on a high wagon, with a

series of vertical brass steam whistles, or hooters. The biggest would be about eight or nine feet high, and nine or ten inches in diameter, and the lesser ones, according to the note produced. These were arranged organ-fashion, as indeed it really was, with the exception that instead of being blown by wind, it got its volume of sound from the steam produced by the boiler. The musician, who was a blind man, was perched on a rostrum, with a keyboard, each key communicating with a series of cranks and levers to a valve on each hooter, and with which he managed to wake up the good folk of Cardiff, as it was drawn through the town by a large number of richly caparisoned horses, on their way to the Cardiff Arms field close by.

THEATRICAL AMUSEMENTS IN THE SIXTIES.

I had not been in Cardiff but a few days, and had never seen a real theatre. I therefore took the first opportunity of inducing a fellow apprentice, of about a year or so's seniority, the late Mr. Charles Jenkins, of Sunnymead, to accompany me thither, as we both had become the possessors of a solitary sixpence each. We proceeded up the Hayes, passed the funny little shop of Nelson, the Quack Doctor, with a stuffed seal and some bottles of tape-worms in spirits in the window; Billy Ayres' pork shop on the corner, through Working Street, with the Infant School and the Wesleyan Day School on the right, where the late Alderman William Sanders was the master; through the Running Camp, and past Hawthorn hedges and thatched cottages, leaving Bradley's Lane on our left, now Park Place, and then to the theatre, which stood almost alone, with the feeder on one side, and a country house on the other, in which a Mr. Bradley lived, hence the name of the lane alongside.

We were, with the exception of about a dozen others, the only occupants of the gallery. The play was "Richieu," with that magnificent actor, George Melville, in the title role. I shall never forget that performance, and I do not think I have seen the play since, yet I can repeat quite a number of the lines now, so great was their effect upon me. After the drama, there was the farce of "Box and Cox," with good old Johnny Rouse as "Cox." His first words were, "I've half a mind to register an oath I'll never have my hair cut again. I



THE OLD THEATRE ROYAL IN CROCKHERBTOWN.

look as if I'd been cropped for the Militia, and after giving instructions to the hair-dresser merely to cut the ends off, by jove, he must have thought I meant the other ends." And just as he was shouting out for Mrs. Bouncer, my friend tugged at the sleeve of my canvas working jacket, and said, "Sam, time's up, we must be off." Before the conclusion of the rest of the performance, we returned disconsolately to the Hayes Foundry, to receive a very severe admonition for running away from our work. Our hours of labour were, at that time, very elastic, like the "Village Blacksmith," it was "week in, week out, from morn till night," and not infrequently from night till morning.

When we had a large forging to make, there was no steam hammer on the premises, so we each of us used to handle the big sledges, and as many as six of us at a time used to swing them round hand on to the glowing metal, and in this way the big winding and mill engines were made, some of which are at work even to this very day.

ELY RACES.

Ely Races were then a very much more popular institution than it is to-day, and was always looked forward to from one year to the other, when I, and almost everybody, made a pilgrimage by rail or road to the racecourse.

I had been working nights, and consequently had my day off, when I made my first appearance on any racecourse.

I had managed, by very careful saving up my pennies for some months, to accumulate the sum of a golden sovereign and a few coppers. These were stowed away carefully in an inner pocket of my waistcoat, as I had heard of the wonderful methods of the racecourse fraternity in abstracting coins from almost anywhere. I had made up my mind that I was not to be had in that way. On the side of the course was a man on his knees, displaying three innocent-looking playing cards on the grass in front of him. A few yokels were around, very much "interested" in this particular game, and, never having seen such a thing before, I also became interested. The gentleman on his knees said, "'Ere's three little cards, and one on 'em is the Queen of Diamonds," then, dexterously, and with one hand, picked up the three cards, and let them fall with a peculiar twist on to the grass, saying at the same

time, "Now he's 'ere, now he's there; I bet a crown to a bob that nobody will spot the lady."

"FIND THE LADY."

I became more interested, when one of the "yokels" took out a five-shilling piece, and, of course, spotted the wrong card, and therefore lost. This went on for some time, and I felt great commiseration for the loser, as I had watched that the "Lady" had always a turned-up look on one of the corners, so I felt very proud of my ability in this important discovery. I could see where the "correct" card was every time, and ventured to advise one of the "yokels" accordingly, "Why don't yer 'ave a try yerself," says the trickster. "Wot'll ye bet? a pound?" he says. I was cock-sure, so I hauled out my solitary sovereign, and—lost. He had turned up the corner of one of the other cards, and levelled that of the "Lady," and thus was I cured of ever joining in a sporting game from that time to this.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings, but I fully appreciated the sentiment of that lovely and historic picture by Frith, "The Derby Day," which very soon after this occurrence visited Cardiff, and was on exhibition in the Assembly Rooms of the Town Hall, now demolished. The part of the picture I refer to is at about its centre, where a juvenile "mug" looks extremely unhappy, with both his hands engaged in exhibiting his emptied trouser pockets. I walked home that day.

Old Cardiffians, if they could come to life again, would scarcely recognise Castle Street of to-day. The Castle Street they would remember was a narrow dark thoroughfare, just between the Castle walls and a block of houses in the centre of the street. Angel Street is now non-existent. They would look in vain for Todd's Gin Shop, which stood against the Castle wall, with a little railed enclosure close to the gateway. One of the rails was generally loose, and the boys of the fifties used to employ this little enclosure as a prison-house for their companions, the loose rail serving as a portcullis to prevent their escape.

At the other end of the row of houses was another hostelry, called the White Lion, Todds' Gin shop was the Golden Lion. One of the houses was occupied by Jones the Painter, and another by Thomas the Gunsmith.

The Cowbridge Arms faced the Cardiff Arms and the road leading to Canton. This space was called Broad Street. Some of the houses facing the present Castle clock tower are still existing.

Next to the Cowbridge Arms was Stibbs the barber. A funny story was told of an undesirable customer, who wished to know if the proprietor was in. A broken pane in the glass door, patched over with paper, enabled him to pop his head out, and say, truthfully, "No, he's out." On another occasion a crusty customer was much alarmed by the barber drawing the back of a hot razor across his throat, much to his horror, for he really thought that his throat was cut, Mr. Stibbs being an acknowledged practical joker.

Stibbs came from a very old Cardiff family. In the town Records at the library may be seen that his ancestors were always to the fore as constables, criers, and town officials (all ways of a kind). Stibbs committed some trivial offence, and was ordered by the magistrates to pay a fine of five shillings, whereupon he went to Bristol to get the money in farthings. Getting aboard the boat with it, however, he broke his leg, and that finished him.

He was a most accomplished whistler and joker, and it occurred to him that he would put his whistling to the test, and he used to get up into the trees in the Old Man's Wood above the Tan Yard, in what is now the Castle Grounds, and whistle a wonderful imitation of the nightingale. So real was this, that all the good folks of the time used to assemble at midnight, for many nights, and wonderful tales were told of the splendid music contributed by the nightingale, which was none other than a bird of five or six feet high. When the people found him out, they promptly collared him, but he was too popular for harm, and the most excited ones he promised to shave once a week without soap for nothing.

One of his great exploits in connection with two other men was going on the spree to Bridgend, and finding themselves there penniless, they resolved to sell one of their number as a corpse to a Dr. Davies, who was known to be a buyer. Stibbs waited on the doctor. Said he had a corpse, he called it a "stiffun," and wanted a pound for it. The bargain was made, and the arrangement was to bring it that night in a sack.

They bagged one of themselves, placed it on the kitchen table, with the doctor's assistant, left it there stiff, and cleared

off with the pound. The assistant locked up and left, and when he was gone, the "stiffun" became limp, and left also.



PARADISE PLACE.
THE NAIL-MAKER'S FORGE, IN THE SIXTIES.

NAIL MAKING IN THE SIXTIES.

The dilution of labour has occupied the attention of everybody in recent times, and women blacksmiths is not quite as recent an occupation for ladies as some folks may imagine.

The name of Paradise Place sounds highly poetical, and no one to-day would associate that locality with the Garden of Eden, yet some of us can remember very picturesque little suburban cottages, with pretty front gardens, and quite a natty little blacksmith's shop. Here, through an open window was to be seen a lady blacksmith, wielding a clumsy short-handled hammer, and pounding away on a short length of white-hot nail rod, about a quarter of an inch square. These rods were rolled especially for nail making, probably at the College Works near to the Cow and Snuffers at Llandaff.

A little bellows, perched overhead, and operated by a sort of bell-rope, supplied the necessary blast, and another, considerably smaller, such as was in common use for kitchen purposes, sent a small jet of air, which blew away the scale from the nail in course of making. A fixed cutter in the anvil were the principal appliances required for making the larger number of strong nails, by a past generation, for horse shoeing, and other purposes.

I append a rough sketch of the exterior of this little place, as I remember it in the early sixties, and somewhat later.

A tale is told of another lady blacksmith, who occasionally left the work in charge of her subordinates, and in order to be certain that they did not fail in their duty during the first quarter of the day, used to question the boys as to the amount of work they had performed, and innocently engage in conversation, by taking a seat upon the anvil, knowing by experience, that if they had been busy, the said anvil would be naturally a bit warm. This the boys knew, and in order to circumvent this severe cross examination, placed the anvil on the fire, and left it to get warm whilst they had a quiet time.

On one occasion they left the anvil too long in the fire, and it got much too hot, so that when the lady sat upon it later she received considerable injury upon the part she sat on, with the result you can easily imagine.

Another blacksmith's story was told of a very spruce commercial traveller in the engineering line, who called at the smith's shop for orders, and, in an inquisitive way, picked up from the floor a scrap of iron that had just been cut off by the smith. The result was he burnt his fingers considerably. On remonstrating with the smith about not telling him it was hot, the bluff blacksmith enlightened him upon his want of common knowledge, and to give an ocular demonstration, called in his little boy who was playing outside. "Billy," he said, "pick up that piece of iron from the floor." Billy, having been technically educated, spat upon it, which immediately fizzled. "No," said the boy "'taint likely, it's hot." The commercial gentleman thus received his first lesson in practical smithery. Whether it is true or not, I cannot verify, but the story goes that when he went home, he did the same experiment with the hot soup his landlady had prepared for him.

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| 1. Comic Song (in Character), "Betsey
Knubbles" | Mr. Joshua Rhys. |
| 2. Dialogue, "Romeo and Juliet" | Mr. S. Allen. |
| Juliet | Miss Baber. |

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| 3. Solo and Chorus.. | "Just before the
Battle, Mother " | | Mr. Samuel and Party. |
| 4. Song.. | "The Death of Nelson " | | Mr. Evan Bazely. |
| 5. Solo.. | Cornet | | Mr. Henry Evans. |
| 6. Song.. | "My Own, my Guiding Star " | | Mr. John Rhys. |
| 7. Scene from | "Julius Cæsar" | Brutus | Mr. C. Price |
| | | Cassius | Mr. J. Williams. |
| 8. Song.. | "Someone to Love Me " | | Miss Clark. |
| 9. Comic Song— | "Lord Lovel " | | Mr. S. Allen. |
| 10. Song.. | "Freedom's the Boast of a
Robber " | | Mr. H. Williams. |
| 11. Solo.. | Trombone | | Mr. L. Richards. |
| 12. Solo and Chorus | | | Mr. Williams and Party. |
| | FINALE | | GOD SAVE THE QUEEN. |

Doors open at Seven, Entertainment to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.
Admission, One Penny ; Reserved Seats, Threepence.

Leaders of the Choir—Mr. F. SAMUEL, Mr. E. BAZELY, and Mr. WILLIAMS.
Conductor—Mr. JOSHUA RHYS.

An immense rivalry existed between the various demoniations, and each was quite independent of the other. Perhaps a little diversion may be had if I append a sketch of a sample of one of these entertainments. I remember when I visited a certain village, where I saw in a little shop window, a hand-written poster, announcing that a Penny Readings would be given at the long room that evening. Reserved seats, twopence. Such an invitation could not be resisted, and I accordingly patronised the show. The small boys, of course, monopolised the best places, and took up their position at the back of the platform, much to the discomforture of the performers. The Chairman, who was on week days a puddler in the forge close by, a deacon on Sundays, and a Welsh bard always. His bardic title was Gwilym Brycheinog. He said : "Ladies and gentlemen, I 'oon't kip you long with speechments, ass we do got long programmes for go thro', and many do come from far, including Cardiff, The Ton, and Cwmsewt, so without kip you waitin', I do call upon the new Curat to read you a short story from a book." The new Curate then ascended the platform, and all of the young ladies beamed upon him with great adoration, as he stood in a stained-glass attitude, and then, in the Oxford manner, read the interesting story referred to, which was all about a little daisy that grew on the side of a hedge, and was very happy, as happy as the beautiful flowers in the garden close by. At the conclusion of the reading, the audience did not quite know whether it was the correct thing to say "Amen," or applaud, so the Chairman rose, with tears in his eyes, and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, after the graat traat we have had, listening to the

Reverent Mr. Chasuble Cassock, Esquire, I do have much pleasure in asking you to clap both of your hands together. I wass next have much pleasure to call upon Miss Tottie Spriggens and Mr. Obadiah Lewis to give us a dia-log-ue from Shakespeare, entitled "Romeo and Juliet on a bal-cony." Miss Tottie Spriggens was a young lady from Zummerset, with a strong West Country accent, whilst Mr. Obadiah Lewis hailed from the Rhondda, with a pronounced local preacher's Welsh intonation, and an occasional lapse into the very familar Hwyl, which the Chairman and the audience seemed to appreciate immensely. This went on very well until Juliet studiously placed her shapely elbow on the top of the piano, over which the boys made eyes, not to say faces at the lady, much to her discomforture, and as she rested her rosy cheek upon her hand, Romeo said, with evident admiration, "See how she do lane her cheek upon her hand. Oh, that I wass a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek." When Juliet, lapsing into Zummerset, shrieks out, with well assumed surprise, "What man art thou that thus bescreend in night so stumblest on my council." Romeo replies, "I know not how to tell thee who I Ham, call me but Love, and I'll be new Bab-ti-zed, henceforth I nevaar will be Romeo."

At the conclusion of the scene, the applause was immense, so the Chairman, in all his dignity, said, "After the grate trate we have had in hearing the words of Shakespeare so beautifully spaked, I do hope you will all give hearty vote of thanks to the young laady, and our old friend, for this intellectual trate." The Chairman then called upon the reigning beauty of the village to oblige with a song, entitled, "Put me in my little bed," accompanied by the Tredaager Brass Band. The songstress, with all possible modesty was overheard to remark as she ascended the platform, "Dear Anwil bach Mr. Shareman, I reely don't think I can undergo the operation."

The Chairman then called upon a well known gentleman, Mr. Oofenham, who had an unfortunate impediment in his speech, known as a hare-lip, or cleft-palate, to sing the "Anchor's Weighed." The words were as follows:—

"The tear fell gently from her eye
 When last we parted on the shore,
 Her bosom heaved with many a sigh,
 To think I ne'er might see her more."

But his interpretation of the author sounded to my ears something like this :—

“ The keer kell gently krom her eye
When last we karted on the shore,
Her oosum heaved with henny a sigh
To think I naer might hee her more.”

And so on, in a style that cannot well be interpreted in writing or printed matter.

The entertainment was brought to a successful conclusion by a gentleman producing a musical instrument, which he told the audience he had made out of his own head. It was really a cigar box, fastened to a walking stick, with a single fiddle string fastened at either end, and strained sufficiently tight, that with an ordinary violin bow, and a little resin, he was able to extract various tunes, after the fashion of the instrument known as a Japanese fiddle.

OLD-TIME THEATRICALS.

Whatever advantages theatre goers may possess in the palatial places of entertainments now almost universal, the older habitues cannot help remembering their old-time enjoyment of witnessing plays produced with greater histrionic talent, and less elaborate mountings than is the case to-day.

There is a cosy sort of feeling about a little house well filled, that is quite absent when the audience is placed a long distance from the stage.

My mind goes back to the early sixties when George Melville had the management, and John Sheridan was his lieutenant, he of the short stature and big voice. On one occasion, it was to be John's benefit night, and in the afternoon of that day he did me the honour of desiring the loan of a couple of half hundred weights, for the lime-light bags, when he proudly told me, in his heavy tragedian voice, that he was going to play “ Richard the Third.” It was in the after years that he reminded me of that occasion, when he said that I asked him “ if he could play Richard the Third,” and that he spent that afternoon studying his part, in old Jacob Matthew's garden, now Dumfries Place, also, that when the curtain went up, the only occupants of the gallery were two boys, Sam Allen was one of them, and his fellow apprentice,

the late Mr. Charles Jenkins, the other. I am afraid poor John did not reap a golden harvest out of that "benefit."

The Theatre Royal in St. Mary Street is a much more pretentious building, but not anything like so well arranged, the lines of sight being bad in every way, yet I have seen some fine performances there, such as that at its opening night. The play was "The Wicked World," and after that "The Palace of Truth," and soon after Lord Byron's superb "Tragedy of Sardanapalus," which was produced on a scale of magnificence that I really do not think has been surpassed, or even equalled since. At that time there was a large open space between the theatre and St. Mary Street, now built over, and where a steam boiler was placed and a steam pipe carried into and under the stage of the theatre, and through numerous jets in a long horizontal pipe a large volume of steam was discharged, which formed a curtain of steam right across the stage, upon which coloured lights were thrown, together with a plentiful supply of lycopodium, resin, etc., and lightning flashes, etc., and the tumbling of huge built-up pillars and other architectural features gave a most realistic reproduction of the scene which took place when Sardanapalus and his favourite Ionian slave, Myrrah, set fire to the palace of Ninevah forming a great funeral pyre, in which all perished. I have often wondered why this great dramatic conception of Byron's has not been reproduced in our more up-to-date theatres.

Perhaps these theatrical reminiscences would not be complete without reference to Mr. Daw's first pantomime in the Theatre Royal, and which the older generation of Cardiff theatre goers will remember with pleasure. This production, I need hardly say, was an immense success, in spite of its great inferiority of elaboration to what we are now accustomed to, and always expect. This pantomime was written by the late John Bannister, who was not only the author, but principal actor and stage manager, and was, in fact, the life and soul of the piece from rise to fall of the curtain. The pantomime was "Robinson Crusoe," and he was "Will Atkins," the sailor, besides doubling a number of characters, one of which was a very striking impersonation of Lord Beaconsfield, in full Court costume, and several characteristic speeches; then he would slip into his dressing room, and in a few minutes be on the stage again as the late Miss Jenner, a

lady whose striking appearance and individuality lent itself to comparatively easy caricature.

Mr. Bannister was educated at Oxford, and was, in fact, a student at the same time as the late Marquis of Bute, the father of the present Marquis.

On the occasion of Bannister's benefit, in which he recorded a bumper house, and desired to pourtray one of the leading characters of the Cardiff Corporation, and also refer to various questions of the day, the late Alderman Winstone was suggested to him as an appropriate personage to depict. Bannister asked me to give him some idea as to what Mr. Winstone looked like, so I took out a pencil, and upon a clear space of his room door, sketched the portrait from which he made himself up. Mr. Alderman Jacobs was also called in to advise, and, between us, we found out the tailor's shop in St. Mary Street where Mr. Winstone patronised. So off we trotted, and hired an identical suit. Then we found that a personal interview was more than desirable, so we proceeded to Pembroke Terrace to beard the lion in his den, and, after some preliminaries, managed to get an audience. I may say here that Bannister, although a splendid actor, was really extremely nervous, so it fell to me to do the talking, and, at the same time, to sketch in my note-book, a somewhat more accurate portrait than I had previously sketched in the theatre. Another adjournment to Huzzey, the hair-dresser in High Street, was all that was required to get an accurate wig made, which was the main thing necessary to the make-up of a great local celebrity.

GAS LIGHTING.

The art of procuring and applying to the purpose of illumination, the inflammable gases evolved by animal and vegetable matter, when exposed to a high temperature, has for a very long time been the subject of careful research, and among the very earliest to experiment in this direction was the Rev. Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, in 1750, and, therefore, Cardiffians have much reason to be proud of the fact that among the first to take advantage of this means of illumination, on a comparatively large scale, was their own town, for it was not very long after Dr. Watson's experiments that a Mr. Broadmead submitted a scheme for lighting



THE HAYES BRIDGE IN 1871

the town with gas. His proposal was accepted, and arrangements made for erecting a gasometer on the garden occupied by Evan Lewis, Parish Clerk, and on the Town Wall between that garden and the Glamorgan Canal.

In 1820 there were forty-eight public lamps in the town, and these were subsequently ordered to be taken care of. It would be interesting to know if any of these are still in existence.

Gas-house Lane branched off Working Street, and would be approximately the site of Messrs. Cross Brothers' extensive premises.

Several of the old retorts may still be seen from the Canal, and being filled with masonry, form a ferro-concrete reminder of Cardiff's first enterprise in gas illumination.

It was, however, in 1798 that Murdock succeeded in lighting the works of Messrs. Boulton and Watt, at Soho, with gas, and in 1802, on the occasion of the rejoicings for the peace, the whole of the works were illuminated.

THE HAYES.

In contrasting the great City of Cardiff as we know it to-day with the Cardiff of half a century ago, it is only those of us who were closely associated with it can fairly realise the immense strides that have been made. Of course, outside of a very limited space indeed, everything is new and much improved, except that of a picturesque nature, as may be seen by looking at the old prints and paintings by Rowlandson, Sandys, Alex. Wilson, and others.

The old landmarks are fast disappearing, yet, if we peep into the little openings still left here and there, we can get a slight idea of old time Cardiff.

Of course, the first great engineering scheme was the construction of the Glamorgan Canal, commenced in 1790, occupying the exact position of the Town Moat.

The present Royal Arcade marks the site of as pretty a little village square of cottages as could be imagined, with the large open space in the centre, and well cared for flower gardens, called Tabernacle Court, by reason of its proximity and right-of-way to the chapel of that name. It was more familiarly known, however, as the Colliers' Arms Court, also by reason of a public house at its entrance from the Hayes.

Opposite this was the Plough Court, which reached as far as the Canal side, the name of course being taken from that of another adjoining public house, its proper name was, however, Evan's Court, but few called it by that name. Next door, where Griffiths' large outfitting establishment is now built, was the Hayes Foundry, of which I have already spoken, and, being reminiscent, I do not think I ought to omit to state, that some of the engineering apprentices have still a vivid recollection of the pan-tile roofs of the cottages adjoining, upon which they, or should I say, we, used to spend much of our spare time, those over the Plough Court especially.

On one occasion, my much respected fellow apprentice, Mr. Charles Jenkins (late of Sunny Mead in the North Road) was, as usual, treading much too heavily on the pan-tiles, managed to put his foot through. Unfortunately, an Irish labourer, who was sleeping in his bed underneath, was smothered in plaster and other debris; needless to say, the party overhead, when enquiries were forthcoming, were found to be very innocent, and hard at work in the foundry or fitters' benches next door.

On another occasion, dinner was being prepared in the Plough. A long defunct carrion crow was discovered in the roadway, and this was secured and conveyed, as usual, to the roof, and it was considered to be good fun to drop the bird down the chimney, expecting, of course, to extract some amusement out of their discomfiture, but awful to relate, we mistook the chimney, and the evil-smelling thing fell down our own chimney, and spoiled our dinner.

Another favourite sport was that of fishing for pigeons, which, when captured, were simply rolled up in a big lump of wet clay, and placed in the ash pit under the boiler, the hot ashes soon did the baking, so that the feathers and the internal complications came away in entirety, much to the satisfaction of the youthful apprentices of the foundry in the Hayes.

BEAUTY BUTTER, SWEET AS SUGAR.

There was a little shop in Crockherbtown where a lady sold dairy produce. She was, what the boys called, very Welshy, and spoke her English with great volubility and rapidity. She generally induced her customers to purchase, by remarking in one breath, as though the whole sentence

was a single word, "Beautybuttaarsweetasshugaareggsfresh-ashenlayemoncounterforyousminnitindeedtogoodnessnowwhat ever." "Beauty Buttaar" was the name this lady was always known by.

Many people will remember the "Havannah" boys, who were so useful to people who employed them for taking home their marketing on Saturdays, and their genial schoolmaster, Mr. Coleman, who was always ready for a joke when the opportunity offered.

On one occasion, when good shooting was to be had on the West Moors, and aquatic birds flocked up to see what they could find edible, a friend once asked Mr. Coleman if he could give him some idea as to whether he could get some good shooting close by, whereupon he replied, "Of course I can, you come down to the 'Havannah,' and I will arrange that you shall have a shot at some canvas backed ducks." When the sportsman arrived, he was astonished to find one of the boy's white canvas duck suits hanging on a clothes-line alongside of the ship. "These are warranted," said Mr. Coleman, "to be genuine canvas backed ducks," referring to the material from which the garments were made.

It is a curious historical fact that our old friend H.M.S. 'Havannah,' that lay for so many years beached close to the Taffi Bridge on the Penarth Road, was, on the 4th of August, 1815, over a century ago conveying the "Bellerophon" with Napoleon on board, on that memorable voyage to St. Helena. The "Times" of that date says that, the "Northumberland," with the "Havannah" frigate, two troop ships, and four sloops of war, will form the squadron to watch St. Helena, and carry out the troops. The good old "Havannah" was a 42-gun frigate, and was lent to the Cardiff Industrial and Ragged School Committee by the Admiralty for the purposes of an industrial school in the year 1860. It was at first intended to fit her up as a training ship, but this design was abandoned for want of means, the Admiralty having declined to supply spars and rigging with the hulk. On the top of a very high spring-tide I saw her floated up the Taffi, and then into a quiet creek that ran alongside the present Penarth Road Bridge, where she lay in the mud, floating for some years on high tides, and eventually closed in by an embankment, which gradually filled up until she lay high and dry, until the time came for her demolition. In 1898 the

Medical Officer of Health reported the vessel as a "decaying hulk," and said that age and weather had rendered her top sides "too rotten to be made water-tight by caulking." She was sold by auction at Portsmouth on January 8th, 1903, Mr. Norris, of Cardiff, being the purchaser, and who commenced to break her up in that year. The figure-head is, I hope, in the possession of the Museum authorities. I wonder if any of the annual reports of the school are in existence?

A BULL IN A HAT SHOP:

At the bottom of Quay Street stood the Slaughter-house, and cattle on their way thither sometimes took it into their heads to stampede, possibly, objecting to the fate awaiting them. On one occasion, I saw rather a big crowd outside Mr. Richards, the hatter's premises, and desiring of learning the cause of the commotion, pushed my way to the front near the shop door, and then inside of the shop, where I beheld a huge bullock at the distant end, with his head down charging a large crate of hats held in front by way of a buffer, in order to protect the manager of the shop, Mr. Dykes.

I thought it then time to back out into the street, as there was little room for myself and the bullock. So you can imagine I was not long in mounting the counter, just in time, to see the huge and enraged animal wheel around and make a dart through the open doorway into the fast disappearing crowd in the street.

LEARNING THE TECHNIQS OF ENGINEERING.

One of the many mishaps that happened during my endeavour to become an expert lathe-man at the Hayes Foundry, was that of endeavouring to do too much in the way of producing a high finish to the end of some long bolts I was turning in a very antique hand lathe, with a wooden bed, and no chuck or slide rest. These bolts had square heads, on which I had shrunk on hot, a sort of square iron hoop, with a projecting tail, this was bent and wedged fast to what we called a driver, on the nose of the spindle.

I had pitched and chased the threads to fit inch nuts, with comparative success. Apprentice boys of to-day will, perhaps, appreciate the difficulty of making a true pitch in this way, but we used to do it nevertheless, and turn out

large quantities, there being no screw-cutting lathe or screwing machine available, so, with a flat piece of wood against my chest, hung on by a little strap placed around my neck, and a depression in the centre of the piece of wood to receive the handle of the chaser, and by placing my foot against a convenient support, got sufficient pressure against the cutting edge of the tool to make the cut, a dexterous twist of one corner of the chaser enabled us to commence the pitch, and then to complete the screw with perfect truth. A drunken thread was a spoiled bolt, and such a disaster was looked upon as a disgrace by our fellows.

I had made quite a lot in this way, and, of course, was a bit proud of my achievement, but, alas, I managed to get a dig in, with the result that the bolt hopped out of the somewhat blunt centre, and being fixed at the driving end, flew around in as large a circle as its fixed carrier would allow, and came into violent contact with the bridge of my nose. This caused great alarm throughout the works, and I was rushed off, holding my half severed nose in my hand, to St. Mary Street, where lived good Dr. Reece, for it must be remembered that this street at that time was mostly residential. A couple of stitches secured the lower half to the upper, and a plentiful supply of sticking plaster did not improve my personal appearance. That accounts for the beauty spot easily recognised even to this day.

Now that I am relating my personal disfigurements, I must not forget to tell you how I fared on one occasion when, during the dinner hour, a number of us were seated in an empty cart, and the bell rang to start work at two o'clock, when a party of lively spirits took hold of the shafts, and raced down the roadway, all of the occupants jumped out, except myself, who stuck to the cart, which reared on its back prongs with the shafts sticking up in the air, the impetus caused the wheels to continue to rotate, with the result that the cart turned a back somersault, and imprisoned me beneath. Luckily, I was not tall enough for my head to reach the front board, or possibly I should have been guillotined. There was, of course, great consternation among the crowd, who lifted the cart bodily, and my blood-stained self almost at the same time. Curley, the cupola man, remarking, "Begorra, poor Sam's did." Anyhow, I remember everything that took place, and beyond a scalp wound, and some disfigurement,

and clever stitching up by the same surgeon who effected the previous repair to my nose, and a black mark of indication, I am glad to say, there was no further permanent injury.

My first appearance in public after this catastrophe was only after about four days' lay up, for was it not almost a superhuman thing for a boy in the year of grace 1862 to remain away. A few weeks after the memorable encounter between Tom Sayers and John C. Heenan visited the Cathays Park, and gave a public exhibition, when the writer of these reminiscences appeared on the scene with his head tied up in huge bandages, and his cap perched on top, which caused one of his friends who met him to remark, "Well, I'm blowed, thou'st copped it this time."

MR. BOOKER'S WEDDING.

About the same time as the circumstances related in the last paragraph, we were very busy making some large horizontal engines to the order of Messrs. T. W. Booker & Co., and it so happened that on the occasion of Mr. Booker's wedding, we were celebrating the event by a half holiday, and no end of noisy explosions from improvised weapons. The method we adopted was to turn out all of the anvils in the smiths' shops, face downwards, and to utilise the usual square hole in the base as a kind of gun,—this hole is generally a couple of inches in depth, and an inch or so square. This was filled with blasting, or rock powder, then a hard wooden plug driven in on top of the powder, and a gimlet hole bored through the plug, and filled with a little powder for priming, and then the application of a long iron rod, heated to redness, carefully applied, did the rest. All hands had spent the greater portion of the afternoon firing salvos in this way, but later on in the evening, my fellow apprentice and myself, being left solely in charge, thought we would have some demonstrations on our own, as we had discovered a considerable quantity of explosives left, accordingly, we determined to do things on a much larger scale, and found some heavier castings than anvils, with bigger holes in them, which seemed to suit our ambitious ideas. So we arranged a row of them, but, as they were much too heavy to be taken outside in the open, and we did not desire to shoot away the pantiles of the roof, we placed our battery at about an angle of 45 degrees, but,

previously, we did not think that either a fitter's hammer, or 2 smith's sledge, was nearly heavy enough to drive in the wooden plugs, so we utilised a big double-handled sledge, or "Monday" as it was called, and used for breaking pig-iron, and with this fearful implement, we laboured together to hammer in the plugs, expecting, of course, to make a terrific explosion. How we escaped with our lives, or damage to the place, has always been a mystery to me, but we had all of the fun out of it we expected, and live to tell the tale.

One of the engines we were engaged upon at this time was called the "Volunteer"—Mr. T. W. Booker being Colonel of the local Artillery Company—in honour of the movement that was introduced to Cardiff and district. The other was to honour the advent to Great Britain of our beloved Queen Mother, Queen Alexandra, the engine and mill being christened by Mrs. Booker, the "Princess Mill."

As an illustration of the kind of appliances in use for mechanical purposes in Cardiff at this time, I recall the occasion when the machinery for the first Penarth Tidal Harbour Coal Tips were being made, when we had to make, and do the lathe work for a considerable number of round spindles, for the hoisting winches, for manipulating the shoots, and such like.

We had managed the turning of a few by hand, no slide or screw cutting lathe, or slide rest, being available, the only ones of the kind in Cardiff being a 16-inch lathe, and a little 9-inch Whitworth at the Taff Vale Railway Works in Bute Road. The former was made as far back as 1847, and the latter in 1839. Both of these tools are still doing excellent work, and loyally keeping up their reputation in executing the highest class of work necessary for munitions, and to the exact demands of the limit gauges.

A little 8 or 9-inch lathe was in use at the Crown Preserved Coal Company's Works at Blackweir, where they obliged us by doing some of the parallel turning. Old Tom McMullen was the turner. Perhaps a few of my old friends may remember him, as we do not often meet in these days of automatic machinery such capable workmen, wherein individual talent is not as necessary as when extemporised appliances have to be devised to suit the job in hand. This little lathe is still in existence, and doing good work at their Port Talbot Works. At the time named, the coal employed for Patent Fuel making was principally the celebrated No. 3 Rhondda, and as an

example of the superb qualities of the same, I need only mention that some blocks of Crown Fuel made therefrom, in the early fifties, was recovered from the bottom of the Black Sea not long ago, a cargo of fuel on the way to our Fleet off Sebastapol having been sunk during the war, and after remaining submerged for over half a century was found to be in as perfect a condition as when first made.

The Crown Company have made tests with these blocks with splendid results.

It is interesting to note that the large chimney of their present Works at the Docks stands upon the exact site of the hut which was occupied by Stelfox, and where he was shot by Webber, who was afterwards executed in Cardiff Jail, which at that time was the extreme foreshore, against the steep banks of which every tide reached. Webber's boat used to be moored on the top of the tide in a little creek, which would be about where the communication between the top part of the Queen Alexandra Dock and the southern end of the Roath Dock, where the Lewis Hunter cranes are placed.

A TALE OF THE OLD TURKISH BATHS.

Perhaps there is no other place of public meeting so utterly republican as that of a Turkish Bath, such as Cardiff has boasted since the early days of the sixties, for at that time, many of our local magnates were constant habitués, and where "Old John," as we called him, wielded undisputed authority, and joined in the political, and other discussions that took place, especially on Home Rule Topics, for indeed, Fenianism was a real difficulty at the time, and we all chipped "Old John" as being a sympathiser, not that any of us really believed that he was, anyhow, he was a real sport, with a rich amount of native Irish wit.

Mr. Richard Cory, the great philanthropist, would sometimes request a draught of cold water, which "Old John" would ceremoniously bring in a glass on a little tray. Mr. Cory would take the opportunity of impressing upon John the advantages of total abstinence,—this was not quite John's belief, for he liked his little drop of something stronger. Then Mr. Cory would say, "Cold water from the crystal spring was good enough for anybody." To which "Old John" would reply, "Yes, sorr, wid a drap of whiskey wid it." Then Mr.

Cory would say that "whiskey had been the ruin and death of thousands." John would take exception to this, and say, "he didn't believe ut, it was cold water that had caused the death of thousands." "How do you make that out, John." Mr. Cory would say. "Well," said John, with a knowing wink, "drowned em, sorr."

On one occasion, a stump orator that John had seen during his off time, preaching near the Custom House Bridge, and he was good enough to relate the circumstances to us afterwards. He said, "I saw a crowd by the Marquis of Bute's Statue, and I stopped to listen, whin a bloke wid long hair, commenced to ring a bell, and tell the crowd to do what he told thim, for they were like this here old Brass-man, stuck up on this stone block," pointing with contempt at the statue, "He said that they had ears and eyes just like him, but they could neither see nor hear, so I came away," he says, "little thinking I should see me bogle again next day, when he came in to the Turkish, and av course, afther taking off his clothes, walked straight into the hottest room, and shtood up dere wid his back to me, so I says, says I, 'That's a very dangerous thing to do, sorr.' What's the matter,' says he. 'Well,' I sez, 'you should stay a little while in the other room first, it is much too hot in here, sorr.' 'Oh, my good man,' he says, 'never mind me, whether it's hot or cold, it's all the same, I never feel the cold, no matter wedder it's winter or summer.' So I asked him to tell me how it was that he couldn't feel the heat or the cold, so he sez, 'My good man,' sez he, 'it's the love of the Lord, that keeps me from feeling the heat or the cold, and if you were of the same belief, you wouldn't feel it neither.' 'Well,' says John, 'I thought I'd try an experiment on me bogle, by filling up my little iron scoop wid biling wather, and I walks quietly up to um, from behind, when he wasn't looking, so I quietly pours the hat wather down the shmall of hus back. Oh, be the powers, you should have seen me bogle jump. 'What are you doin' man,' sez he, 'it's schalding me you harr.' 'Well,' sez I, 'I thought you couldn't feel the heat or the cold, and I only wanted to try if ye were telling the truth,' and the same night as I was passing the shooting gallery on the Hayes Bridge, who should I see but me bogle, shouting at the top of his voice, and ringing the bell for all he was worth, and telling the boys that, if they only did as he told them, they would never feel the heat or the cold."

"Old John" has long since departed, but I am pleased to say that the popular "Jimmy" carries on in the same effective way.

Quite recently, however, I was impressed with the comparative diminutiveness of this, our terrestrial planet, by meeting, promiscuously, in the same institution, an engineering Anzac, and, of course, struck up a conversation. He told me that he had recently come to this country from South Australia, and had worked for years in several Government Railway Workshops. I asked him if he had ever seen any of my little steam hammers there, and described one to him as nearly as I could in a rough way. He replies with a grin, "What you mean is Allen's Steam Strikers." I told him that I was the inventor of these machines, and that they were made in Cardiff. "What!" he says, in a critical way, "they were made by old Sam Allen of Cardiff?" I told him that barring the "old" I was that individual. He took a long time to believe me, and then he said more in praise of these machines, and their popularity in the Antipodes than I dare to add here, as it would be much like a popular advertisement of the "take no other" kind. The climax came when he said he was "way out in the back woods, when he heard a familiar puff, puff, and some exhaust steam escaping from a wood shanty, and on going inside, discovered that it was one of 'old' Sam Allen's Strikers set to work to chop wood. They had taken off the hammer head, and replaced it with a big hatchet, and it was chopping away like mad, doing splendid work in a most effective way."

THE COMING OF AGE OF LORD BUTE.

The celebrations in honour of the coming of age of the late Marquis of Bute to his Scotch estates were carried out with great splendour in Cardiff. The town was profusely decorated throughout, and firework displays were given in the Cardiff Arms Park. At the Hayes Foundry, we were not backward in celebrating the event, for we had erected against the front wall and large doorways, opposite the present entrance to the Royal Arcade, huge gas illuminations. One was a large star, with an oval place in the centre, in which was a beautiful little model engine. This was a very great attraction, for the crowd that assembled in the Hayes to see

this little thing skipping around for several evenings, was immense, but this display was nothing to what took place not long after, when the same nobleman attained the age of 21, when the festivities were on a very much larger scale. An ox was roasted whole on the old bed of the river, where the tramway stables now stand, and another on the East Moors. A delightful ball room was built in the Castle grounds, with an illuminated fountain, and every device possible was employed to make it the most beautiful temporary ball room ever erected in Caridff before or since.

Our contribution at the Hayes Foundry was on a very much larger scale than on the last occasion. I was responsible for the collection of a number of steam engine models. These were all kept in motion every day and evening for a week to my dismay, for when everyone else was off to see the processions and fireworks in the Park, with a huge fiery dragon and Ethardo ascending a tall spiral stairway on a revolving globe, in the midst of a shower of brilliant sparks, I had to stop and attend to the exhibition I had undertaken to display, including a large transparency of about 12-feet square, depicting the Arms of the Bute Family in glaring colours, which I had perpetrated on calico in transparent oil-colours.

It was about this time when we were making a large piston for the Tredegar Iron Works, the late Mr. Charles L. Hunter being the engineer. We had finished the work, and scraped up each of the faces with great accuracy, so that when the junk ring was placed on the top, it could be very easily revolved. This was a temptation to us during the dinner hour to emulate the Poses Plastiques we had seen at the Bute Street Coliseum, so I mounted the top of the piston, Charles Jenkins played slow music, utilising a comb and some tissue paper for an instrument, whilst another apprentice, David Jenkins, revolved the junk ring, and myself, posing as "Ajax" defying the lightning, when the revolutions suddenly stopped, and old "Dai," as we called him, yelled out with pain. He had pushed one of his fingers too far through the hole in the "ring," with the unfortunate result that the top half was sheared clean off. At the present time he is the proud possessor of three fingers and a bit.

THE THEATRE ROYAL IN CROCKHERBTOWN.

One of my early recollections of a visit to the old Theatre Royal was during a Christmas Pantomime in the early sixties. "Cinderella" was being produced, with a ballet of about six fat ladies in abbreviated costumes, and full harlequinade. The production was a comparative failure, until one of the stage hands, who hailed from Caermarthenshire, was somehow promoted to play Cinderella's mother. His Welsh accent was of the most pronounced character, but it was not on this account that he had obtained his promotion. The effect on the first night, when he said, "Cinderella bach, ware arru, in the kitchen, kitchen cauld?" was electrical. Then he introduced quite a lot of gags in that way, with the result that the pantomime became a very popular success. "Boppo Gwenny" was the name this artist was known by.

One of the successful topical local verses went something like this:—

"Steam Coals, Insoles, any other fellows,
All right if bright to make the fire burn.
Poke it up, stoke it up, agitate the bellows.
For well, I trow, the merchants know,
The nimble ninepence turn."

Years after, this historical old theatre was burnt to the ground, when the Philharmonic Hall was being erected, and it was to this place that the company of players, at the head of which was Miss Kate Kennedy and Louis Esmond, transferred their histrionic talents.

THE HEAD DIVE.

The next recollection of "Boppo Gwenny" was on one occasion when they were engaged in the production of a shadow pantomime, wherein a large white sheet was stretched across the front of the stage, and a powerful lime-light placed upon the floor some little distance away in the centre, the actors' shadows being cast on to the sheet in the well-known way. I happened to be strolling behind, with the proprietor of the hall. We were accosted by no less a personage than the renowned "Boppo Gwenny," who had by this time been elevated to the important position of the Comic Pantomime Policeman. He asked me if I had ever seen his great "Head dive." I had to confess my ignorance, when he mounted a

ladder on the prompt side at the back of the proscenium arch, and then leaped forward close to the screen, his shadow appearing thereon in view of the audience. His dive was alright, and most realistic, but, unfortunately for himself, he struck his head against the big roller to which the bottom of the screen was attached, and fell senseless on to the stage, and it was the most pathetic sight I ever remember to have seen, and quite unrehearsed, when the clown, pantaloons, harlequin, and columbine, went to his aid, and carried him off to the rear, their shadows increasing in size as they approached the light, to an immense round of applause from the audience, who saw only the humour of the situation.

“BOPPO GWENNY.”

Not long ago, I happened to be strolling down St. Mary Street, when I saw outside a Wax Work Exhibition, a shock-headed grey haired individual, who was then engaged in requesting patronage to the show upstairs. I recognised in him the great “Boppo Gwenny.” Out of pure fun, I imitated his manner of the long ago, and said, “Cinderella bach, where are you, in the kitchen, kitchen cauld?” He stood back awe struck, and said in a melodramatic manner, “My Gawd, forty years ago”; and, I suppose, thinking I was a brother professional, asked me where I was “working now.” I made some evasive reply, and reminded him of his appearances at the Philharmonic. “Ah,” he said, almost tearfully, “that’s where I met my accident.”

“ILL-TREATED ILL TROVATORE.”

Blanche Stammers was a very pretty and clever little actress, in the early sixties. Her mother was also an actress of great ability. She played the heavy business, of course, all the boys were devoted to Blanche, so when it was proposed that they should have a benefit, they had no difficulty in inducing the original Cardiff Histrionic Club to assist. The play was “Ill-treated Ill-Trovatore,” a very popular musical burlesque, in which most of the grand opera music and tunes were introduced. The genial and talented Harry Moreton was Azucena, the Gipsy Queen; Dick Elliott, the husband of the celebrated Lucy Clarke, was the Kinchin; and I was the Count-de-Luna, a county magistrate, and considering that

we produced the burlesque with less than a week's notice, I don't think we did very badly. As for me, I had to run the gauntlet of my friends, and was not allowed to practice the music or anything else at home, so I had to get at the tunes in the best way I could. My costume was peculiar, for I had prepared a pair of top boots by utilising a pair of patent leather shoes, and the tops out of American cloth, stitching them myself to the uppers. To the heels I had fixed huge spurs, made of tin, about nine inches in diameter. The dressing rooms of this theatre were in the flies, and I had to descend by means of a steep wooden ladder arrangement. My spurs would not allow of my descending in the usual way, so I had to turn around, and walk backwards. When I got to the level of the stage, the curtain was up, and my spurs in a dilapidated state, flopping about so that I couldn't walk, when Blanche offered me a pair of her boots of brown soft leather and gold tassels on the top, so I tried to screw my spurs on to these, with most disastrous results, for when I went to put the boots on, they were several sizes too small. I however went on when my cue was given, and in one scene I had to engage in a terrific sword combat with Blanche, who was Manrico, when, to add to my worries with my heels projecting an inch or so behind the heels of my boots, my spurs wobbling about, oh horrors, other parts of my clothing gave way. I had to fight with one hand, and hold up my tights with the other, backing gracefully towards the O.P. wing, and excitedly requesting the loan of a pin from Leonora, who was waiting there for her cue. This lady was the very fine and large Mrs. Stammers. The song I had to sing was something like this :—

“ Oh, Leonora Lady fine, I cannot live without you,
 My previous pet, my Valentine, although I sometimes
 flout you.
 There is a vile musicianer, that hangs about the airy,
 Who with his lute, can tame the brute, like Orpheous
 or Rary,
 With his didderro whack, his Noddle I'll crack,
 Immediately or sooner, if out of the gal,
 Leonora he shall, attempt for to diddle De-Luna.”

That was my last appearance on the stage at the old Theatre Royal in Crockherbtown.

THE FIRST BICYCLES IN CARDIFF.

The ladies and gentlemen of to-day, who are to be seen careering along the country roads on their feather-weight cycles, would have but a very poor opinion of the machines we used to make and ride in the sixties. Perhaps a few words on the machines of this time may not be uninteresting. A friend of mine, long since passed away, and who was a remarkably clever engineer and a fine mechanical draughtsman, a Mr. Kenway, brother-in-law to the late Mr. Tom Riches, of the Taff Vale Railway, one day produced a drawing of such a contrivance, and induced the folks at the Hayes Foundry to forge the necessary iron work, he providing the wheels. This machine had a backbone of about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch round solid iron, with saddle pillar, and front and back forks to match. The wheels were adapted from a small hand-truck, and were of ash, with a heavy nave and fellies, and iron tyres, about an inch wide, and a quarter thick. I cannot tell you its exact weight, but it must have been pretty near a hundredweight. Before the machine was completed, there were several others well on the way. Mr. Charles Jenkins had one, John Noel and Evan Hopkins, who made the forgings, and myself, another each, but Kenway's was really the first. With these lumbering heavy things we covered a lot of ground around Cardiff, such as runs to Cowbridge and back, pushing our iron horses up Tumble-down Dick, and then coasting down. There was no suspicion of a brake, as such a refinement was then unthought of, or ball-bearings either.

My first essay to ride was on one quiet evening, when I trundled my proud possession through the Running Camp, towards the first little bridge over the Canal on the North Road, and then running down the rather steep incline on each side; after about an hour's practice, I managed to be able to wobble on alone, and with great trepidation, taking the whole width of the road. I managed to go without many spills, right along to Taffs Well and back. At that time there was much controversy going on as to the value of this means of locomotion, many technically informed people maintaining that it would take far less exertion on the part of the rider, if he carried the machine on his back, instead of riding upon it. Really, after my first essay, I was quite prepared to agree. All the world now knows differently.

THE BOYS OF TO-DAY.

I must tell you a little story that illustrates the difference in both boys and bicycles of to-day, for, instead of having to design and get made, or to make each individual part himself, the boy of to-day merely "assembles," everything is done to his hand, and even in many cases, the modern boy will not even attempt the "assembling." He must have a brand new machine of "next" year's type, with the enamelled and plated parts not even what is called "shop-soiled," or he will have none of it. A short time ago I had a new bicycle, and it had lain by for a couple of years, unused, in fact; it had scarcely ever been ridden. It was made by one of the best firms in Coventry, and electro-plated all over, with free wheel and everything complete, but unfortunately much soiled and covered with dust. I offered it to a young fellow for nothing if he would care to have it. He came and looked at it, and then, with a look of supreme disgust on his face, he said, "I wouldn't be seen dead in the streets of Cardiff with a bally thing like that." I rather fancy the boys of the Hayes Foundry in the sixties would have told a different tale. However, I managed eventually to induce a country postman to accept it. He was very grateful for it, he not only took it away, but polished it up, and black enamelled the frame, etc., and in about a fortnight he cycled up Wordsworth Avenue, and triumphantly exhibited it. He told me that he hadn't spent a penny beyond the cost of a pot of enamel, the tyres were in perfect order, and only wanted pumping. He rides it now every day in his work as postman somewhere around the outskirts of the city.

A RACY LUBRICANT.

I suppose all apprentice boys are about the same, when there is any mischief around, and especially if there is anything in the way of sport to be engaged in, and these so-called sports used to have their regular periods of popularity. In the summer time, it was usually running and swimming. The Cardiff boys popular running ground was a quiet country lane near Roath Court, now Albany Road, and here the youths used to do their training and racing, dressed in the altogether, otherwise, their birthday costume. They were quite sure that not a soul but themselves would be likely to disturb, or to object to their nudity, for the simple reason that

very few people traversed such an out-of-the-way place. A boy, whose name was Jim Warne, was ambitious to shine as a pedestrian, so we thought ourselves quite competent to advise him as to the proper method of lubricating his joints, and coal tar was a very convenient lubricant at the time. We persuaded him to allow us to do the necessary lubrication in the early part of our dinner hour. When we had well covered his ankle joints, we turned our attention to his knees, then to his thigh joints and muscles, then his arm-pits, elbows, etc., until, in a very few minutes, he was tarred all over ; then he commenced to show us how well he could run thus lubricated. To our dismay, we discovered that it was getting near time to start work again, so we commenced to clean him up a bit, but the more we rubbed the tar off, the more it spread, when a brilliant idea struck one of us, and Jim was recommended to jump into the canal for a swim, then we went at him again with cotton waste. Olive oil was the next application, when the mess became much intensified. Then we rolled him in some nice clean yellow moulders' loam, and with this, and the oil, we managed to get most of the tar off, leaving him then a kind of Mulatto. The race came off on one Saturday afternoon, and Jim was firmly of opinion that coal tar lubrication is the very best thing possible to win a race with, he having proved it to his, and our, entire satisfaction.

THE FIRST LIVING PHOTOGRAPHS IN CARDIFF.

The greatest Exhibition ever held in Cardiff was in 1896. The writer had the honour of being a member and chairman of several committees.

It was in this Exhibition that the moving photographs, since almost universally called the "Cinematograph," were first provincially shown. A few months before this, however, Mr. Birt Acres had invented and shown at a small hall in Holborn his "Kineopticon," and, hearing of this, a committee of the Cardiff Photographic Society induced him to come to Cardiff, and join them in giving displays in a little room called the "Old Town Hall" in the Exhibition.

The following is a notice of what appeared a few days after the opening in Cathays Park, and fixes the time conclusively of the very first show of animated photography in public' in Cardiff, at least, we having previously had a

little demonstration in the Art Society's Rooms, in Dumtries Place, by way of a preliminary canter, but, in spite of its great novelty and excellence at the time, the venture was anything but a popular draw, notwithstanding, we took and exhibited the first pictures of this kind of His Majesty King Edward the VII., Queen Alexandra, and their two Princesses.

When this film was being exhibited, I often indulged in a little pleasant banter with the audience by stopping the film occasionally, and politely requesting His Royal Highness to do various things, which I knew, by experience, that he would, immediately the handle was put into operation. It was very amusing to see how the Prince, who had a funny little knack of scratching his head, a fact that I was not slow to make use of, for I found that it produced much merriment when I said, "Ladies and gentlemen, His Royal Highness will now scratch his head." a request that he did not fail to obey. When we were taking this film, which was accomplished by cutting a little hole through the canvas covering of the main entrance, so that we could get an uninterrupted view of the ceremony, it occurred that one of the policemen's helmets bobbed about close and in front of the lens. This I used to try and convince the audience "that the object now being shown, was not a view of St. Paul's Cathedral, but that of the crowning ornament of a Cardiff 'Bobby'."

It was also observed that the late Head Constable, Mr. McKenzie, appeared as though he was about to take the future King into custody, for as soon as he stepped out of his carriage, the police force, who were much in evidence on that occasion, seemed to take him in charge, and to rush him off towards the Exhibition.

SHIPBUILDING IN CARDIFF.

The City of Cardiff has known no greater speculative venture in the way of a local industry than that of the establishment of a huge Shipbuilding Works, near the mouth of the River Taff. Here, in the early sixties, the celebrated firm of Scott, Russell & Co., the famous builders of the "Great Eastern," established a thoroughly up-to-date works. The substantial buildings are to be seen to-day, and apparently in excellent condition. These works were splendidly equipped with the most modern machinery obtainable, steam-hammers

punching and shearing machines, foundries of great capacity, and every engineering appliance necessary.

It was a great day when they launched into the Taff the splendid paddle passenger steamers built to the order of a South American firm. These truly magnificent ships, the "Majorca" and the "Malorca," were perhaps the most beautiful and highly-finished examples of the shipbuilders' art ever attempted in the locality. It does seem a pity that with all the splendid and natural conveniences of the port, that the lead has never been followed up. Ship-repairing seems to be the only thing attempted, which cannot be seriously called engineering, but I suppose it is a more profitable business, and requiring less skilful management.

A BOILER-MAKERS' STRIKE.

Over the rivers Taff and Ely, on the Penarth Road, there were wooden bridges, and in the early sixties it was decided to replace these with iron ones, resting on wood piles. Scott Russell's Yard had been closed down for a year or so, with all the machinery just as it was, when I was appointed to take charge of the place, and to build the girders for the said bridges. It was my first real attempt at management, and, of course, I fully appreciated the confidence placed in me by the late Mr. John McConnochie, so I determined that I would build the girders at a minimum of cost, and this end I attained with the assistance of George Jukes, my foreman, an excellent workman, who had previously built the boilers and other work for the "Malorca." You might, perhaps, meet Mr. Jukes occasionally taking the air, with his good lady. You will always see them together, a perfect Darby and Joan, enjoying their well earned retirement.* I had a lot of simple work to do in the form of a large number of short lengths of T iron to joggle, that is, to hammer the ends down a bit, into a cast-iron block of the required shape. Anybody could do it, as no skill was required, so I told off a few handy labourers to do the work, which they did most effectually and economically, when the boiler-makers, who received much bigger wages, struck work, and "downed tools." This didn't put me out much, for without their valuable assistance, I managed to finish the girders, rivetting and all. I occasionally meet

*Since writing the above, I regret that both these old friends have passed away.

some of these "helpers." They are in a different position to-day. One, at least, is a well-known coal exporter and shipowner at the Cardiff Docks. I doubt if it were possible to take the "bull by the horns" in this way to-day.

THE BIRTH OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER.

The inaugurating of a daily newspaper is always an important event in local history, and it was at the same time as the events in my last chapter took place, when I was instructed by the late Mr. L. V. Shirley to take with me a hammer and a spanner, and proceed to Plymouth, as a Mr. Adams had purchased some machinery for printing purposes; and, as I had never seen a newspaper printing machine in my life, I considered that I was about being placed on my metal, so, with the large sum of £6, I packed off, per the broad gauge, to that town, and proceeded to the "Western Morning News Office," where the machinery was to be seen. The manager of the paper was Mr. McAdam. I told him that I had come to fetch the machines, and asked to see them. He took me into the basement, and showed me two huge machines that, literally, made my hair stand on end. One was a four feeder with a mangle rack movement, which reciprocated to-and-fro as each sheet was printed on one side, the other side had to be printed exactly in the same way, four boys fed in the sheets at about the rate of 60 per minute. To give an idea as to the size of this machine, I was told that it had no less than seven miles of tape to conduct the sheets through the machine, and I have no reason to doubt its approximate accuracy. The other was a two feeder of similar make, but, of course, somewhat smaller.

The following morning I appeared again, and engaged some ancient mariners and soldiers to help me strip the mechanism. I marked every wheel and bracket, so as to have no difficulty in the re-erection at Cardiff, and had packing cases made for the various parts, the whole lot weighing no less than 16 tons.

I had a terrible fright when I was reduced to my last sovereign, for I went to a shop in Plymouth to make a small purchase, and put my treasured coin down to pay for it. The shopman gave it a bang on the counter to test its genuineness, when I noticed it sounded "cluck." He then gave it another

bang, when it went in two pieces, right across the middle. I fully expected that he was going to hand me over to the police. He, however, merely returned me the two semi-circles, and ordered me off the premises. I went with a doleful face into a jeweller's shop close by, where they kindly tested the pieces for me, and offered me 18s. for them, which I took, joyously. It was with extreme delight that I met Mr. McConnachie at the Royal Hotel in Plymouth the next day, who relieved my anxiety with a couple of good sovereigns. He had run down specially to see how I was getting on. That was all the first machinery of the "Western Mail" cost to take down and pack off. A much larger sum than the lot was worth, as it was entirely worn out before it was purchased, and altogether out of date.

The machinery was erected in an old Salt Stores, behind a public house, called the Cornish Mount. The power to run the machines was obtained by the adaption of a boiler and engine taken off a steam crane. The first impression was pulled off on May the 1st, 1869. The old rattle traps had very shortly to be replaced by rotary machines of the Hoe type, and at about this time, I had many discussions with the late Mr. Lascelles Carr on the subject of printing newspapers direct from the reel, and, in fact, I made mechanical drawings illustrating my ideal as to how this could be done, but on account of several difficulties, both real and imaginary, the scheme was not proceeded with.

THE CASTLE TOWER.

Modern Cardiff has much to be thankful to the late Marquess of Bute, for the lead that was given in the way of magnificent architecture, and to the late Mr. William Burges, A.R.A., the architect to whom was entrusted the restoration of the medieval castle that adorns the city, standing in Castle Street to-day. My mind wanders back to the time when I was first associated in a mechanical way with this restoration, for the Bute employees were then pulling down the Five Bells Court, and the labyrinth of mean and disreputable houses that disfigured the Castle and its surroundings. When a clearance was made, great excavations were commenced, and a timber erection built outside the place where the new clock tower was to be erected. This wooden structure was of very

massive proportions, with upright timbers of about 12 inches square, braced in every way. On the top, high above the present weather vane, was a powerful travelling gantry, capable of lifting several tons, and with which the whole of the heavy stone work was lifted. Some of these stones, particularly those from which the life-sized figures of the four winds that were afterwards sculptured *in situ* by Mr. T. Nicholls and his assistants, as far as my recollection goes, were about five tons in weight each. Below, we had a steam engine, with a specially arranged frictional hoisting gear, and as this was a novelty at the time, and has since come into very general use, I think I ought to say in justice to myself, that I was the originator of it. By means of this gear, all of the lighter material up to about two hundred-weight, was rapidly lifted in a specially made skep, and into which, to save time and a long climb, the workmen used to ascend and descend, a rather dangerous proceeding, yet I have personally gone up and down this way many times.

When the tower was structurally completed, it had to be decorated, and these decorations have been, and still are, the subject of admiration for all true art lovers. The figures are by that celebrated artist, Mr. Fred Weekes, who I am delighted to say is still painting away most vigorously in his London studio, but when I think of the many who were engaged on the work, all have passed over to the majority, I must hold my pen back, and keep my paper dry, for the list is such a long one. I must be tempted, however, to name just a few—Mr. William Burges, A.R.A., the architect; Mr. William Frame, his assistant, and a gold medallist of the Royal Academy; Mr. T. Nicholls, the sculptor; Mr. William Williams, John Thomas, both foremen in charge; John Evans, the foreman carpenter; Richard Greaves, who built the great timber structure; Tom John, the father of Sir Goscombe, the last named, but not the least, but who was a small boy just commencing to absorb like many another, the Art feeling, that has since made his name famous throughout the world.

ASHTON'S LITTLE GAME.

When I think about the sixties, I am more than convinced that it must have been a very wonderful time in Cardiff, for really during that period there are quite a lot of

things that stand out in my memory. I therefore make no apology for referring to one of the great sensations of the time, at least it was from a local stand-point, for the Temperance Hall I have previously written about had become a Circus, a Hippodrome, a Shooting Gallery, a Dancing Saloon of a most disreputable character, a Theatre, etc., and eventually, as it is to-day, "Wood Street Chapel." Here, at its first essay as a place of worship, worked for the cause a journeyman painter on week-days, and a school teacher on Sundays.

The tale has been so often told that I will not repeat it here, suffice it to say that after he had obtained all the money possible from his dupes, he and his wife vanished into thin air, and have never been seen, to anyone's knowledge, in Cardiff since.

What I am about to relate is this. Soon after his departure, a play was written, the author was one of my oldest friends in Cardiff, Mr. Sam Tylke, who, I am more than delighted to say, is still well and hearty, and living in well earned retirement at the Gocyd on the lesser Garth Mountain.

The Ashton Swindle happened in 1869, and nearly everyone in Cardiff, both gentle and simple, was taken in, especially the Religious Demoniations of the town, for the arrant rogue had circulated the report that he had inherited an immense fortune, which he intended to divide up amongst the various fraternities of the town. The consequence was that most of the leaders expected to obtain valuable appointments on his estate, and the various tradesmen fell over themselves to supply, in their anxiety, Mr. and Mrs. Ashton and family with their extravagant requirements, besides plenty of costly entertainments and clothing for the school children, which, needless to say, were never paid for.

The escapade was the subject of a dramatic play, which was produced by the Amateurs of Cardiff, at the old Theatre Royal, in Crockherbtown, which was packed nightly with the good folk of the town who had never before entered a theatre.

Although fictitious names were appended to most of the persons represented, the make-up and references were unmistakable, and the play was run for a week or so, and then again a few weeks later, when a revised version was produced with even a greater success than on the first occasion.

In the comedy of "Ashton's Little Game" Mr. Harry B. Moreton appeared as Samuels, the Jewish victim; Mr. Bidgood played Samson Brass, a knavish and broken-down lawyer; Mr. Will Foster, a brother of Mr. R. Foster, of Foster, Hain & Co., of the Bute Docks, figured very prominently as Dick Swivel, a deaf and humourous clerk in the office of Samson Brass. He also doubled the part of Jack Peppermint, the son and heir of Ashton's medical adviser, a well-known local Bute Street "quack," and the suitor for the hand of the millionaire's daughter.

Mr. Harry Prickett played, with great ability, Nathaniel Sheepsby, the parson; Mr. Philemon Evans did excellently as the Welsh-English draper, who repeatedly asserted that, "She did swindle me shocking, indeed as may say," which, for many years, became proverbial.

Professor Peppermint was played by my old friend, Mr. William Paynter, a part, I may say, was intended for the writer, but owing to circumstances, he was not permitted to appear.

Dear old Harry Moreton, doubled, or I should say trebled, the parts of Ashton, the Jew, and then came in as the Welsh draper, and sang the following song:—

"I DID LIKE HER UNCOMMON."

(Air: "Jenny Jones.")

'Tis about Mistress Ashton, who was do me so tidy,
 And leave me so sudden, I am going to sing.
 She did come to my shop and buy linsey and wolsey,
 But, to tell you the truth, she don't pay for a thing.
 Her husband I hear, he do have lots of money,
 Is safe as the Pank, and worth thousand a day,
Ch So as she's nice ooman, I did like her uncommon,
 But she swindle me shocking, indeed as may say.

She wanted a sealskin, not mock same as swell got,
 But real same as seals in the water do wear,
 So as I not got him, I sent up to London,
 I know it is easy to get her up there,
 And when they do send him, I order a carriage.
 And drive where she's living full pelt all the way,
 Because she's nice ooman, I did like her uncommon,
 But she swindle me shocking, indeed as may say.

When we came to the house, we do find Mistress Ashton
 Is gone to the train, so quick as can be,
 I do jump back in cab, and pelt to the station.
 Good night ! cab did woggle like ship upon sea,
 I did come, I am glad, just in time to push sealskin
 In window, as train was go puff, puff away,
 For she's very nice ooman, I did like her uncommon,
 But she swindle me shocking, indeed as may say.

But there what is good now to pother about him,
 If I caught her, he hasn't got money to pay,
 So, look you, what matter, it's no good to grumble,
 'Tis better be jolly than sad I do say,
 I do find a good laugh is more better nor physic,
 It is best thing I know to drive trouble away,
 But, indeed, she's nice ooman, I did like her uncommon,
 Though she swindle me shocking, 'tis true, as may say.

The author, Mr. Tylke, tells me that it was Mr. Ogleby John Davis, brother-in-law to the late Messrs. John and Richard Cory, Cardiff's great philanthropists, who suggested that he should write the play. Old Mr. Richard Cory, the father of Mr. Richard Cory and John Cory, was the great man of the Guildford Street Chapel, now the Masonic Hall. He saw through Ashton's "little game," and he and his family went to see the play, and was owing to their example that such a large attendance was possible, which helped to swell the receipts and coffers of the Cardiff Infirmary, which was at that time in the College Building, near the Rhymney Railway Station.

The play was written at the Imperial Hotel, in Mount Stuart Square, and was read over to Mr. H. B. Moreton. Mr. Tylke sold the manuscript for £10, the rest went to the Infirmary.

Mr. Tylke was also the author of that popular song, "Up in a Balloon, Boys," and others for Joe Holbrook.

At this time nearly every public house in Cardiff was a dancing saloon, and in the long room of some of them theatrical entertainments were given, mostly of a blood and thunder description. The chief dancing place was the Argyle ball-rooms in Bute Road, as near as I can recollect, it was the identical house afterwards turned into Elliots' Aerated

Water Factory. Here dancing was kept up until the small hours of the morning, and the fact was chronicled by Joe Holbrook in his song—

“Every morn at half past five,
The Argyle Ball-rooms all alive
So early in the morning
Before the break of day.”

It was in June, 1859, that I first saw George Melville play “Richlieu” in the Crockherbtown Theatre, the after-piece being “Box and Cox,” with that fine old comedian, Johnny Rouse, as “Box.”

When I look back into the years gone by, I cannot help thinking that since the construction and opening of the Glamorgan Canal, in 1778, that most of the great changes in the Town and Port of Cardiff were originated and carried out in the sixties, for was it not then that the Old Towne House that filled up the fine space in High Street was taken down. The Running Camp in Crockherbtown—The Vicarage, and St. John’s Square, Angel Street, and Castle Street—The old Cardiff Arms Hotel—The Five Bells Court—The diversion of the river bed from what is now Westgate Street—The building of Temperance Town—The embankments which now keep out the tides and floods from Grangetown and parts of Canton.—The construction of the upper end of the East Bute Dock—The fitting out of the Penarth Tidal Harbour with coal tips—The building and opening of the Penarth Docks—The rebuilding and restoration of Cardiff Castle—The planning of a huge Dock by Mr. McConnochie, on a far greater scale than the present great enterprise of the Alexandra Dock.

The scheme reached much farther out into the Channel than the present entrance, which was to be near Penarth Head, with a dock of 2,000 feet in length, and 800 feet in width. Then there was to be a great tidal basin, with its entrance on the east side, facing the Channel, of 1,000 feet in length, and 800 feet in width, with double lock gates communicating with another dock, of 2,000 feet in length, and 1,000 feet in width. At the head of this were to be five large Graving Docks, each 600 feet in length.

Included, also in this splendid scheme was another huge dock and basin, which was proposed to be built to the east of the present site of the Roath Basin and Dock, and between

the great dock already mentioned and the old Tidal Harbour, which, by the way, now forms the present Roath Basin, the great basin referred to was to be 600 feet in length and 600 feet in width, also communicating with an immense dock by twin locks. This dock was to be 3,000 feet in length and 1,000 feet in width. Projecting from the western side were to be five jetties for coaling purposes, and at the northern side four graving docks, each 500 feet in length.

On the eastern side of the old Tidal Harbour and the present entrance to the Channel, were to be built fourteen coaling staiths to load into vessels lying aground between tides.

The whole of this was to be built entirely outside the low water mark, and little interfered with anything that had already been in existence.

Such a scheme, if it had been then carried out in its entirety, would have placed Cardiff very much further ahead in the commercial world than it stands to-day.

In the sixties, ship-repairing had not developed to any great extent, but some important work was executed in the way of new work, for did not the late Mr. John Batchelor build some fine vessels, and created an important industry, at what is now the Mount Stuart Dry Docks, with Mitchell's Works immediately adjoining, with its main entrance near the Bute Esplanade. Here was built quite a number of large dredgers, some of them even sent to the north, where nearly all the present Cardiff ships come from. These works, at that time, had a very large foundry business. Sometimes, when I visit the top end of the East Bute Docks, my mind runs back to when I first saw it in June, 1859.

The machinery of the coal tips on the west side had been constructed at the Hayes Foundry, and I was sent down to assist in its erection. The dock was then being excavated, and Hill's Dry Dock only in embryo.

The "A" warehouse, with its massive cast-iron columns and girders, had not then been started, for we were making the castings in the Hayes Foundry. The then Mr. W. T. Lewis, afterwards Sir William, and later still, Lord Merthyr, was an assistant to Mr. Clarke, of the Mardy, and used to accompany him occasionally to the Hayes Foundry, and when Mr. Clarke was engaged with Mr. George Parfitt or Mr. Edward Jenkins, in their office, Mr. Lewis used to chat with me pleasantly on things in general.

About this time the Penarth Tidal Harbour Coal Tips were being erected, and we were engaged in making the machinery. This was in the very severe winter of 1859. Penarth Dock or Ferry was non-existent. The Taff Vale Railway to this harbour was just completed, so we had to push plate-layers' trollies, laden with heavy castings from Grangetown to where the tips were, and clear away the snow as we went.

One humorous circumstance comes to my mind in connection with the rather large cast-iron anti-breakage barrels. In one of these I had to drill a hole for the balance chain. It was at night, and I was alone, being engine driver, fitter, and labourer combined. I had rolled the casting on to the drilling machine up a somewhat steep plank, so as to get the centre punch mark under the point of the drill. I had rather long hair at that time, and had balanced a tallow candle stuck into a lump of clay on the top of the barrel; the spindle of the machine being coated with a considerable quantity of oil, had some sort of affinity for my hair, and stuck to it, with the result that I was violently pulled up, luckily, the belt on the machine was a bit slack, so my youthful skull, which has had many vicissitudes since, stopped the machine. In the excitement, the wedge which I had placed under the barrel, got shifted, the candle knocked out, and I became the wedge myself, and spragged the barrel, as it rolled down the plank on my prostrate body. Being on my lonesome, my S.O.S. yells did not reach my friends in the house close by for some time. Mr. Jenkins, a little later, after some searching, found me in the plight referred to, and prized off the rolling weight from my sore, but otherwise undamaged, body.

WEBBER AND STELFOX.

The recalling of local incidents of a somewhat humorous nature, may be varied by recollections of a terrible tragedy that took place at the Bute Docks in 1875, and it may puzzle many to-day if they were asked the whereabouts of the occurrence.

Some of us can readily call to mind when the foreshore was quite close to where the Roath Basin and Roath Dock have been formed, and the big sheet of enclosed water that was immediately at the end of the old Tidal Harbour, really, the present entrance to the Roath Dock.



THE YOUNG LADY

Just where the Crown Preserved Patent Fuel Works now stands, a fisherman's hut stood, where occasionally dwelt a man I knew very well. His name was Stelfox, his permanent abode was in Bute Road, where he kept an hotel, which was ornamented by a sculptured figure of the late Marquis of Bute when a child, and dressed in Scottish costume.

The hut I have spoken of was much frequented by the Docks' boys of the time, where they regaled themselves on excellent teas, with bread and butter and shrimps fresh caught, and boiled in a primitive boiler close by. The exact spot where this hut stood was where the large chimney stack of the Crown Preserved Patent Fuel Works has been erected, and the place where Webber's little craft used to lie, would be somewhere near the Lewis-Hunter Coaling Cranes, at the south end of the dock, and from where Cardiff's "Black Diamonds" are loaded into the big ships which take them to all parts of the world, with as little disintegration as possible.

There was some dispute between these two men. The whole story I need not recapitulate, suffice it to say that Webber obtained a gun, and pointed it through the window of the hut, and, as near as I can remember, again through the door, and shot Stelfox, for which crime Webber suffered the penalty of the law in Cardiff Gaol in April, 1875.

As these men were personally known to the writer, I ought to say that both of them were very much respected at the Docks.

SPIRITUAL SEANCES.

I suppose there is a time when most people have had a desire to dive into the deep mysteries of what is generally called the supernatural, and I have known many very estimable and talented people who have been thoroughly led away by an honest desire to know more of what happens after death, and who have spent much time in persuading themselves to believe in everything occult, for it is always a rule in these affairs that you must believe first, otherwise you will upset the required conditions.

On one occasion I was permitted to attend a seance in a meeting house of a Spiritualist Society in a street in Newtown. The medium was named Spriggs, who afterwards, I understand, was "found out" in Australia. On the occasion

I refer to, there were present several old Cardiffians, who have long since joined the majority. I will only refer to one, who was a very noted spiritualist, and this was Mr. Rees Lewis, of Glamorgan Villa. He gave us a little speech, whilst the medium, Spriggs, was being "controlled," he having retired to a corner of the room, behind a curtain. The lights were then lowered, and we all sat in solemn silence, only broken by our singing in a very low tone such hymns as "Shall we gather at the River," "One shade clearer and one step nearer," "Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer," and such like. Then Mr. Lewis told us of a seance he had organised that afternoon in "Glamorgan Villa," with Brother Spriggs as Medium, when some fruit from a tree in the garden behind the house was placed upon the table by spirit hands, and that Mr. Spriggs had had an interview during his "control" with his brother, William Lewis, who had only recently passed over, and he had to deliver a message from him to his old Cardiff friends. This message was to tell them that when he first entered the spirit world, he enquired for the whereabouts of his old friend Jacob Mathews, when he was shown a beautiful mansion, all built of pure white marble, scintillating in the sun. A gorgeous footman in livery then came forward, and conducted him into the presence of Jacob, who greeted him with great cordiality, and said that he had sent a message through Brother Spriggs to remember him to all his old Cardiff friends. Mr. Lewis then told us of a remarkable occurrence that had happened at his house at midnight, when he heard the tramp of armed men marching down Plucca Lane, and passing into his garden at the back, and through to the front of the house. They were all dressed in full armour, and were none other than Ivor Bach's army, marching through Cardiff from Castell Coch to visit Cardiff Castle.

When the curtains were drawn and the lights out, Mr. Spriggs told us a lot of things he could see "over the border." When it was quite dark, many of those present saw, or imagined they saw, "Manifestations." I tried hard to see anything, but failed. All that I could see was the faint reflected light from the street lamps outside, as these rays struggled to get through the drawn window blinds, or the little chinks between. It is wonderful what a lot of imaginary things a person can make out of such faint shadows as can be cast in this way, for in the darkest night in this country,

it is never quite dark, and when the eyes are tired, and the observer willing and ready to see imaginary objects, the floating aqueous humours within the eye itself will easily respond, and delude many honest investigators into believing that they have seen that which has never really appeared.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE SPIRITS.

I will now give an instance when a well-known "spirit" of world-wide reputation honoured me with a "visit." It was on a Sunday afternoon, when I took advantage of my good wife being on holiday, to invite a party of friends to my house, in order to investigate the alleged phenomena of Spirit Photography. They sat in a semi-circle, and clasped each others hands. I had my whole plate camera in front, the lady medium in the centre of the half circle. They sang solemn hymns, and I had my head under the focussing cloth, so as to get them sharp in the picture, leaving the "spirits" to come in as best they could. When I was nearly ready, and the lady stood up, and advanced to me, extending her right hand, inviting me to take it, which I did. She then, in a very gruff, assumed voice said, "I have to thank you most sincerely for what you have done in the investigation of 'spirit' photography, be assured that success will eventually crown your efforts. I have met you before, I am Charles Bradlaugh."

I must here in all fairness, say that I really had met him previously, this was when I happened to be a sight-seer in the lobby of the House of Commons, when my old friend Mr. Alfred Thomas, now Lord Pontypridd, introduced me to him. Before I could have time to ask "Mr. Bradlaugh" as to where I had had the "honour" of meeting him, the medium was "controlled" by another spirit, in the form of a little Chineese, known by the name of "Snowball," when she jabbered away unintelligibly (to me at any rate). She then said that all was now in readiness to take a photograph of the "spirits," as the room was full of "them" ready and waiting for me to make the exposure, which I did. On development, there was nothing on the plate beyond a very fine and sharp photograph of the party of spiritualists who did me the honour of seancing and posing in my little garden studio at 14, Wordsworth Avenue.

Perhaps I ought also to say that I have made thousands

of photographic exposures in an honest endeavour to try and obtain a "spirit" photograph, and everyone has resulted in a complete failure. Again, I have also seen an enormous number of alleged "spirit" photographs, and have no hesitation in saying that I believe each one has been manipulated, many of them most clumsily too, but, notwithstanding this, believers in "spirit" photography still exist.

On another occasion, the party assembled on a Wednesday afternoon at the studio of Mr. Alfred Freke, when he occupied a large establishment in Duke Street.

On this occasion the lady in the centre was the medium, and told us that the room was full of spirit forms, anxious and ready to be photographed. Mr. Freke took one picture, the late Mr. Faulkes another, Mr. W. Kitchen a third, and I a fourth. The photograph I took faces page 106.

It was after repeated sittings in the residence of a gentleman and lady who lived in Spottlands, with their Mediumistic daughter, in which we had really some very wonderful table manipulations, so much so, that some of my fellow investigators were quite won over to the "occult," and it was, therefore, decided that the little room in which we carried out our experiments was too small to admit of a photograph being taken, as they were certain that the table had been really elevated quite off the ground whilst all of their hands were actually on the top of the table. I kept my eye on the feet of the table all the time, as I sat on a low sofa, whilst the others were engaged in the seance. I always saw one or other of the feet of the table always in contact with the floor, and never the three of them off at the same time. The table in use was one with a round top, about 3 feet 6 inches in diameter, and of polished mahogany, the centre leg had a triangular base, with a castor on each, so that the slightest pressure on the outer edge of the top would easily rock the table. It was, therefore, necessary in our future experiments that this very table should be employed, as the spirits had a greater control over it than upon other tables. With this end in view, we arranged to hold a series of seances in a room which the Photographic Society rented in the Castle Arcade. On each occasion a party might be seen walking down Castle Street, with the owner of the table carrying it like a huge mushroom on his shoulder, followed by his wife and daughter, and our party of amateur photographers, laden with our



A SPIRITUALISTIC SEANCE IN MR. FREKE'S STUDIO.
THE APARTMENT WE WERE TOLD BY THE MEDIUM WAS FULL OF SPIRITS.

cameras and other implements necessary for the taking of flash light photographs. The room had to be made of absolute darkness, and to that end we covered up the windows with black cloth, and closed every chink where a ray of light might possibly enter from the outside. I had prepared a special form of flash-light apparatus. It consisted of a tin tray, with a shelf for gun cotton and magnesium powder, with a concealed gas jet that could, by the pulling of a string, allow the jet of gas light to set the gun cotton on fire. All of the elect sat around the table, placing their hands in contact with each other in the orthodox way, when the young lady who was the medium said that the room was full of spirits, and when the table was in violent agitation, told us that the spirits were ready to be photographed. We had a battery of cameras already focussed, and, as it was quite dark, the dark slides were withdrawn and the caps removed, when I pulled the string, and away went a big flash of magnesium light. The result is clearly shown on the accompanying photograph. We took several in this way. It rests with you, who may examine the photograph, to say if you can see three feet off the floor, or any vestage of spirit form. (See page 108.)

We did not always keep late hours in our investigations of "spirit" photography, for after the first few seances, our young lady medium, who, we afterwards discovered, had a "young man," who used to wait outside for her, and when the Castle clock struck nine, the "control" whoever it was speaking through the medium herself, used to say very demurely, that, "as the sitting had been so prolonged, the medium was very tired, and the spirits therefore desired that the seance should be brought to a close," and this happened every night afterwards, just at the stroke of nine.

On one occasion, the medium was controlled by a lady who had formerly been an inhabitant of the neighbourhood of Cowbridge, so the medium said, and that on exhibiting our flash-light of a previous sitting, the "control" said, that the medium was not pleased with the portraits taken on the last occasion, as they made her look too old, the "spirit control" suggesting that this was probably on account of the "control" being an elderly lady, and that might have caused the elderly look upon the young lady's face. This was most conclusive evidence that we had definitely succeeded in photographing a spirit.

On these occasions, we were occasionally, naturally, very late in concluding our seances, and as there was no light to be seen by the caretaker from the outside of the room, he concluded that we had all left, and consequently padlocked the portcullis arrangement that serves as a door on one side of the staircase.

This portcullis is of iron, and has a bar across, about half-way up, the top part being clear of the ceiling by a couple of feet, so that a person with comparatively narrow-toed boots, could place the toe of one foot on this bar, and between the upright ones, he could then put the other leg over and do the same on the outside, and so reach the level of the roadway. Most of our party had managed to do this effectually, except the last member, the late Mr. Frank Chadwick, who was the high priest of this spiritualistic party. He had very wide toed boots, and could not get over even after many futile attempts. We climbed up the front part, and tried to lift him, but all to no purpose, and after the best part of an hour was spent in this way, it was discovered that the padlock was not quite burglar proof, so we lifted the portcullis quite easily, and allowed the pioneer out, just as the clock in the Castle Tower close by was striking the first of the wee small hours.

ENGINEERING EXPERIENCES IN THE SIXTIES.

When a strange workman came along looking for a job, we used to test his abilities by giving him an inch hexagon nut to file up true. These nuts were at that time all of them forged by hand, so that there was a lot of material to remove both in the facing up of the ends in the lathe, and making them of the exact and correct shape. I fancy there are not many fitters of to-day who can satisfactorily perform this work, as it requires much practice and a knowledge of how to do it, for the nuts and bolts of to-day are all machine made, and can be purchased very cheaply, and very much more economically manufactured than is possible by the old time hand process.

LOCAL EXPERIMENTS WITH THE TELEPHONE.

Perhaps the most wonderful of modern inventions is the telephone, and, although I am writing many years after its inception, it is still in its leading principles much the same as it was in the early seventies, when Professor Bell

invented that portion consisting of a little magnetised bar of steel, with a reel of insulated copper wire, and a thin iron diaphragm, and soon afterwards, Professor Hughes gave his invention of the microphone to the world. The combination of these two inventions made successful telephony possible, as up to this time, neither the Bell transmitter, or the Hughes receiver were more than a scientific toy. Clever business people now came upon the scene, and exploited the combination, with the result that it has now become a common necessity in almost every business establishment, and in most private houses.

Before any instruments were to be obtained commercially, the scientific papers had made the leading principles of both these important inventions sufficiently public to enable anyone to make experimental instruments for themselves. In conjunction with my friend, the late Mr. J. W. Thomas, F.R.C.S., and brother to Lord Pontypridd, we set to work to make and fit up an experimental installation in his laboratory on the Wharf at the lower end of St. Mary Street. This place has long disappeared in consequence of much needed city improvements. I did all the mechanical work, such as making the little bar magnets, wood holders, bobbins, etc., and we soon got our little installation, the first ever seen in Cardiff, into talking order. Our microphones were, indeed, very roughly made things, consisting of some little rods of gas carbon from the Gas Works, which I had sawn up and filed to the required size, very roughly indeed, but sufficiently perfect to enable us to invite friends to hear us scratch a pin on to the base of our microphone in the next house.

A BIG TUNING FORK.

It was not long before Mr. Thomas gave a public demonstration and lecture in the Assembly Rooms of the old Town Hall, to a very large audience, including most of the prominent members of the Naturalists Society. I was demonstrator, as usual, to all of Mr. Thomas's lectures, and had made a big tuning fork, about 18 inches in length, which I struck with a mighty blow on the floor, and then placed it vertically, so that the roar it gave made a most impressive musical note. To the end of one of the prongs, I had secured a needle point, and when the instrument, which was as big as an ordinary household fire tongs, was in full swing, I drew the needle-point

across the surface of a small piece of smoked glass. The result should be a beautifully wavy line, representing the sound vibrations, which would, of course, consist of irregular curved lines, the elevations and depressions of which would correspond to the force, duration, and other characteristics of the vocal impulse. I must here say that occasionally, we did not get an ideal result, so that it was only after repeated tries, that I managed to get a slide right up to my standard of excellence.

FRICITIONAL ELECTRICITY.

On an occasion when I assisted Mr. Joseph Thomas at a lecture on Electricity. This was in the days before the advent of the dynamo, and other means of producing electricity. The title of the lecture was "Frictional Electricity," and to carry this out, we had provided an elaborate display of electrical apparatus, such as a large circular plate machine, Leyden jars, glass, and gutta percha tubes, etc., all of them requiring to be used in a dry atmosphere, before we could obtain the desired results. One experiment was with a suspended wooden lath, of about six feet in length, by two inches by half inch. This was balanced horizontally by a silk thread to the roof above, so that it could turn around like a huge mariner's compass. A large glass rod, about two feet in length, was rubbed with a silk rubber, and when it was placed near the end of the lath, the lath was attracted towards the glass rod, but, when we rubbed a rod of gutta percha in the same way with some flannel, the rod was repulsed. On the night of the lecture, there was a heavy downfall of snow and sleet, so that, as the audience arrived with their outer garments and umbrellas covered with a coating of wet snow, the whole of the audience was reeking with moisture, which, naturally, settled on all of our instruments, including the large glass and gutta percha rods. I had prepared previously, a tray of sand, supported on iron legs, and instructed the plumber engaged to make the tray of galvanised sheet iron. Of course, he knew of a better material, and made it of sheet zinc, under which was placed a gas jet to keep the sand dry and warm, and on this we struggled to keep away the moisture by placing the rods on top. This was alright as far as the glass rod was concerned, but disastrous to the gutta percha one, for the more we rubbed it, the less electricity was produced.

MR. GLADSTONE IN THE SECOND READING OF THE HOME RULE BILL IN 1886.

There are some presonages that, whatever opinions may be formed as to their sayings and doings, their names will certainly become historical, and when one meets with such, either by accident or arrangement, the meeting must of a necessity be worthy of note.

On one memorable occasion, June 7th, 1886, I happened to look in at the House of Commons, and, of course, met my friend Mr. Alfred Thomas, the Member for East Glamorgan, now the Right Honourable Lord Pontypridd, who courteously shewed me round the House and terraces, and did me the honour of introducing me to one of the greatest celebrities of the time, viz., the late Charles Bradlaugh, with whom I had a most pleasant chat.

On this occasion, much influence was brought to bear upon members to obtain admission to the Strangers' Gallery, and my friend went to great trouble to get such for my unworthy self, who did not, at the time, fully appreciate the fact that Mr. Gladstone was that night to introduce the second reading of the Home Rule Bill for Ireland, which event I always remember as the greatest delight of my life, and shall never forget the splendid oratory of the great statesman, and his statesque appearance as he stood near the Speaker.

I have related this experience to many during the years that have gone by since that time, and to no one more appreciative than a Hindoo gentleman, a student of one of our Universities, who told me excitedly that he would willingly had given ten years of his life for such an opportunity.

SKETCHES OF OLD CARDIFF.

I have still sufficient recollection to enable me to sketch, mostly from memory, bits of old Working Street, with the little Infant School, at the back of which the historical Cock's Tower stood, and on which the children of the sixties delighted to climb, and do their best to demolish stone by stone. This tower marked an angle on the old Town Walls, which forms the Eastern wall of the Glamorgan Canal, commencing at the Castle Walls in the North Road, and reaching to the Custom

House Bridge, and then, probably, right across St. Mary Street, until it joined the river bank near the present G.W.R. approach on the town side, and having a massive and picturesque gateway guarding the southern entrance to the town, called the Porthllongay, and was the principal shipping place.



THE OLD INFANT SCHOOL IN THE HAYES.

At the back of which stood the Cock's Tower, demolished when the Fish Market was building. The archway on the left leads to where Catdill's first electric light installation was fixed.

The Cocks Tower was at the back of the Infant Schools, and at the rear of the Central Cinema, and, but for the angle in the Canal at the corner, it would be almost impossible to locate its whereabouts. The place is called by the boatmen, "Cocks Corner," and is much impressed on their minds by the

necessity for careful steering at this point, so as to keep the bow of the boat from coming into contact with the curved walls on the opposite side. This was no less than the historical Cock's Tower, wherein it was supposed that the Cardiff fisherman, Martyr Rawlins White, was brought and placed in "a dark and loathsome dungeon," and from there to his place of execution, which was probably close by. and according to Foxe's Book of Martyrs, "Then was fire kindled, and Rawlins bathed his hands in the flame, till the sinews shrank, and the fat dropped out, and all the while he cried out, 'O Lord, receive my Soul.'"

I wonder how many of our City Fathers could tell an anxious enquirer why nothing has been done to mark the spot of this great tragedy, or to preserve the Tablet that old Cardiffians remember as being on the walls of the old Town Hall, which greeted my view when I first entered the town in 1859.

Strangers now will scarcely realise that the Cocks Tower was placed in the position indicated, to "Keep back the ravages of the tide," so it can well be imagined that there was a tidal creek of some importance along which the Canal now runs, and the banks of which formed and extended to the long quay before alluded to.

ART IN THE TOWN.

Whenever I visit an Art Exhibition in Cardiff, and see the very large number of names of local contributors, I cannot help drawing a comparison with the middle of the last century, when artistically inclined persons in that town were few and far between. Yet, there were artists whom I could name, and some of them are alive to-day, I am delighted to say, who could, and did, produce works of art superior to most of the local productions of to-day, and as this is a book of my personal associations, I must place in the very forefront that magnificent portrait painter, Mr. B. S. Marks. Many of his portraits may be seen on the walls of our City Hall. In these, Mr. Marks has not attempted any tricky or showy work, but honest portraiture of the school made famous by the works of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

*MR. B. S. MARKS.

Mr. Marks' dexterous handling of the pencil or brush was proverbial, and his technique is a model for some of those aspirants to fame, who pretend that technique is of no value. My first introduction to Mr. Marks was in 1859, when he conducted an Art Class in his Studio in Charles Street. Here I also met the late Mr. Tom John, the much respected father of Sir Goscombe John. To Mr. B. S. Marks I owe whatever facility I possess in handling a lead pencil.

*MR. T. H. THOMAS.

About this time, I first met another friend, Mr. T. H. Thomas, R.C.A., fresh from his studies in the Royal Academy. He was then engaged on a portrait of a lady, the mother of the late Mr. Edward Jenkins. This portrait, although I did not see its actual execution, was every week reported to me as to its progress, and what Mr. Thomas did next, and next, until it was quite completed, and brought in triumph to the offices of the Hayes Foundry where I almost worshipped every touch of the masterly strokes of Mr. Thomas's brush. That portrait is to-day in Cardiff, and whenever I see it, which is really very often, I think to myself, what a pity that Mr. T. H. T. ever relinquished portrait painting for other branches of pictorial art.

MR. ALEC WILSON.

Again, at the same period lived and worked, the late Mr. Alec Wilson. He was rather below the medium height, with full grey beard, and a head that might have served for a model for Michael Angelo's "Moses." He was a most prolific painter of landscape with figures, which were very reminiscent of the work of some of the old Continental Masters. I could not venture to say how many of his Dutch fair pictures I have seen him paint, they were so numerous. There is bound to be a number of them in existence in Cardiff and neighbourhood, whilst his classical landscapes with ideal groups of dancing figures were equally numerous. When he lived at Wyndham Terrace, Canton, and I almost immediately opposite, it can easily be imagined that with my leaning in that direction, I took some slight advantage of his teaching.

* Mr. Marks and Mr. T. H. Thomas has, I regret to say, passed away since the above was written.



THE LATE CHARLES BRADLAUGH WISHES TO COMMUNICATE WITH ME.

AN OLD-TIME COMMERCIAL.

I knew an old gentleman once, whose age might be anything between sixty and eighty. He was always dressed in faultless attire, and of a most imposing and lordly appearance and manner. He used to visit the old Cardiff Arms periodically, and frequently aired himself in the portico of the hotel, to the admiration of the smaller fraternity of engineers, who always expected a visit from him, as he was a most successful commercial traveller of the old school. He represented a large Sheffield steel manufacturing firm, and could sell a parcel of tool steel to our local purchasers before any other man on the road had the slightest chance.

I had, at that time, some little influence in steel purchases, consequently, I was thrown much in his way, and being on one occasion invited to meet him in his rooms, when he initiated me into the manner of the make up of his face, for his complexion was quite on a level with any of the stage or post-card beauties of to-day—pink cheeks, with pencilled eyebrows and all. He then confided in me how he managed to get his first order for steel, and the reason why he wore such perfect garments. It was in this way, he said, "I had made up my mind to be a commercial traveller, and went on the road dressed very carelessly, the result was that I could never get an interview with any of the principals, the doorkeeper always refusing to show me in, turning me away with some curt reply to my requests. My employer then told me that I should attend more to my personal appearance and deportment. The effect of this little lecture was to send me off to the most expensive and fashionable tailor in Sheffield, and when I made my appearance at the offices with a white tall hat and expansive brim, the fur on the hat standing out about an inch, and placed jauntily on my head, and with a very light suit, and lemon-coloured kid gloves, and spats on my patent leather boots, I felt satisfied that I was then quite ready to set out on my rounds. At the first works I visited, the man at the gate who had formerly turned me away with contempt, now stood back and saluted me most obsequiously, and bowed me into the manager's room, from which I emerged not long after with a five hundred pounds' order. Since then, I have always dressed as you see me now—white furry silk hat, lemon-coloured gloves and spats."

I have seen this dear old gent. many a time, and for years after this confidential chat, but always in the same faultless get up, although his years were far beyond the allotted span, he still preserved his jaunty air and regal manner. The last I heard of him was a story in our local papers of a well known commercial gentleman in the steel trade, who had expired in a railway carriage, and dressed in a light fashionably cut suit, with lemon-coloured kid gloves. My old friend of the sixties had died in harness.

A RAILWAY TRAGEDY.

Many passengers by rail, perhaps, seldom reflect or give a single thought, to the magnificent iron steed that carries them along to their destination, or to the tragedies that have occurred in the train following along behind.

It was whilst inspecting some locomotives in the works of the late Mr. C. D. Phillips at his Gloucester Works, that I saw the major part of an engine that had been associated with a particular train upon which one of the great railway mysteries of the sixties occurred.

I will tell you how I became acquainted with it. Having been instructed to inspect a locomotive that was to be purchased for the Cardiff Docks, subject to my report being satisfactory, I visited the works of the North London Railway Company in the east-end of London, and, my inspection proving satisfactory, the engine was purchased. I could not help noticing during my examination, that all the workmen appeared to regard both myself and the locomotive with curiosity. I then gathered from them that this was the identical engine that was in front of the train in July, 1864, when a German, named Müller, murdered a gentleman of the name of Mr. Thomas Briggs, for the purpose of robbery. He was executed on circumstantial evidence of the most conclusive character. The boys at that time used to sing the following rhyme, to the tune of "Slap bang":—

"Slap bang, Muller was the man,
That killed Mr. Briggs in a Railway van,
And then he stole his watch and chain,
And pitched him out of a Railway train."

This engine worked for many years at the Bute Docks, and the boiler afterwards drove the machinery at the "Western Mail" printing works for some years.

A GERMAN'S VISIT TO THE VALE OF NEATH.

The thorough exploration of a country is oftentimes more effectually performed by a perfect stranger than it is by your own bred and born native, and to illustrate this, I will mention a fact that came under my notice some few years ago. All the world knows of the beauties of our glorious Vale of Neath. If they don't, all I can say is that they ought to, as I managed to impress a German friend once upon a time. He had only arrived in Cardiff a few days, and wished to see something of Glamorganshire. I told him of the Vale of Neath, and also instructed him as to the best means of getting there, viz., by the Rhymney Railway to Hirwain, and then to Glyn Neath to Pontneath Vaughan, from where he could do the Falls, etc., with comparative ease, or to strike the Hepste from the Hirwain Common, and then exploit the two rivers. He said, "That's all very well, but I must do it on my bicycle." I told him that such a feat would be impossible. He shook his head, derisively, and said, "That wherever anybody could walk, he could also do it on his bicycle." I completely failed to convince him otherwise. He was living at the time at Penarth, so on a beautiful Sunday morning, he set out, bicycle and all, on his way to what he pronounced "Ponnyveckan," and steering almost as direct as the crow flies, with a map and compass, he soon managed to reach Cowbridge, and to be certain of his right direction, he dismounted, and accosted a yokel, who was sunning himself by the side of a hedge, asking him, very politely, if he could direct him to Bridgend, as it was clear upon the map that it was almost in a direct line for his destination. The yokel smiled, and told him that he was going to Bridgend right enough, and then laughed outright. The joke however, was quite lost upon the cyclist, so he soon struck out, not only for that town, but away to the right, and up the valley of the Ogmore, past Tondy, and away on to Maseteg, where he pulled up, as his map and his compass clearly showed that he was not many miles away from Resolven, as the crow flies, but, unfortunately for him, he was not a crow. The mountains between were high and precipitous. He casually enquired of a native as to the nearest road for him to take to "Ponnyveckan." The native looked aghast, and told him to go back to Bridgend where he came from, and to

then ask his way to Neath. My friend was not taking on any of this kind of advice. He knew better, had he not got his map and compass? and could he not go anywhere on his bicycle where anyone else could go by walking? The man told him that he had heard of a man once who had done it, but never knew anyone amongst his acquaintances who had attempted it. That was enough, the cyclist set out with Maesteg behind him, and the mountain in front, towards Resolven. I will draw a curtain over his privations and sufferings on the eventful afternoon, climbing up, and sliding down, carrying the cycle on his back most of the weary way, drinking from peat-sodden bogs to quench his thirst, with the inevitable internal result. More dead than alive, he really managed to reach Resolven and Glyn Neath. Very late at night the long sought Pontneddfychan was reached and that genial host Mr. Jones, of the Angel, welcomed him, and administered to his every comfort, and after hearing the story of his travels, told him that "it was a good job he didn't die on that mountain, as, if he had, his body would never have been found, at least, for a year and a week, for the only man whoever had crossed it was Mr. Ronfeldt, a German, who lives in Cardiff, and goes over there regularly every year, but he wouldn't go again this year, as he'd been there one day last week."

I had this story from his own lips after his return home, which, I need hardly say, was not via Rosolven and Maesteg.

CANON THOMPSON.

One of the finest and best clergymen that I remember was the late Canon Thompson, whose austerity was proverbial. On one occasion when on a visit with some members of the Cardiff Naturalists Society to the old interesting Town of Llantwit-Major, where we tea'd at a local hostelry, and, as I generally had my photographic camera with me, I had made good use of it, and had exposed all my plates, it so happened that the Rev. Canon was engaged in earnest conversation with the landlady of the hotel, and in order to emphasize his remarks, he chanced to get behind the bar, and quite innocently took hold of one of the handles of the beer engine. My camera was resting on the window ledge opposite, and

grasping the humorous side of the situation. I pretended that I was going to take a photograph, and smilingly asked Mr. Thompson to keep steady, so that I might get a sharp photograph, when he held up his hand, and said, "Oh, please don't, on any account, as the picture would require so much explanation." I told him it was too late, as the cap had been off, and replaced. I, of course, afterwards explained that there had been no exposure at all, and that no picture was really taken.

Whilst speaking of the Rev. Cannon Thompson, and his austerity, I must not omit that upon one occasion, when he was preaching at St. James', in the Newport Road, in the midst of his sermon, he suddenly stopped, and turned around in the pulpit, saying, "I will proceed with my sermon in a minute or so." Everyone looked astonished, thinking that he had been taken ill, or was, perhaps, annoyed at something which had taken place in the congregation. Nearly everyone in the church thought that they were each individually responsible for his displeasure. After the service, I had, by appointment, to meet him in the vestry, and took the opportunity to say that I thought that some of the boys had annoyed him during the service, when he turned upon me with his most severe look, and said sternly, "You were the boy, and I therefore took that opportunity of giving you a very severe lesson. I know that you can never be serious, and I trust that it will not occur again. I saw that you were not listening to my Sermon." The most curious thing about the whole affair was that everyone in church felt themselves guilty. I was the only one in that large congregation whose conscience was quite clear.

THE BUTE WORKMEN'S PICNICS.

It is not such a long time ago that most people can remember when there was a better and more fraternal feeling existing between employers and employed than is the case to-day. In those days the masters always joined in with the workmen in their annual outings, and took much trouble in assisting to make these functions as enjoyable as possible. The Bute Workmen's Picnics were, therefore, of an unusually elaborate order, and were presided over by such men as Mr. and Mrs. John McConnochie, Mr. Peter White, Mr. Robert Bell, Mr. Edwin W. M. Corbett, Mr. James Walker,

Mr. Selby, Mr. Ormiston, Mr. Richard Greaves, Mr. Charles Hailey, and Mr. Robson. Many of these honoured names have long passed away, but still linger in the happy memories of the few of us who are left. I expect it will be those visits to Raglan Castle that will be best remembered, when three separate train loads of excursionists were safely negotiated, and with about a thousand or more, out for the day, it was no easy matter to keep the lot fully amused. With this object in view, we had bands of music, acrobats, concerts, sports, balloons, and bagpipes. A real Highland Piper was specially imported from a crack Highland Regiment, with his full panoply of war paint, and, oh horrors, I had heard of an old Irishman, and was told by another Irish labourer, that he used to be a Scotchman, and had been a professional bag-pipe player. That was enough for me, so I sent for him, and wasn't long in borrowing his instrument, and practiced at home in my garden in the evenings, until I could skirl out the "Cock-o'-the-North," and the "Campbells are Coming," and any other tune that I learnt on the penny whistle when a boy, with which I soon managed to disturb the entire neighbourhood. Judge of my Highlander's (Pipe-Major McDougall) disgust, when a Welshman appeared on the scene, heading the procession from the Raglan Station to the Castle, making the most discordant squeals, and doing my best to dance the Highland fling, at the same time, to the gratification of an old Scotch lady, Mrs. McKenzie, a very large and tall person, who picked me up like a baby, bag-pipes and all, and insisted on my dancing the Highland fling with her, until I fell out of the ranks, completely winded. Major McDougal looked at me with sorrow, and said, "Ah, Mr. McAllan, it taks a sight a weend to play the pipes."

HOW THE ENGINES OF THE OLD WATER BOAT WERE DESIGNED.

In the early sixties most of the Cardiff engineers used to congregate at the various hosteleries in St. Mary Street, they were then really very thick, and close together. One of these was, and is still, called the "Royal Oak." There were a couple of steps down to gain admission to the bar or smoking-room, a tiny apartment with a roof so low that you could easily touch the ceiling with the fingers. Upon the central

elongated table, many of the steam engines and other elaborate machinery of the Bute Docks were discussed, and roughed out in—beer, the drawing instrument being the long end of the church-warden tobacco pipe for the fine details, and for the broad effects, the point of the inventor's finger was freely used. It was here that the little oscillating engines of the first water boat in Cardiff were designed, and the queer valve motion discussed. This little boat really did excellent service, for at the bow end was a well designed fire-engine, and one which has done excellent service in the extinction of many a big fire at the Docks, such as those at Spiller's Mills and the Grass Sheds on the East Moors. The engine and boiler were aft, whilst amidships were a series of iron tanks, with a special filtering arrangement aft of the fire-engine. This useful little craft used to be run up the feeder at the head of the West Bute Dock, and the clear, and at that time, palatable water of the Taff, allowed to pass into the tanks through the filter, and afterwards taken to the various ships in the Dock requiring fresh water, the fire-engine pumping it on board. For many years the water has been polluted by coal washing, and other industries in the upper reaches of the river, that the use of this water has become impossible, so that the little water boat had outlived its principal usefulness, yet, this little flat-bottomed box of a thing, with no proper bow or stern to speak of, did good service in the West Dock for towing purposes, with an old sea-dog of a captain at the helm, and Jem Puss, the engineer, below. She used to make very exciting voyages from one end of the Dock to the other. No great Atlantic liner put on more side and ostentation, as she sped along at the mad speed of about two knots an hour. Captain Grant would shout from the tiller, "Stand by, Jimmy," the latter would put up his head through the skylight, and reply, "Stand by it is, sir." "Half a turn ahead, Jimmy." "Ay, ay, sir." "Full speed ahead, Jimmy." "Full speed ahead it is, sir." "Stop her, Jimmy"; and amidst much shouting and fuss, would the water-boat be moored in the Junction Canal, to await further orders. She has long since been broken up, and Captain Grant has long since joined the majority, but "Jimmy" is still a valuable employee of the Cardiff Railway Company.

I must retrace my steps to the time when beer drawings were in preparation at the Royal Oak, for when all details had been satisfactorily settled, a quiet voice in the corner, which

had hitherto remained unheard, ventured the remark, that it was time to go for a mason. The dignified designers roughly demanded to know, "What the —— he wanted a mason for." when the quiet person said, that "as they had finished the engine and biler, and the boat, it was about time that the wall was knocked down, as the doorway wasn't wide enough to get the boat out." This finished the discussion, and the intruder was violently ejected into St. Mary Street, with unprintable denunciations.

TOMATOES AN ACQUIRED TASTE.

The old Town Hall that stood in the middle of High Street, with the Bute Monument immediately in front, looked down upon two unsophisticated youths gazing into a fruiterer's shop that stood somewhere near the present entrance into the High Street Arcade. They were much interested in some beautiful looking and tempting fruit of smooth exterior, and of a brilliant red colour. They thought that as the fruit looked so beautiful, they must, of a necessity, be very nice to eat. However, after a short consultation, one of them entered the shop, whilst the other looked in at the little window diplomatically. The writer happened to be the one who timidly enquired of the young lady who condescended to retail these lovely "Poms," as to the price, etc., a pound of them was gracefully handed over the counter, packed in a neat paper bag. We then proceeded down St. Mary Street, as far as the Hayes Bridge. In those days anyone could easily walk the whole way without encountering many people, so, as we were quite alone on the Bridge, we gazed thoughtfully into the Glamorgan Canal. There was a man there with a big canvas screen, upon which was pasted, or pinned, songs of all sorts, dying speeches, and confessions, and such like, all for a penny each. A shooting gallery with a flat board, and a box of nuts, the guns had only percussion caps for ammunition, and little wooden darts with needle points, to be aimed at the centre of small brass rings on the board. If you managed to hit the spot, you were rewarded with a few nuts, but as business was not started by these merchants so early in the afternoon, we had practically the Bridge, and the Canal to ourselves. Leaning over the parapet, I produced the dessert—simultaneously, I took a bite, and he took a chew, a good big mouthful each. I will not print the solitary

word we both exclaimed with one voice, and also simultaneously two lucious mouthfuls were ejected into the still deep waters of the Canal, accompanied by the bag and its contents. We looked at each other with agonised and disgusted expressions depicted on each of our faces, which was only of momentary duration, for both of us burst out into uncontrollable laughter, exclaiming, "Well, I'm blessed, if we haven't been properly had this time." I have never been able to appreciate or tackle a raw Tomato ever since.

VISCOUNT TREDEGAR.

Sometimes there comes to one's mind, pleasant memories that stand out very prominently above the every-day events of the first to sport a motor-car in Cardiff, proudly called an occasion when I formed a party of amateur photographers to visit Tredegar Park, by the graceful permission of the late Viscount Tredegar. His Lordship, with his usual generosity, provided us with the good things with which the name of Tredegar Park is proverbial.

On that occasion, also, one of our members, who was one of the first to sport a motor-car in Cardiff, proudly called his Lordship's attention to it, when he quietly turned to me, and whispered, "I wouldn't ride in one of those damn things for anything." I shall never forget, also, when he reverently showed me the grave of his Balaclava charger, Sir Briggs, the steed that bore him so valiantly "back from the jaws of death," in that immortal charge of the "Light Brigade, when, "All the world wondered."

I had seen the dear old horse many a time during its life, for it had lived many years at Tredegar Park before the end came.

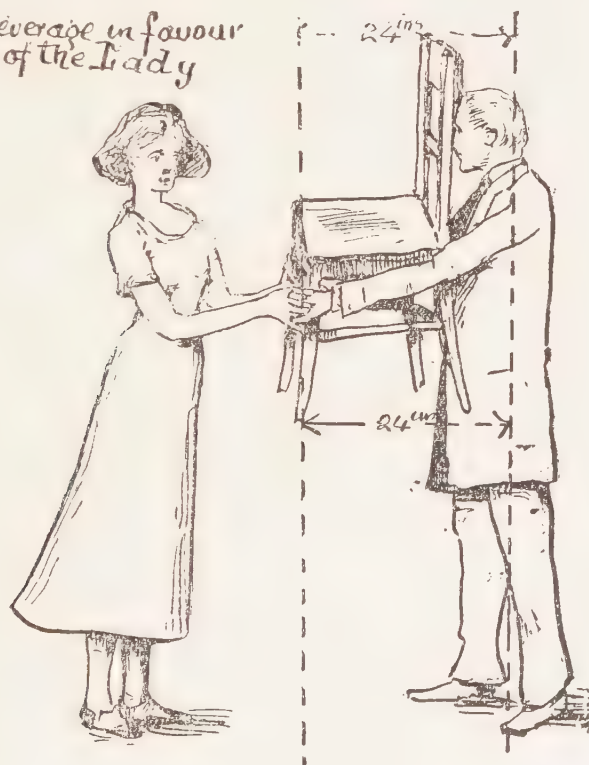
The very last time that I had the honour of speaking to his Lordship, was upon the platform of the railway station at Bristol, when he was returning from an Agricultural Show at Bath, when I was particularly absorbed in reading a book I had purchased at the book-stall. He asked me what I was so much interested in? I showed him the book, it was "The Life and Sayings of Lord Tredegar."

THE GEORGIA MAGNET.

Perhaps the greatest source of power that one person obtains over another can be better expressed by a new word not to be found in an ordinary dictionary. I refer to that expressive word "Swank," and nowhere is this more evident than in those semi-scientific exhibitions that are so extravagantly boomed for the sake of gain by some smart business people, who know the weak spots to attack in the armour of a gullable public. Such an occurrence happened in Cardiff, when an American lady appeared after a most successful series of Seances had been given before nearly all of the great savants of science in London and America. The lady was heralded on her appearance in Cardiff, and some of the principal local celebrities were present on the platform to witness her apparently supernatural powers. There was H.M. principal Engineer of the Post system, one of the veteran Aldermen, the Secretary of the Infirmary, the most noted medical men, and a few others, besides myself upon the platform. An American gentleman, who conducted the experiments, gave a short lecture before introducing the lady, and a learned doctor took her temperature with a clyrical thermometer. The first experiment was that of inducing one of the Committee to hold a chair in front of his chest, with its back next to him, and tightly grasping the front legs. The lady then placed her hands upon the top of his, and by pressing one or other of her fingers against the legs of the chair, without the slightest pressure upon the subject's hand turned him about like a spinning top. It will be seen that she had a leverage of at least eighteen inches, measuring from the grasped chair legs to the centre of his body, so the more rigidly he held the chair, the more easily did he become her unwilling victim. This was my first opportunity to try to convince the audience that there was no magnetic mystery in the experiment, and that it was nothing else but pure leverage exerted by a comparatively weak person, with the long end of the lever in her hand, over a strong person at the short end of the lever, and almost on a fulcrum. One half of the audience boo'd me unmercifully, but as, at that time, I was better known, perhaps, than I am to-day, I was well applauded by the other.

Her next experiment was to stand erect with her arms close to her sides. One of the strong men of the Committee was then placed behind the lady, and instructed to place his hands under her elbows, and try to lift her, which he, with comparatively little effort was quite able to do, as the lady made herself quite stiff and rigid with her arms from the

*24" Leverage in favour
of the Lady*



elbow upwards quite vertical and close to her sides. Silk handkerchiefs were then placed under the lady's elbows for the purpose, the lecturer explained, of producing an electrical insulation. When he tried to lift her a second time, she let herself go limp, and instead of holding her arms rigid and upright, she merely let them go forwards a little, so that the gentleman could not get a vertical lift, exert himself ever so

mightily. This was considered to be a great triumph, and many of the audience thought, and, perhaps still think, that she was magnetically held to the floor by some occult and unknown force, when it was simply taking advantage of the lifter's inability to lift much with his hands well in front of him, and the weight lifted, slipping away all the time. My attempt to explain this to the audience, also met with a mixed reception.

A billiard cue was then produced, which the lady held lightly on the palms of her hands, and somewhat apart. A gentleman was asked to grasp the cue with both hands, and to try and force the point of it on to the ground. This he could not do, jump he ever so high. It will be seen that a billiard cue is an ideal thing for this "miraculous" experiment, as it is so thick at one end, and so thin at the other. She, with the thick end up, and the friction of the stick against her open hands, produced by the downward pressure of the man, was able to exert a comparatively great lifting power, equal to a hundred-weight or so, according to her muscular strength. Now, a man grasping a stick to push it down, with its point towards the ground, in the first place, has to contend with this very serious disadvantage, the strongest man cannot push downwards anything like the equal of his own weight, and all he can really do, is only a very few pounds indeed. The gentleman referred to tried to add to his downward pushing power by throwing, what he thought, was the whole of his weight by jumping, much to the appreciation of the ignorant in the audience, who were convinced that magnetism was triumphant, notwithstanding my attempts to convince them to the contrary. Anyone doubting this has only to place his hands on the table, and see how much downward push he can put into it. He will be astonished if he can put a penny in the slot at the nearest railway station, and, with a stick, something like a billiard cue, try and push the indicating hand around. He can then try another experiment, at the cost of another penny, and patronise one of those lifting affairs, wherein is a cross handle, and you stand on a little platform, and see the result on a brass dial. He should then compare the difference between his lifting and pushing powers. He will never afterwards attribute the phenomena to magnetism, or anything occult.

Another mystification was when a long pole, several feet

in length, like a garden clothes prop was produced, which all of the Committee were invited to hold horizontally, half of them on one side, and half on the other. The lady stood in the centre opposite to them. They were all told to push, when she slightly tipped the pole on one side, with the result that they were all engaged pushing against each other, so that she could really do what she liked with them, and had the whole of the Committee off the stage, or anywhere she chose.

Soon after this show, I had the honour of giving a demonstration of this "phenomena" at a meeting of Engineers at the city of Gloucester, when the whole of the crack football team of that city got on to the platform, and a young lady, who had no previous instructions sent the whole of them reeling. There was no magnetism about that little demonstration. I would really take up too much space, and may possibly weary my readers, if I detailed the rest of the occult phenomena that mystified the Metropolis and the ultimate exposure in Cardiff, to the disgust of many persons who are too ready to believe anything of the nature of the occult.

THE COW-HEEL AMORA.

Perhaps I ought not to leave the story of the Magnetic Lady without relating another reminiscence which occurred some years after, but this was not magnetic, or electric, neither was it anything in the way of the occult, although it might be considered so by some persons who have a tendency that way.

It may be remarked that there was a wonderful demonstration given at the Westminster Aquarium in London, by a "Mesmerist," who had arranged with a man named Taylor, to be put into a trance, and remain asleep for a fortnight. This he accomplished, being watched over by some London physicians and others. He was placed in a kind of coffin, where he was on exhibition both night and day throughout the entire time, and was a great sensation. I, amongst others, happened to be in London at the time, and witnessed the performance, and came away with quite an open mind as to its bona fides. After the conclusion of the fortnight, he gave a second demonstration, being set off to sleep just in the same way, and, as usual, arrangements were made to give Cardiff folks a treat. He was therefore packed off to

Paddington, placed in a van, coffin and all, being watched day and night in the same way by a committee. On his arrival in Cardiff, he was delivered to the Philharmonic Hall, and placed in a room upstairs, and remained there for a fortnight, local medical men examining and reporting upon the case the whole time. At the end of the fortnight, he was restored to animation, and thus far ended this part of the story.

Some time after, there was another commotion in the Westminster Aquarium. The man, having quarrelled with the Mesmerist, said that he was never asleep at all, except in the ordinary way at night time, but that he was shamming all the time, and, getting into touch with another "professional" mesmerist, undertook to repeat the performance under exactly similar conditions, which he actually did, even to giving a second demonstration, and to be packed off to the Philharmonic at Cardiff as before, being watched over and vouched for in the same way.

It was on the evening before the awakening that I happened to be going down St. Mary Street, my companions being that splendid old scientist, the late Mr. John Storrie, and another friend. We saw that there was something going on in the room above the Philharmonic Hall, and resolved to investigate. It so happened that there were only two or three others present at the time, besides three men in three coffins, apparently dead. One was Mr. Taylor from London, another a man that was well-known at the Docks in the timber carrying line, known as "Danny man," and the other a friend of his.

Mr. Storrie commenced the interrogation. "What's going on?" says he in his gruff, but kindly, way, when a blear-eyed individual told us that "Danny man" and the other man were shamming sleep, and were both in a mock trance since yesterday, and were to be woked up at nine o'clock that evening, but that Mr. Taylor would be allowed to remain in his mock trance until the following evening at nine o'clock, when he would also be taken downstairs, and "woked" up before the audience.

I tried most ineffectually to entice "Danny man" to smile, and porceeded to investigate the case of Mr. Taylor. I said, "What are those black marks in his cheek?" "Why," says the attendant, "that's where they put French nails

through when in the Aquarium, and that didn't wike him, besides, do you see those dark lines under the nails of his fingers? That's where they pushed in pins an' needles, that didn't wike 'im."

"What else did they do?" I said. "Well, they put the Cow-heel-amora on his fice, and he never moved a muscle." "What is the Cow-heel-amora?" I enquired. He looked at me and my companions with disgust, pitying our ignorance, "Why," he said, "that's the strongest stuff they got in the chemists' shop."

Mr. Jesse Williams was one of the party, so turned to him for elucidation. He shook his head, and declared that he had no knowledge of ever having heard of the Cow-heel-amora before, when our informant enlightened us by saying that "it was a Hingy rubber thing like a cow's heel, that they put on Mr. Taylor's face, and they poured in the 'amora' out of a bottle, through a 'ole." "Do you mean anmonia," I said. "That's it," he replied, and concluded by saying that "that didn't wike 'im."

We concluded that it was impossible, and that we didn't believe that any human being could stand such a severe test.

Our instructor merely smiled at our ignorance. He said, "That the way we does it is this—we trains and diets ourselves to do anything in this way; I'm the bloke that used to be mesmerised by Pennington." I then asked him if he was the man who ate tallow candles, and cart grease, and drank train oil. "That's me," he replied, and "besides, guvnor, you couldn't mix up any muck as I couldn't eat." Our guide then happened to remark that it was a wonder after the exposure of the Georgia Magnet, some time before, that "the same feller didn't come and take this 'ere job on." One of the party then whispered to him quietly that the said person was then close alongside of both him and the "corpse." He looked up at me, and then said, demurely, "How was it done, governor?" So I merely told him that the gentleman who introduced the lady said to the audience—Ladies and gentlemen, I will now tell you how the little Georgia Magnet became possessed of this wonderful power. It so happened that when out in Georgia, on a very stormy day, there was a great flash of lightning came from the sky, and struck the little lady right in the face, knocking one of her teeth out.

A gold tooth now marks the spot through which the electric fluid entered her body. Since that time she has been completely saturated with electricity. She went home, and her grandfather was sitting in his arm-chair by the fire side, when she quietly placed her hands on the back of the chair, and was astonished to find that the old gentleman was lifted violently off the floor, chair and all, and deposited upon the carpet. Judge of my astonishment on looking around, to find that the "corpse" was being convulsed with uncontrollable laughter, and rolled completely over in his coffin. "What's the matter with him?" I enquired. "Oh nuthin'." said our friend, in great trepidation, "it's only muscular contractions; clear out, here's Professor Dale cummin' hup stairs, and if he finds that Taylor has moven a muscle of his face night or day for a fortnight, he'll stop his thirty pounds a week wages."

We then came quietly, but thoughtfully, away, concluding that there is no limit to what some folks will do for money.

SHIPBUILDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

The Shipbuilding trade has never flourished in Cardiff, although many a good ship has been built and launched from the successful ship repairing yards.

My mind goes back to a very beautiful sailing vessel, called the "Delta," which took the water on June 24th, 1865, from Hill's East Graving Dock, and at which ceremony I had the honour of being present.

She was built from the designs of that very accomplished marine architect, Mr. Thomas Hooper, and his no less accomplished son, the late Mr. Horatio Hooper.

This vessel was of iron, and excellent proportions. She was 179 feet in length over all, and between perpendiculars 154 feet. Extreme breadth, 29 feet. Depth in hold, 18 feet 9 inches. Tonnage B.M., 646.

Then again, from the same yard was build and launched on April 1st, 1869, the "Rookwood." She was a little larger than the "Delta," being 709 tons B.M.

The well-known steamer "Gathorne" was built and launched from the same yard, in 1873. Her length was 252 feet over all, and 244 between perpendiculars. Extreme



SPIRITUALISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS PASSING DOWN CASTLE STR.

breadth, 29 feet 2 inches. Depth in hold, 17 feet 5 inches. Tonnage, 960 tons.

Two large steamers, the S.S. "Judkins" and the "James Marychurch," were also built about the same period, by the late John Batchelor, at what is now the very successful Mount Stuart Graving Docks, near the entrance to the West Bute Dock. No. 2 Dredger had been previously built for the trustees of the Marquiss of Bute, the machinery being supplied by Messrs. Simons & Co., of Renfrew.

THE BUILDING OF THE SS. "JOHN BOYLE."

The attempt made in Cardiff to establish a ship and engine building industry has not been an unqualified success, not because of its geographical position, or the natural resources, or the want of the necessary engineering talent. As an instance of this, I might recall some reminiscences of the designing, building, and launching of the S.S. "John Boyle," in 1872. The designer and builder of this fine steamer was the late Mr. George Parfitt, of the firm of Messrs. Parfitt and Jenkins. Mr. Parfitt was certainly the finest type of an engineer I ever knew, and when it is known that every part of this steamer was not only designed at their works, but every detail of the ship, the engines, boilers, and all the fittings were locally produced.

The "John Boyle" was built and launched near the top end of the West Bute Dock. She was a splendidly designed vessel, and the whole of the drawings were made at the Tubal Cain Works, by Mr. John A. Noel, who was in charge of the drawing office at that time. She was 220 feet in length between perpendiculars, and 29 feet beam, and 18 feet 9 inches moulded depth; her cargo capacity being 1,200 tons, and was undoubtedly the largest and finest cargo vessel sailing out of the port at that time.

She was built between the communication canal and the ballast wharf, the vessel being launched sideways, with a drop of four feet from the ways into the water. All Cardiff had assembled to witness the launch, and a very large number of people had assembled on the opposite side of the dock, in front of Spillers' Mills and Glass Elliot's wire works. The immense wave due to the displacement of such a large volume of water heaped up, and travelled along the dock side, and

nearly drowned all the sightseers, the great weight being enhanced by having all her machinery on board, including engines, boiler, propeller, winches, etc., ready for sea, the launch being undertaken and superintended by Mr. Henry Chappell, the foreman shipwright to the Marquis of Bute. I am pleased to say that I have within the last few days had a chat with my old friend, who is now in his 85th year, and looking, as the saying goes, "As fit as a fiddle." The "John Boyle's" engines were at that time the subject of great controversy, some engineers pinning their faith on the compound engine of a short stroke, and others on simple engines of a long stroke. With a very short cut-off, her boiler pressure was then perhaps higher than any other local ship afloat, viz.—90lbs. to the square inch. Cylinders 36 inches dia. 42 inches stroke and 85 revolutions per minute. In practice, however, it was found that although extremely economical, she was somewhat tricky in the manipulation, and "Old Dai," whom, I should say, is Mr. David Jenkins, of Ponthyr, her first engineer, could handle her like a clock, but strangers trying to do the same, found the short cut off and sudden jerk necessitating a knowledge of her tricks. The consumption of coal was 7 tons 7 cwts. per day, and she was capable of doing 10 knots, loaded, with ease. Ships compounded at that time, like the "Bwllfa" and the "Merthyr," of practically the same size and working at the same pressure, attained 9 knots at 8 tons consumption. One amusing circumstance connected with this launch was that some of the boys who had not been invited to the usual lunch, and who had been commissioned to purchase a magnum of champagne, and some nice blue ribbon to suspend the bottle from the ship's side, took the precaution, unobservedly, to sample the interior of the bottle, and replace it with pure water and other offensive liquids, carefully replaced the cork, and the bottle was duly smashed in the orthodox way. A lanyard held up a suspended weight, which was severed by its falling on to the dog shores, the mechanism for cutting the rope being made by the writer, who was also responsible for the design of a huge red dragon, which was secured on each side of the funnel. On one occasion, when the ship was at Civitavecchia, in Italy, a bystander questioned "Old Dai" as to what that thing was on the funnel. ? He replied, "Oh, that is the machine for consuming the smoke." I might here add that the late Mr.

Edward Jenkins and Mr. Gascoyne Dalziel, of the South Wales Coal Owners' Association, were passengers on this particular voyage. On the house flag was also depicted the red Dragon of Wales, with this inscription—

“Y-Ddraig-Goch-a-Ddyry-Gychwyn.”

This flag for many years flew at the mast-head which used to decorate the grounds of Lieut.-Colonel J. Lynn Thomas, C.B., at Green Lawn, Penylan, the son-in-law of the late Mr. Edward Jenkins.

The first master of the “John Boyle” was Captain O’Neal, and the chief mate was the late Captain Bovey, brother of our much respected Mr. John Bovey, of Mount Stuart Square. Captain Bovey always saluted me whenever we met in after years by displaying a thorough knowledge of the Welsh language by striking a dramatic attitude, and shouting as loud as he could, “Y-Ddraig-Goch-a-Ddyry-Gychwyn.”

The chief engineer after “Old Dai” had given up the job was the well-known and much respected Glamorgan farmer, Mr. Edward Akers, of Pentreban, who never seemed to master the tricks of the long stroke and short cut-off of the “John Boyle’s” engines, so he gave up the sea, and took to more congenial farming.

The behaviour of the engines on the first trial down Channel was very pronounced. when just opposite the Nash Sands, and on manouvering the vessel for the return journey, we lay for some considerable time in the trough of a heavy sea. Needless to say, owing to my being a very bad sailor, I soon became *hors-de-combat*, and lay stretched out on top of the main hatch. The older sailors were delighted to regale me with suggestions of fat bacon on the end of a bit of string, whilst others took delight in chalking the outline of a coffin round me as I lay helpless, but as soon as smooth water was reached I was capable of as many pranks as the best of them.

This fine vessel was launchd on March the 4th, 1872, and was sunk, after collision with the S.S. “Emma Lawson,” on April the 5th, 1876.

CHASING A GHOST.

In 1866 there was a great commotion in the neighbourhood of Whitchurch and Green Meadow, where a “Ghost” was reported to have been seen, both on the high road and in

the fields and woods, so we used to turn out in great numbers, and scour the district, in the hopes of seeing something uncanny. This went on for about two months, and various and extravagant were the tales told.

It turned out at last that the "Ghost" was a poor insane woman, who persisted in going out night after night, and in the most inclement weather. She went along without shoes and stockings, wearing a shawl over her head, and mumbling words to herself, taking shelter in coal-houses, or any rough place, under trees and such-like, thus frightening those who noticed her in passing.

This poor object of pity was frequently chased by troops of Pentyrch and Tongwynlais youths, who were only too anxious to believe in the supernatural.

A TRIP ON THE SEVERN SEA.

No one can truly say that he knows his own country until he has traversed the byways and waterways of his own neighbourhood. England and Wales have every reason to be proud of its rivers and canals, especially those in close proximity to the Severn Sea.

I know of no greater treat than to form one of a party to navigate the upper reaches, as far as the depth of water will admit, right into the heart of the Midlands, and by the generosity of a friend like Mr. T. A. Reed, accompany him on board the yacht "Greta," awaiting us at Sharpness, and then to steam leisurely along up the Gloucester Canal, and, as these are personal reminiscences, I think I had better confine myself to a certain little trip of this kind which took place in the month of August in pre-war times. Space forbids me to reproduce the innumerable photographs and sketches taken on that memorable occasion, or I would much like to insert them in these pages. Mr. Reed's log books will, no doubt, be preserved for reference.

Our first point of view being the splendid sand-banks at low tide, and having joined up the ship, after crossing the Severn a little higher up at Newnham, by being carried pick-a-back from ferry-boat to land, by a strapping boatman, who picked up each of us thirteen-stoners, as if we were children, landing us safely on English soil. Questioning an intelligent countryman we accidentally met, as to local historical

matters, if he could tell us where Sir Walter Raleigh used to dwell? he replied, "Walter who, sir?" We repeated the query. "Well," he said, he "couldn't zay exactly, but a man called Walter Jones used to keep a pub not far off."

The great Viaduct dominates everything hereby, with its long collonade stretching from the western shore to the Sharpness Docks. As a fine engineering feat, this bridge makes a splendid finish to the great Iron Bridges higher up the river, which we pass under on our up river journey.

A few particulars of this Viaduct will be, I am sure, interesting to engineering readers. There are two spans of 327 feet, five of 171 feet, fourteen of 124 feet. Swing bridge, 200 feet, double span, and the weight of iron, 7,000 tons.

The great natural phenomenon of the Severn Bore will not interfere with our cruise on the Canal, but we stop the ship within a few miles of Gloucester, at a place called Stone Bench, and await the oncoming rush of mighty water. The sudden contraction of the river which lies below Newnham partially impounds an immense volume of water at each tide, and on the occasion of very high tides, a huge wave is impelled forward, and the sight, one never to be forgotten. A distant roar is heard, and, presently, rushing round a bend in the stream is seen a huge wall of water, which stretches right across, sweeping past the rank vegetation that grows on the banks of each side, at the rate of about fourteen miles an hour, and in a very few minutes from a low down muddy stream, to the river full to the brim. Having seen the Bore, it is not far to the Decoy Ponds of Lord Fitzharding; here we were shown, by obliging keepers, the great sheets of water on which tame ducks are swimming casually along. At each corner of the pond is a large tubular cage arrangement of many yards in length, tapering down at the inner end to a yard or so in diameter, and then a netting of string continues some few yards further, the large end of the cage is several feet in diameter, and up which a man can easily row in a small boat. There are swinging gates hung at the large end of the cage, which can be quickly let down, large rush screens at right angles to the pond conceal the operator who works the decoy, and through little peep-holes he can see when the wild ducks are in sufficient numbers to commence operations. It is done in this way. An innocent looking dog quietly walks in front of the screen, and jumps over a tiny hurdle, and this he

keeps on doing for some time, walking round and round the screen behind which the man hides. The ducks get interested and inquisitive, there are several of these screens, each a little nearer to the big cage arrangement, then, when they are all inside, a man, called a "show" man appears suddenly, and this is the only man the birds have yet seen, when he shouts, and they fly or swim up the cage. The gate is then dropped; they all rush headlong to the narrow tubular netting, and, of course, pop their heads through, and every mesh has usually a head and neck, which is ruthlessly twisted by the keepers, and promptly bagged, not a single one is allowed to escape, for as the keepers told us, if it did, he would tell the other birds, and they would catch no more for several weeks. Of course, they are careful not to twist the necks of the decoy birds, each of them being marked conspicuously on the beak.

Frampton is close by, and we inspect the finest Village Green in old England, and visit the reputed Bower of the Fair Rosamand, and the beautiful architecture of the houses. On this Village Green is being held Frampton Feast, an annual function to which the surrounding villagers flock in their thousands, and where coker-nut Shies and shows of all kinds are erected. Of course, we join in all of the sports, and incidentally see that the village children lose none of the treats they have been looking forward to ever since last Frampton Feast.

Every inch of the banks of the Severn is full of interest, and it would not be possible to stay very long in Gloucester and explore its beauties and antiquities, or this book of reminiscences would become very ponderous.

We descend by a lock to river level as we leave Gloucester, near the beautiful but obstructive Telford's Bridge, and then push along past the Bloody Meadow of Twkesbury, where the slaughter was greatest in the battle which secured the Crown of England to Edward IV., and, as it is Bank Holiday, we join the Annual Regatta as spectators, and witness a big balloon, inflated with hot air ascend, and when nearly out of sight, drop a parachute, with its aeronaut clingingt hereto. A few miles away, we bivouac for the night at the mouth of Shakespeare's Avon, and moor our ship close to King John's Bridge, and betimes in the morning, cast off and proceed towards Worcester and Stourport. After passing through the

locks near Stourport, our good ship "Greta" managed to engage her keel with a shallow mud-bank, on our port side. The captain, crew, and passengers, there were six of us, including the engine-room staff, had to take to the boats, and row to the starboard bank with a tow rope, the end of which we attached to a tree, and then hauled away on the windlass. Just as we were giving up all hope of getting her off, the "Lady Honor," a large double-decked passenger craft hove in sight on a voyage from Worcester to Stourport, so we hauled our rope aboard, and sat on deck with the fond expectation that the wash of the big ship would lift us out of the mud. Alas, the "Lady Honor" had taken a different view of things, and swerved her port side round and bumped into us, carrying away our figure-head. Our anchor, which we had only just hauled up out of the mud, projected slightly over our starboard bow, the fluke penetrating the glass side of the offender, and ripped the windows out for about three-fourths of her length. The crowded upper deck was soon cleared of passengers, and garden seats and deck chairs, wearing apparel, and every loose thing went floating away down the Severn.

Later on, we were boarded by a deputation from the ship that ran into us, when we were stuck fast in the river mud, and charged the innocent and mud-stuck "Greta" with ramming the "Lady Honor." The spokesman was a gentleman with gilt buttons and imperious manners, and when questioned as to whether he was the owner or the captain, "No, sir," he said with offended dignity, "I am the vocalist."

LIVING WHIST.

It is well within the memory of my readers, who will, I am sure, be interested in a recital of what we did for not only our own pleasure, and that of our patrons, but also for the benefit of local Institutions, and one in which all expenses were defrayed by the performers themselves, and when it may be remembered that the costumes were all extremely elaborate and beautiful, and no expense was spared in the acquirement of jewels, real and imitation, in order to make each individual player extremely gorgeous. To begin with, the first entertainment, which ran for a week, was for the benefit of the St. German's Church Funds, and the second, some time after, for the

Church of Michaelstone le Vedw, and a third, for the Merthyr Hospital, a special train taking us to and from the Merthyr Drill Hall, which was lent for that occasion.

It will be understood that there are fifty-two cards in a pack, and that each card was humanly represented, and in order to elaborate the ensemble, we were not content with one pack—we had two, viz., one hundred and four cards.

The number of performers was augmented by a large Guard of Honour of children, about another hundred. Many of these tiny tots were also duplicated. It would take up too much space to describe all of the dresses in detail. I will content myself by saying that the "King of Diamonds" wore a sur-coat of Cloth of Gold, with tights, and satin slashed trunks, diamond buckled shoes, and a golden and jewelled Crown, long flowing curls adorned his head, and at his side hung a velvet covered and jewelled sword. Every shop where imitation, and even real jewellery were sold, was explored to find sufficient adornments of this kind.

The "Jacks" were even more resplendent, but sufficiently distinctive so as to be easily recognised, in fact, there was great rivalry between the "Gentlemen" and "Lady" Court Cards, as to quantity and quality of adornment available.

The other cards were not so elaborate, and were played mostly by children. The feature of the whole affair was probably the little "Guard of Honour," who wore Medieval Costumes of Uniform design, with hoods over their heads like little monks, scalloped tunics, tights, and buckled shoes. Each carried correctly designed Glaives, or Gisarmes, with great dignity. The members of this little cavalcade are grown-ups now, some of them have made history, in the great War, of which I draw a curtain. Perhaps, when the Huns have been totally crushed, I may relate some of their doings.

The Park Hall was secured, and on the floor was laid out a large square green carpet, to the full width of the Hall, on which was outlined a large Heart in white, to indicate the position the cards should occupy at various stages of the game. On the platform, just below the great organ, an ordinary card-table was placed, with a pack of cards, and alongside a grand piano, for the whole game was played to music. Miss Jenny Taylor presided at the piano.



THE TABLE RESTING ON ONE OF THE FEET.

I will now describe the proceedings.—Two Heralds, with a fanfare of trumpets, appear on the floor, and ascend the platform, followed by the four players, who marched to their places, accompanied by the Guard of Honour, a stately March being played by Miss Taylor. Then, to another fanfare of trumpets, Major Domo appears on the floor, followed by the two packs of human cards. They march with great stateliness around the floor, and take their places on the “heart-shaped” line upon the carpet; then the play begins.

The players were prominent members of county families, and the whole of the “Cards” on the arena, with the little guard of honour, waltz around indiscriminately, and then return to their places. The players at the table then dealt, and as each card is dealt, which is announced by a gentleman in Court Costume, loudly proclaims its name, upon which, the called-for human card advances to the centre, and so on until the four has been called for, and played. Then they dance back to their places, the winning card being announced from the platform, and so on, until the game is finished, when the whole company dance a stately minuet, at the finish of which our dainty Premier Danseusse, Miss Maud Watkins, delights the audience with a Solo dance, all other cards being then assembled at the outside edge of the carpet, and all lights lowered, except a powerful lime-light on Maudie.

We had rather a tragic moment one night, when our Pianiste, who seemed to fall into a reverie as she delightfully played soft music, and somehow missed some of the notes, Miss Watkins, at that moment being also lost in thought, as she stood motionless in the centre of the carpet, when she swooned, and falling prostrate in her beautiful white silk costume, and lay on the dark green floor, a recumbent white statue, with the full lime-light upon her, and perfect silence—the audience seemed spell-bound. One of the Kings, and the Major Domo, which, I should say was no other than myself, sprang into the arena, and I lifted the lady in my arms, and carried her, with his assistance, to the ante-room, when she soon recovered, and the audience never knew but that it was all in the piece. The veteran actor and actress, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fletcher, who were there, told me afterwards, that it was the most effective acting they had ever seen, and wouldn’t believe that it was not a planned thing.

A CHEAP DINNER.

Travelling in a railway carriage often enables us to learn something about how the other half of the world lives, especially if one happens to overhear the conversation of our fellow passengers, and in these days of war economies, such information seems somewhat appropriate.

On one occasion, I recall rather an enlightening conversation I was bound to overhear, between an old agricultural labourer and two voluble old ladies, who carried capacious market baskets. The ladies were loudly complaining of the hardness of the times, and the difficulty of making both ends meet. The old gentleman sat impatiently listening for quite a long time, and getting a bit fed-up. He chimed in the argument, and said pointedly, "It seems to me you wimmen doesn't know 'ow to make the most o' yer 'usbands' wages." This uncalled for remark set the ladies backs up. "What's thee know about it," both said together; "thou hasn't got to look arter the care of the childer." "Oh, 'avn't I?" he replied. "Well, when my ole ooman died and left me with a big family o' young uns to look arter on vourteen shillin' a week, I got to larn summat." "'ow did ye manage it then?" they snapped out. "Well," he says, "Do you know how to make a good dinner for six childer for fippance?" "No, nor thee neither," was their unbelieving response. "Well," he says quietly, "do you know what a cabbadge net is; well, I'll tell ye if you're not too proud to larn. I used to buy a cabbadge, a good fat un for a penny, and then I dug a 'ole in the stump, and throwed that part away, the stump baint no good at all. Then I buys a pennart of vat beacon, and rams it in the 'ole; that's tuppance, then I spends the rest on hoddss and hends o' things that they couldn't sell in the ordinary way, some bits o' meat, a few carrots, and taters, and anything handey, then I biles the lot in a kiddie, and when it's all properly cooked, I gives the broth to the kids first, and then I slices up the cabbadge, vat and all, and, my word, didn't they enjoy their dinner. Well, that's one way to make the most of yer 'usbands' money."

The ladies then lapsed into silence, which was only broken at the end of the journey by saying, "Seems to me thers' summat in it; we'll try it, sir." "Do," says he, "and doesn't grumble so much."

WILD MIDNIGHT SHRIEKS AND A BURGLAR.

This is a dismal story of wild midnight, shrieks and burglars.

It was after a long evening with my old friend, the late Captain Richard Short, and among the company was no other than that celebrated marine painter, the late Mr. Edwin Hayes, R.H.A., etc ; and a very old and respected Cardiff musical and also artistic friend, Signor Paggi, whose name will be remembered as a household word by old Cardiffians. The latter gentleman and myself were strolling down the Newport Road in the wee small hours, when we heard piercing shrieks from Halswell Terrace, and followed by terrified screams for the police. I shouted out, and asked " what was the matter." A lady's voice said, " Burglars." I asked, " Is not that Mr. Cory's house ? " I was told that it was, and that Mr. Cory was on guard downstairs. Now I did not know what to do single-handed, and as my friend was a very old gentleman, and neither of us had even a stick to protect ourselves, so I thought discretion was the better part of valour, and shouted, " Police " at the top of my voice, running in the direction of town to fetch one. I do not expect you will believe this, I yelled " Police " at the very top of my voice, right down as far as the Taff Vale Station and Dumfries Place ; not one was to be found, I running and yelling all the time on to Park Place and Charles Street, right to St. John's Square, shouting " Police " all the while, without even an echo responding. I then returned, following out the same programme, shouting all the while, " Police," until I came back to Halswell Terrace, where the ladies were still calling for the police.

I then ran on to Clifton Street to the Police Station, and told my story, when the men on duty accompanied me to the scene of the Burglary. The ladies said that " there was a smashing of glass going on at the back," so over the garden wall we went, myself and two policemen, and a big black dog belonging to the force. We found that the windows at the back of the kitchen, down a couple of steps, were smashed, but that no one had entered. Mr. Cory opened the back-door to let us in, as they were still under the impression that some of the miscreants were inside. However, we could not find any of them, when there was a big ringing of the front-door bell, and one of our party went to see who it was. There

were two policemen with a drunken sailor in captivity, and dear old Signor Paggi bringing up in the rear. The young ladies of the household, all dressed in pretty white nighties, looked like Burne Jones' beautiful picture of the "Angel Staircase."

The culprit had broken the glass with some empty bottles he had found on the premises, and filled his pockets with the things he could reach through the strong iron-barred windows. There was nothing of any value, merely the cover of a servant's tea-pot, some cheap black-handled knives and forks, broken crockery, and such like. These valuables were ostentatiously displayed by his captors, and when asked for an explanation, he said he thought he was trying to get aboard his ship in the East Dock. Before he was marched off to the lock-up, Mr. Cory, in his kindly way, gave him the paternal advice "to abjure the accursed drink."

The back files of the local newspapers will tell you that the Buglar was rewarded for causing the excitement, with, if I remember rightly, 18 months in Cardiff Prison.

"I CAME FROM ZUMMERSET."

The beautiful old church of St. John's has more than once been the scene of humorous interludes. I have heard on one occasion, when the Rev. Mr. Stacey was the vicar, he preached a most effective sermon on the wickedness of pride, and as he happened to be looking in the direction of a well-known parishioner of the name of Pride, shouted at the top of his voice, accompanied by a vigorous thump on the pulpit front that pride came from hell, when Mr. Pride, in all his splendid dignity, rose from his seat, and said, "Thee be-est a liar; I came from Zummerzet."

THE OLD CASTLE OF CARDIFF.

If there is one part of Cardiff more remembered with affection, it is the beautiful Castle and its grounds, for the latter was always open to the public, and where every Sunday afternoon, and after church-time, the inhabitants enjoyed the privilege accorded to them by the Marquis, whose monument is in St. Mary Street, and, afterwards, during the minority of the late Marquis by the Trustees. I have much pleasure in being able, by the kindness of Mr. F. C. Williams, of Cardiff,

to introduce a copy of a water-colour by Paul Sanby, and painted in 1755. This picture has since been purchased by the present Marquis. It is taken from an angle in the northern wall, and from the top of the Norman Mound, which has recently been removed. In this view, the backs of the houses and tannery, with the Five Bells Court, are clearly seen on the right-hand side, with the Ladies' Walk and the Octagon Tower near the centre, and showing also the mediaeval walls which divided the lawn, and linked up with the Keep, and entrance towers, facing High Street entrance. The shipping in the river is also clearly shown, indicating that at that time there was considerable marine activity close up to St. Mary Street and Quay Street. I am also indebted to Mr. Williams for a copy of an interesting print taken from the top of the Black Tower, erroneously called Duke Robert's Tower, and which gives a fine view of the old Town Hall, before the Bute statue was placed there. The large building to the right of the middle part of St. Mary Street is the Poor House, and the glass works' furnaces, which stood in the centre of what is now Mount Stuart Square, and the Corn Exchange Building shows up boldly.

The great restorations of Cardiff Castle were undertaken by the late Mr. William Burges, A.R.A., and commenced in the early sixties, and I recall with much pleasure the many occasions I had the privilege of meeting that gentleman. I remember at one time when I lived in a house in Duke Street, now in the occupation of Mr. Marment, that there was some huge masonry in our back garden, and on the top of which I had erected a big dog's kennel, where my brother kept mastiffs, and at the time in question there were a litter of eleven beautiful puppies, and knowing that Mr. Burges took much interest in such things, I invited him to see them. He climbed the rough hewn steps of blue lias lime-stone which were hewn out of the masonry, and I asked him if he could tell me how such massive stone work could be placed there, and about 20 feet or so from the mediaeval wall. He did not enlighten me. In the after years, owing to the vigorous spade-work on the part of the present and late marquis, huge Roman bastions and massive walls have been disclosed along nearly all sides of the Castle, and these discoveries lead one to think furiously as to the story these enduring walls have to tell, commencing with almost the first page of English or

Welsh history. Can we not picture the pre-historic ancient Britons doing their best to prevent the Romans landing in this neighbourhood almost as early as the beginning of the Christian era, and with their great sea-going galleys manned by two or three tiers of rowers, with their war shields over their sides, and their bristling oars, and rushing on to the rock-bound coast of Penarth Head and Lavernock, and there discovering on their first entry, the blue lias lime-stones in compact layers ready for picking up, and loading into barges and conveying to the chosen spot where they could build their castle.

If a visitor to Cardiff to-day took a peep over the bridge in the North Road, he would notice all the stones in the recently discovered Roman wall are water-worn on their edges. It does not take much of an effort to imagine that these very stones had more than probably come from the shores and cliffs of Lavernock, where thousands of tons of the same thing could be obtained without much mechanical ingenuity or exertion. It follows, then, that such a store of parallel layers of stone of about eight or nine inches in thickness and a river close by with probably existing creeks, one of which might have been the site which in turn, and the course of centuries might have become a mediaeval moat, and, later still, the Glamorgan Canal, reaching close up to the selected spot on which the Castle that gives Cardiff its name was to be built. These walls to-day are over 10 feet 6 inches in thickness, and in some places considerably over 10 feet in height, and the masons who have been employed in the restoration will tell you that it is much easier to cut away the stones themselves than to attempt to cut away the splendid mortar which the Romans used so unsparingly, and no doubt being suggested by their own Puzzolana, a kind of earth thrown up by volcanoes, which, when mixed with water hardens suddenly, and more durable under water than any other cement.

The Romans stayed in Britain nearly four hundred years, and it was during this period that they built and left for future generations to discover this piece of wonderful masonry.

Every school-child knows that the Normans came to this country in 1066, so that for about 600 years these great walls were the property of nobody in particular, and our

ancient fore-fathers found the stone walls convenient quarries for those who cared to take the stones away. When the Normans came in 1066, they found it more convenient to make a big mound of earth over the ruined Roman walls. This mound is still in existence in places, just as the Normans left it, on the top of which a low parapet wall was placed, as is clearly shown in Sanby's picture, and as old Cardiffians still affectionately remember.

Some of the Roman bastions have been carefully restored, but there still remains wonderful possibilities of further restoration, for there has been discovered two other bastions where the Duke Street houses now stands, and what a splendid entrance to the city from the west would be effected if the whole of the north side of the street was entirely swept away, with a clear view towards the west from Crockherbtown, showing the castle walls in their entirety, with their restored Roman bastions and the lordly entrance gateway of which designs I have had the pleasure of seeing some years ago. Visitors to the London Museum might have seen the remains of a Roman galley in the basement of that building, and also a very large picture showing a Roman castle wall with bastions, and a galley with its banks of rowers. Such a scene may be actually realised in Cardiff if such a scheme as I have presumed to suggest were carried out, and thus make the city more beautiful than it is.

ANOTHER STORY OF STIBBS THE BARBER.

There are just a few of us who delight in comparing the present beautiful city of Cardiff with the picturesque, if unsanitary, town we knew over half-a-century ago, for it must be confessed that in those days, when things were much more sociable than to-day, and all were proud, not only of the street they lived in, but the town with its picturesque spots, and its cosy hostelries where all public business was discussed and settled before the committee adjourned to the Town Hall, or other official building. The "Angel" was perhaps the most popular. Here in the bar parlour the great ones of the time used to assemble. It is remembered by some that on one occasion, when the long clays and the home-brewed were much in evidence, that a certain alderman who was acknowledged to be somewhat uncharitable and parsimonious, in fact, he was said to be the meanest man in

Cardiff, that a bet was made by one of the party that no one could by any possible means persuade him to contribute to a deserving cause. The acknowledged joker of the town, Stibbs, the barber, took up the challenge, and when all were assembled, a much be-whiskered and seedy individual made his appearance, and pitched a very pitiful tale into the ears of the alderman, and being a consummate actor, really melted his heart, and having no smaller change than a shilling, which he gingerly proffered to the mendicant, who turned out to be "Stibbs the Barber," when that individual removed his effective disguise, and claimed his wager, which the losers were only too glad to hand over.

OLD CATELEAU'S GHOST.

Most of the engineering work in connection with the construction of the West Bute Docks was executed at the Hayes Foundry, and some of the old castings are still in existence, and doing regular work in connection with the dock gates, in which may be still seen the name-plate of W. Cateleau, who, prior to the days of Messrs. Parfitt & Jenkins, took over that establishment in 1857. It is no wonder that apprentice boys brought up in this place when working night turns imagined every wierd noise to be nothing else but old Cateleau's ghost. A fellow-apprentice tells me as I write that many a time old Cateleau knocked the tallow candle out of his hands when he was doing a night turn at engine driving, and having to account to Mr. Jenkins for the large number of candles consumed during the night, did not confess that in order to grease the cylinder, he used to unscrew the $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. stud from the top cylinder cover and drop the entire candle in through the hole, in the absence of a more up-to-date lubricator, and this fact was afterwards evident by the barrow-loads of candle wicks found on the pantile roof, through which the exhaust pipe passed, the escaping steam shooting the wicks high into the air, and falling in a greasy heap into the gutter.



A VIEW OF THE STREET FROM THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE TOP OF THE HILL BLACK TOWER. EARLY 19TH CENTURY.

BARRY.

There are, navigating the Bristol Channel, men, still in their prime, who, if they, like Rip Van Winkle, had fallen asleep in their youth, and come back to consciousness in the present year of grace, might easily have been pardonably astonished at the present-day appearance of Barry, and its beautiful island, and tried to find out the old landmarks. They would remember the occasional trips by steamer from Cardiff, when no such things as docks or railways were contemplated, or if they had chosen to hire one of Solomon Andrew's numerous brakes and four horses, and drive by road, with perhaps, Jimmy Johnson and his cornet or posthorn at the stern, and then arrive at the "Ship," a little thatched cottage (now a palatial hotel), and took the precaution to bring their own tea and sugar and other necessary refreshments, could be supplied with hot water, and other limited necessities at a very nominal charge. I recall one occasion when I organised such an excursion of workmen and their wives, not to mention their sweethearts, who, needless to say, had a rollicking good time.

Old John Venn, a jovial patent fuel maker, of large dimensions and a full round face, took the first prize at our sports, which we held in the little field at the back of the "Ship." The prize was for the best facial effect produced by grinning through a horse-collar, which we had commandeered from one of the patient quadrupeds that drew our capacious brake. John accounted for his rubicundity by telling us that small coal and pitch, if ground sufficiently fine, was a very fattening food, and that he had eaten more of this than any other man living! Be that as it may, we were informed that he was one of the glorious Light Brigade that rode in the memorable six-hundred charge of Balaclava.

I must not omit to mention the fact that one of our party was an expert "Mari Llwydd," and who at Xmas time used to appear in the neighbourhood of Whitchurch, with his fearsome horse's skull decorated with white covering, and the ends of glass porter-bottles stuck into its eyeless sockets, and a string to the lower jaw when tugged was sufficiently alarming to cause consternation to the person bitten. This antique relic was for some time stowed away

in a corner of the Cambrian Fuel Works, now the workshops of the Glamorgan Canal Authorities.

One of the workmen, who had partaken of too large an amount of alcohol, which doubtless he had obtained from the "Ship," there being no other place for a very long distance, probably Cadoxton. This individual had great faith in his wading, or swimming, powers, and started to swagger across to the island, in spite of many attempts to prevent such a foolish act, and before he was half-way, got into deep water, and the current carried him towards where the dock is now. We managed to get a boat to overtake him, and pulled him on board, a wetter, and, I hope, a wiser man.

Where Mr. Graham lives now was the only residential place on the island, except a tiny cottage somewhere near where the tunnel is now, which leads to the boat landing stage.

Those who are interested in photography will no doubt sympathise with me when I tell them that I took with me a rather large camera, and exposed a plate looking direct towards where the dock is now, with a party of young ladies seated on a rough bench in the foreground, but sad to relate, on development, the plate frilled horribly, with the result that their faces got elongated and distorted, one fair charmer's fingers got stretched out almost across the plate, and the noses of the others similarly outrageous. Needless to say, my first photograph of the site of Barry Docks would not bear reproduction.

About this time, or earlier, my old friend, Mr. Sam Tylke, was negotiating the purchase of this valuable property, and perhaps I had better let him tell the story in his own words. He says :—

BARRY ISLAND DEVELOPMENT.

"During the year 1875 I was asked by Mr. J. D. Treharne, the owner of Barry Island, to take an interest with him in developing the property. I was at that time a member of the Cardiff Corporation, on very friendly terms with the late Mr. George Fisher, T.V.R., Jonathan Billups, railway contractor, and the leading shipping, coal, and other merchants of the town. In fact, it was some of them who sent Mr. Treharne to me. Together we visited the island, and being

struck with its possibilities as a summer resort, and its future utilization for shipping purposes, after consulting my friends, I agreed to lease the Island for 99 years, for building and other purposes, with a 14 years' option of purchase. I then formed a limited liability company with a 14 years' lease, and undertook the getting, with the adjoining land-proprietors, an Act of Palriament for a railway thereto, and the surveying of the harbour for dock purposes.

"In connection with the late Mr. Benjamin Matthews, and Richard Williams, solicitors, we arranged notably with Lord Romilly's trustees, Sir Ivor Guest, Mr. Jenner, and Lewis Williams, etc., and after much opposition from the Bute and Windsor Estates, succeeded in getting an Act for a railway via Penarth and Sully.

"With the help of Mr. George Fisher, who was enthusiastic for a coast line, I attended a meeting of the Taff Vale Directors, under the presidency of Mr. Nicholl Carne—also an enthusiast in its favour—and placed my whole scheme before them. They were all greatly impressed, and resolved to take over the Act, build the line, and guarantee a yearly percentage on the capital we were to find, also undertaking to develop docking, etc., when needed.

"Under their auspices Mr. George Fisher became the Engineer, and Mr. Abernethy was called in to report. As a consequence, Mr. Bounce, son of the great Bounce, was called in to survey, and he employed Mr. Bell, afterwards Engineer for the Barry Co., to help him. They reported favourably, and everything seemed to be successfully through, when one of the co-owners, of East Barry, with Mr. Lewis Williams, refused to agree unless the Taff increased their yearly percentage. It behoves me to say that Mr. Williams was not at fault, and it now became impossible for us to go on. Needless to say, the work up to this period had involved much outlay, and soon I found myself without support, and having to buy off personally the Limited Company I had formed, so as not to be sole owner. (This was a rough time for me.)

"About this time there was a great commercial despondency, a local bank had failed, large works had stopped, and several local firms were tottering. There was also a growing feeling that the development of Barry meant injury to Cardiff.

"From the late Mr. Forrest, I learned that the Windsor Estate feared that Penarth would be injured by Barry's upraising, but from the many conversations I had with Mr. Forrest, I knew he saw that Barry would one day become a great business centre.

"Acting under impulse, I one day offered him my interests, and lent him all the papers and surveys, that he might consult with Mr. Wolfe Barry, etc., acting for the Windsor Estate, and it ended in my selling. I had, however, tried other buyers, and gone over the property with Mr. Waller and Mr. David Davies, telling the latter everything, so that when docks became imperative, Mr. Davies knew that the making of the docks there was easily possible."

Surely, nowhere else can boast of such a romantic beginning.

Barry Island seems to have been visited by Geraldus in the 12th century, and he tells us this remarkable story:—

"On a rock in the sea here," says Geraldus, "is a small cleft, to which, if you put your ear you will hear a noise as of a forge, sometimes the stroke of a hammer, sometimes the loud gratings of the grindstone and the iron,—the hissing of steam, and the roaring of the fire."

Perhaps some of the youthful explorers of Whitmore Bay (one of the Channel's acknowledged beauty spots) may yet re-discover this natural phenomenon.

Of course, the great prime mover in the construction of this enormous enterprise was Mr. David Davies, M.P. of Llandinam, grandfather of the present Colonel David Davies, M.P., and vice-chairman of the Company.

I remember on one occasion accompanying this fine specimen of a Welsh gentleman on his visit of inspection, when he accidentally tripped over a piece of timber that lay on the ground. I helped him to rise, and when seated on the log, he pulled up the leg of his trousers to ascertain the extent of the damage. "You've barked your shin, Mr. Davies," I remarked sympathetically. "Oh, never mind that, my boy," he said, "just you look at that big chip I kicked off the corner of that piece of timber." Then he told me of the value of the "heart of oak" for various purposes, and a long and interesting story of how, in his younger days, he used to saw up oak planks, with the assistance of another friend,

"but," he said, "I was always top sawyer." Then he confided in me as to how to distinguish a Welshman's house in the colliery districts from an Irishman's house, by the handsome chests of drawers with china ornaments on the top, an always sure sign that such was a Welshman's cottage, and that it was to make these pieces of furniture, that the "heart of oak boards" were used.

Then he told me of his first successful contract, and the amount of money he had invested in his colliery undertakings and the railway stock, also his investment in the coming Barry enterprise, and that he had made more money than he knew what to do with. I could not help exclaiming that I wished I had some of it. "Never mind, my boy," he said, "you'll get it some day."

On another occasion, when the dock was in excavation, and huge coffer-dams kept out the water, Mr. Davies, accompanied by his talented son, the late Mr. Edward Davies, and his grandson, the present Colonel David Davies, M.P., who was a very small boy, and who did some experimenting as to the weight that a small piece of floating timber would carry on one of the numerous pools near the dock gates, and finding that it was not an easy feat to perform, the future vice-chairman over-balanced, and succeeded in getting a ducking. His father was pretty close to him, and soon hauled him out, and took him to a navvy's hut, and before a fire-devil managed to get his clothes dry. This was no doubt the occasion he referred to latter on, that on his first visit to Barry Dock, he fell in.

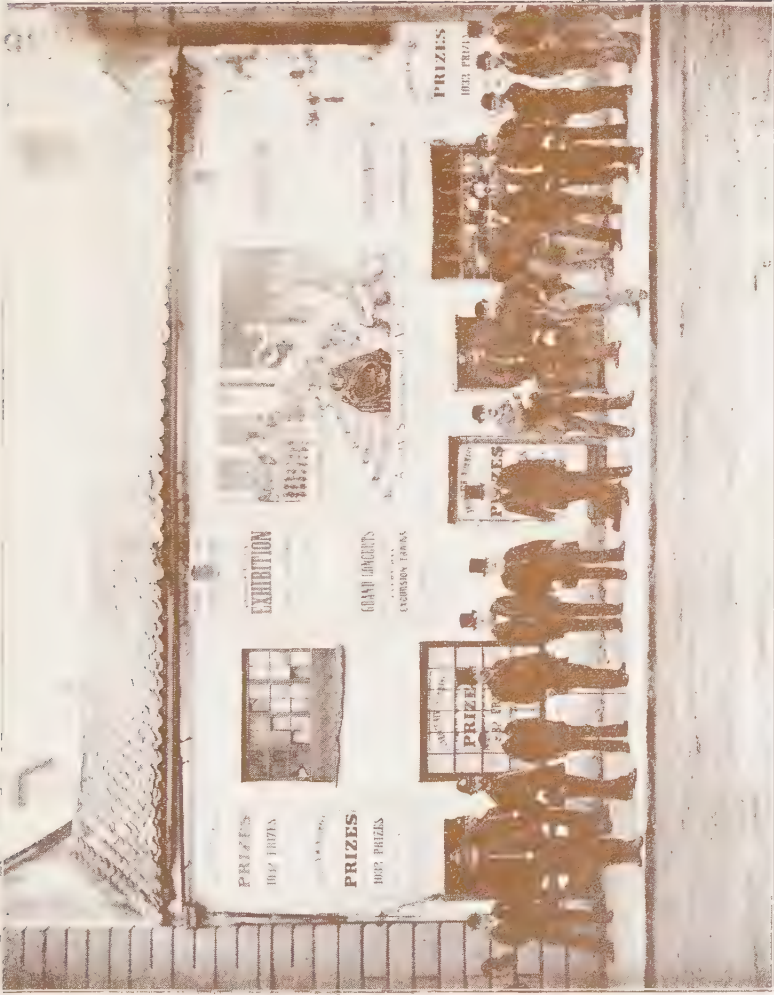
The old gentleman's statue now characteristically stands in front of the Barry offices, holding a plan in his hands, which he regards critically.

A little while ago a small boy of my acquaintance was being taken for the first time to see Barry Docks, and on seeing this fine statue, which he examined critically. "Who is that?" he asked. His mother replied, "That is Mr. David Davies." "What did they put him up there for?" he said. "Oh," his mother replied, "because he made these docks." "Was he a good man?" the child asked again. "Of course he was," she said. "Is he dead, mother?" "Yes," she said, "and has he gone to Heaven?" "Of course," she replied, when came the final and unanswerable

query, with another critical look, "Then why didn't he take his ornament with him?"

AN INTERVIEW WITH A PUBLIC EXECUTIONER.

A few years ago I had quite an unexpected visit from a man, who had often been a very unwelcome guest to many a condemned criminal. He was a Yorkshire man of comparatively small stature, and a quiet and unassuming manner, and as he introduced himself I noticed his soft catlike footsteps as he came close to my drawing-board, and said that he had seen an invention of mine in London, and wanted to become a purchaser, if the price was within his reach. "My name is James Berry," he said, "I am the public executioner." The invention in question was that of an improved automatic optical lantern, in which I placed a large number of slides in a long drawer, and by simply turning a handle each slide came up into exact position in front of the lens, and as quickly disappearing again, with the following slide accurately taking its place. Of course, such an instrument was necessarily more expensive than an ordinary lantern, and he did not see his way to effect a purchase. "You see, Mr. Allen," he said, "what I want is this, when I place a man on the drop, and pull the white cap over his head, and then pull the lever, I want him to drop quickly, and the next slide to take its place, and show the culprit in the pit instantaneous like, and this machine is the very thing for the job, it's as much better than any other optical lantern as a modern Great Western Railway locomotive is to George Stephenson's Rocket, so when I can afford it I'll try and get one." He called on me several times after this while on his lecturing tours in the neighbourhood of Cardiff, but the deal never came off. Mr. Berry has since this time gone to his long rest, but one of the lanterns he so much admired is in constant use at the various lectures of the Cardiff Naturalists' Society.



Chas. Jenkins, D. W. Evans, S. W. Allen, F. W. Lock,
H. B. Moreton, Fred Armstrong,
W. Burnett.

COMMITTEE OF THE INFIRMARY SCHEME OF

1865	£ 583	0	0
1876	£1,035	11	11
1881	£ 752	8	4
	£2,370	0	7

CARDIFF INFIRMARY SCHEMES.

The Cardiff Infirmary, and many other charitable institutions, have often benefitted by the enthusiasm of a few of such people as figure on the adjoining page, the most active and unselfish of these being the talented H. B. Moreton, who stands in front of the little shop window in St. Mary Street, and which was used as an office for the great Infirmary prize drawing schemes of 1876 and 1881. This ancient little building stood immediately opposite the frontage of the old Town Hall, recently pulled down and replaced by a very large Co-operative Stores, and which unpretentious little building was reported to be the place where the celebrated Nantgarw China was painted. On one side of the little place was the Police Station, now the palatial buildings of Messrs. Cross Bros., and on the other the St. Mary Street entrance to the Market Place. It will be noticed that the fine poster by "Herkomer" adorns the frontage, and which was probably the most artistic poster ever designed or printed up to that time, viz., 1881. There may also be seen other posters to advertise the Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition which was held in the Cardiff Drill Hall in 1881.

Next to Mr. Moreton, and on his left, stands Mr. William Burnett, who looked after the architectural interests of the Bute estate. Then comes Mr. D. W. Evans, father-in-law of the late Councillor Henry Jones, of the great ship-owning firm of W. H. and C. T. Jones, of Mount Stuart Square. In the centre of the picture comes Mr. Fred Armstrong, who was the prime mover in these charitable enterprises. He was formerly proprietor of the Ty-Dderwen-deg, in Angel Street, and the Windsor Hotel at the Docks. I need not give the name of the gent. with the book of Infirmary prize tickets standing next to Mr. Armstrong, but the one separated from myself by the policeman is Mr. F. W. Lock, who perhaps did more than any man to popularise the Infirmary Saturday Collections by which the workmen of Cardiff contributed their share to this excellent institution.

I append a letter from the late and ever to be respected Mr. W. Done Bushell, the treasurer to the Infirmary.

This Committee had in 1865 contributed to the funds of the Infirmary the sum of £583 1s. 4d., and in 1876 no less

a sum than £1,035 11s. 11d., and in 1881 £752 8s. 4d.; making a grand total in the three schemes of £2,371 1s. 7d.

The Glamorgan and Monmouthshire Infirmary,

Cardiff, April 15th, 1882.

T. COLEMAN, Secretary.

DEAR SIR,

I am desired by the Committee of the Infirmary to convey to you and your brother secretaries the following resolution passed at the meeting held on the 5th instant.

Resolved—"That this meeting desires to record its most grateful thanks to Messrs. F. W. Armstrong, H. B. Moreton, Wm. Burnett, D. W. Evans, S. W. Allen, and F. W. Lock, who with energy and zeal carried out to a most successful issue an enterprise which resulted in a contribution of the magnificent sum of £752 8s. 4d. to the New Infirmary Building Fund."

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

WM. DONE BUSHELL,
Treasurer.

MR. S. W. ALLEN.

QUEER "ENGINEERS."

Everybody is an engineer nowadays, or at least they think they are, but the fact is, a real engineer is as scarce a commodity as can be found in any other of the learned professions. Having had considerably over half a century of close companionship with all classes of engineers, I have naturally struck up against a few queer fish. Perhaps it may afford some amusement if I recall some of them. For instance, there was a little chap who had served some time in the engine room of a steamer as donkey-man, and of course was by courtesy an engineer. He desired to abandon the life of a sea rover, and thought that if he could find some sort of a dug-out near the coast, he might rig up a little snuggerly to live a life of retirement. Such a habitation he managed to discover between Penarth Head and Lavernock, it being nothing more or less than an abandoned excavation

that was formerly scooped out to obtain alabaster, of which this part of the coast is particularly rich. Here, in this little shelter with the flotsam and jetsam washed up by the tide, he made himself very comfortable, and at no expense to anybody. Had it not been for the too inquisitive attention of the populace, he might possibly have lived his lonely and happy life unmolested. but such was not to be, for the majesty of the County Constabulary must be respected, so he was unceremoniously moved on, and, turning his back to the sea, managed to strike up against another little cosy nook, where there was a little steam pump, which was fixed under a large water tank, with just enough room for him and the engine to live and work comfortably together, keeping the tank above constantly replenished, but he lacked the view of the open sea, and the excitement of the Great World's traffic as the ships passed on their way up and down the Channel, so our Troglodyte, as he was known by, sought other pleasures, and in order to increase his revenue, he hit upon the idea that he would start a tobacconist's business, but to get the tobacco was not such an easy matter. He knew that enormous quantities of fag-ends of cigarettes littered the floors and gutters of public places, and being particularly active on his feet, and splendid vision, he could spot a fag when others of his companions would not be in the running, with the result that after an evening out, he would return to his engine with his pockets overflowing with all manner of fag-ends. These he spread out on a sheet of tin, or an old frying pan, placed upon the cylinder, the heat from which would dry out the moisture in the tobacco, which he would sell to his companions at a halfpenny a screw, and I need hardly say that he did a roaring trade, without paying tax to the Inland Revenue. This engineer had a remarkable fluency of technical language, and knew the names of every tool in use, even if he had no knowledge of how to use them. He would say to his less cultured associates, "'Ere, Bill, fetch me that there Jenny Wollopers. Wot? Don't cher know what a Jenny Wollopers is? Well, the next time you are told to fetch one, you jest bring an Hermaphrodite Callipers. Wot? Don't know wot that is? Why, it's a helongated hinside callipers, wif one leg ground to a pint, and the hother twisted to a hangle of ninety degrees, or the fourth part of a succle. Now yer knows

suthin' of the value of scholastic edication." On one occasion his little pump refused to draw water from a well close by. It was necessary to trace the run of the suction pipe. I asked him where the well was situated. His reply was that, "Under the pump was a pipe of indefinite length, and that there was an 'ole alongside of the pipe so that if he tied a stone on to a bit of string, and lowered it down the 'ole, he would certainly hear it splash in the water," but the unfortunate part of it was that he did not possess a bit o' string, or would the man who was working near oblige him with the loan of such an article. I then asked him to lift up the stone slab under the pump, and then we could see down into the well. He said, "Yes, sir, a very excellent idea, if he could induce some one to lend him a pick axe, or a crow bar, or a lever of the first order," but as there was no such thing in sight, I had to lift the slab myself, when I found the well was not in that place. After much excavation, however, the pipe was traced about 10 feet away, when it took another direction for 20 or 30 feet at about right angles, then it came to a sudden stop, and then returned to nearly the position of the pump again, then away in another direction until it entered a little building near by, and then took a dip downward about ten or twelve feet. This was excavated, and water was found. The curious part about the water being that it had the reputation of having medicinal properties, our friend declaring that there was no water to be found anywhere to equal the water in this well for purity and health-giving purposes. The building in the centre of which the well was found had been in use for many years for post mortem examinations. This "engineer" was promoted from the charge of the pumping engine to that of being responsible for the effective working of a machine for removing the outer skin of a large number of potatoes. The machine had a revolving disc at the bottom of a kind of bucket, the disc having large rough crystals of carborundum embedded in its surface, the revolution of which abraded or sand-papered the outside of the potatoes in a very effective and economical way.

About 28 lbs. of these vegetables could thus be cleaned in a couple of minutes. If they remained in longer the potatoes would very soon be ground all away, so that it was necessary for economy's sake that the exact number of seconds should

be adhered to, and the speed of the machine regulated accordingly. To count the seconds, in the absence of a stop-watch, was an unsurmountable difficulty, so it was decided that if a number of seconds was desired he was told to count by saying, "Ruckety-buckety one, ruckety-bucket two," and so on, to as many seconds as were desired. The "engineer" now enlisted into his aid other associates, who assisted in the counting and ruckety-bucketies, with the effect that I am afraid I am incapable of describing. He said that he need not count in this way if he was informed as to the peripheral velocity of the circumferential diameter of the revolutions of the disc. He would then be in a position to give the potatoes the exact number of seconds that would be impossible by any system of determination by stop-watch or chronometrical calculations.

A new steam boiler was about being installed, and "Grammatical Jack," for such he was sometimes known by, confided to his non-technical friends, in order to show his superior qualifications and engineering knowledge, that if he had to design a boiler, he would make its cubical capacity of longitudinal section, and transverse cubicality, so that it would gravitate on to the boiler flues planimetrically, and save the work of the mason in laying the bricks, and thus prevent a tendency to revolve on its circumferential periphery.

His next promotion was to the responsible position of fireman, and in order to prevent incrustation he had to supply a quantity of caustic soda to a large body of feed water. His superior education convinced him that a much simpler plan was to put the entire keg of caustic into the feed tank, and allow the pumps to drain off a saturated solution of that liquid, and as the steam produced was partly used for domestic purposes, the result was that those who partook of the food thus cooked suffered from mysterious diarrhoea troubles.

He frequently told his associates that he was not a hordinary mechanic, but a "skyentific hingineer."

A GERMAN SPY SCARE.

Curiosity is very frequently the cause of a lot of trouble, as was evidenced quite recently, in which an artistic and patriotic friend of mine was the victim. We always called him "The General," for his real name was Booth, and he held an important position in a military capacity. The incident happened in this way, for it was on a Sunday evening, as the good folk were returning from their various places of worship, of which the Newport Road is especially favoured with. It was just after the lighting-up time, and as it was soon after the commencement of the present war hostilities, opaque blinds were not at that time demanded, and ordinary white blinds were thought sufficient to hide a gas jet which was fixed on an ordinary wall bracket at the far end of the room, so that anything coming between the gas jet and the window threw an exaggerated shadow thereon. Now, it so happened that the "General's" good lady had some lady visitors on that occasion, who desired to display a much befeathered and beflowered new and ultra-fashionable bonnet, whose gigantic silhouette was extravagantly depicted on the window blind, much to the satisfaction of a couple of children who had climbed on to the wall and railings immediately in front of the window. The few children soon attracted others, and as only a very limited number could actually see the shadow pantomime, the crowd generally could see nothing, except an occasional glimpse of something unusual going on. About this time, when there were probably about a few hundred curiously excited people discussing as to what was the cause of the hubbub, two young ladies from a High Street emporium were heard to discuss the fact of a German spy being apprehended one day during the preceding week on the shop premises. The words "German Spy" ran through the crowd like wildfire. The crowd had by this time increased enormously, when the proprietor of the house himself made his appearance from townwards. "What's all this crowd doing in front of my house?" he said, and made a dash for the entrance gateway. The cry of "German Spy" was shouted by ail and sundry. Then the good old "General" in righteous indignation told those around that he was no "German Spy." This only added fuel to the fire, and the shadow pantomime

A political cartoon titled "AIRS and GRACES of the ROATH ELECTION 1878". The cartoon depicts a man in a top hat and long coat, possibly a politician, being carried or supported by two other men. The man in the top hat is looking down at a small object in his hand. The two supporting men are also looking down at the object. The cartoon is signed "A. J. 1878" in the bottom right corner. There is a large, stylized signature "A. J." in the bottom left corner.

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still went on, the ladies in the house all the time being oblivious to the sensation going on outside, there being now several thousands present, and the road being completely blocked for a considerable distance. The "General," then thinking that discretion was the better part of valour, and that it was quite impossible to get within many yards of his own home, proceeded to the Roath Police Station, and enlisted the services of two stalwart policemen, the appearance of which only added to the dilemma, and as the crowd was continually added to, the police themselves seeing through the difficulty gracefully withdrew, when the crowd melted away. When all was clear, the "General" was able to enter the establishment, and to acquaint the occupants of the war scare they had unwittingly created. Opaque blinds were fixed next day.

ROATH ELECTION, 1878.

To some people the glare of municipal life has its attractions, and many of my very best friends have been at some time or other captivated by the desire to pose as a councillor or a chief magistrate. Most of us have naturally been drawn into the vortex of electioneering fascinations. I am reminded of this by the Roath election cartoon of 1878, when Mr. Alfred Thomas, now Lord Pontypridd, appealed for the suffrage of the ward named. This was his second election as a town councillor for that important position, and I need hardly say that I was one of his most enthusiastic supporters, and perpetrated the electioneering skit, a copy of which may interest many of his old constituents. In this election the great war cry was "Vote for the two T.'s," there being two vacancies. The other T. was the very greatly respected Mr. Alderman Trounce, who I am glad to learn has decided on recording his early reminiscences of Cardiff, and as he can give me a few years start, he will be able to tell you first hand of his early career as a boy in Red Cow Lane, now Womanby Street, where he witnessed many a good ship sail from the bend of the river, previous to its diversion, when the South Wales Railway demanded its straightening in 1852.

In this cartoon the candidates are depicted being led by Mr. Alfred Thomas, who says, "Oh, crikey! Trounce is close behind me, and, bedad, I can smell sausages not far off."

Then follows Mr. Trounce, in tall hat and spectacles. He says, "Lead the way, Mr. Thomas; I'll keep those persons out."

Following in the rear is a well-known pork butcher, Mr. William Ayres, who did a very big trade in that commodity in a building which formerly stood in the centre of the Hayes, and as near as possible to the present position of the Batchelor statue. Mr. Ayres is depicted riding on one of his favourite steeds, an unusually fat porker, with a string of sausages for a bridle. He says, "You think yer can get into the Town Hall so easy, 'Lime Dust and Specs.' Sossingers and sewers ain't far behind."

The pig says, "Stick on, Billy. If you get in I'll try my luck next year. I'm as good as most of them who are in."

The gentleman on the extreme right is intended for Mr. Webber, a well-known commission agent, who also sought municipal honours. He says, "Wait a bit till I've raked out this sewer question. I think I can find I can make it alright next time."

I need hardly say that Mr. Thomas and Mr. Trounce were elected with a considerable majority, and Mr. Thomas was afterwards Mayor in 1881, whilst Alderman Trounce was elected Mayor in 1893, and is still one of the most popular and useful members of the City Council. His ripe judgement, and honesty of purpose always being above criticism. Mr. Thomas has progressed much since his entrance to the City Council Chamber, having been repeatedly returned to the House of Commons for the important constituency of East Glamorgan, and then honoured by being knighted by the late Queen Victoria, and afterwards raised to the Peerage under the honoured name of Lord Pontypridd. He is one of Cardiff's oldest residents, being born and bred in the city, and is the son of the late Mr. Daniel Thomas, who had the honour of being one of the contractors who built the West Bute Dock, and other large public works.

YE OLD ENGLISH FAYRE, 1882.

I have in front of me as I write a very beautiful book, perhaps the best permanent record of any charitable local effort. This splendid *edition-de-luxe* was edited by the late Dr. Sheen, an indefatigable and disinterested worker for the Cardiff Infirmary, and to which he contributed a very humorous poem, which was intended to be sung to the tune of "Groves of Blarney," and in which he immortalises the names of all the fair ladies and gents. who took part in the memorable "Faire" on the opening day. Here is one of the verses :—

"Then there's Mrs. N——l, too, always looks so well, too,
With Mesdames A—x—n—r, H—r E——ns, all galore,
Helped by female graces, bless their purty faces.
Showing off their laces always to the fore.
Mrs. N——l and Mrs. S——n, Mrs. C——y, too I ween,
All wearing nice sateen, or, if not, they surely ought to ;
Faix, I'm thinkin', just like winkin', of Poor Morgan
and Ap Jenkyn, and the state of emptyness their
pockets will be brought to.'
Chorus : Sing Botherashun, etc."

The following is the list of some of the contributors to the "Boke," viz. :—

Mr. James Milward.	Mr. J. H. Whitecole.
Mr. Edwin Seward.	Mr. H. C. Emery.
Mr. T. H. Thomas.	Mr. W. E. Davies.
Dr. Alfred Sheen.	Mr. T. John.
Mr. S. W. Allen.	Mr. Wm. Seward.
Mr. R. W. Jones, J.P.	

Here is another extract, viz :—

THE COLLIER'S WEDDING.

I only append three of the verses, and as there are 24 verses, I must ask those interested to refer to the book itself, if possible, for the others.

"A collier I be, sir,
And as you shall see, sir,
If you listen to me, sir.
You'll laugh, I'll be bound.

The whole of last summer,
 I works at the Cymmer,
 Along with great nummer
 Of chaps underground.
 Tom Jones was my butty,
 He works very purty,
 And sticks to his duty
 The whole year around.

“ James Jones, of the Crumlin,
 He came in a stumblin’
 And fumblin’ and grumblin’
 Because he was late.
 Jones Cochlin, of Magor,
 And Jones, of Tredegar,
 The last was most eager,
 To empty his plate.
 Old Jones, of the Blaina,
 His daughters, Sabina,
 Malvina, Selina,
 They sit there in state.

“ Young Jones, of Blaencuffin,
 A good one for stuffin’,
 But he didn’t drink nuffin’,
 Good Templar was he.
 Mr. Jones, of Nantmelyn,
 His name is Llewelyn,
 ’Mong the ladies was swellin’,
 As fine as might be,
 While Jones, Pontymister,
 He come with his sister,
 We all could have kissed her.
 Of course, except me.”

The result of this effort was to enrich the funds of the Infirmary by the contribution of £1,500 os. od. The “ Olde Englishe Fayre ” was opened in the Philharmonic Hall, in St. Mary Street, on the 22nd of June, 1882.



CARDIFF CASTLE FROM THE WEST, BY PAUL SANDBY, 1755.

Formerly the property of Mr. Fred C. Williams of Charles Street, but now in the collection of the Marquis of Bute.

THE IRON ORE MINES OF THE GARTH.

An invite to join a party of naturalists in June, 1917, to visit the Marquis of Bute's beautiful Castell Coch has stirred up some old memories, and I am therefore tempted to recall the days when I first paid frequent visits to this delightful spot, for it was here that the young folks of the neighbourhood used to assemble, and *sans* ceremony hold their alfresco picnics without let or hindrance. In 1866 the boys, who were employed at the Penttyrch Forge just below made this their headquarters on summer evenings and Sundays, and many a feast of gooseberries have I enjoyed, which grew on the bushes amidst the thick vegetation on its ruined wall. I therefore look back with pleasant memories to those far-off days, when the Forge was in full swing producing the celebrated charcoal Iron Plates, and round wire, to be afterwards used for the shore end of the first submarine electric telegraph cable laid on the ocean bed of the Atlantic, and established telegraphic communication with the Continent of America, the world's greatest steamer, the "Great Eastern," being successfully employed for this purpose. As an example of the ductility of the sheet iron made at the Penttyrch works, and rolled at Melingriffith, I may instance the fact that in the London Exhibition of 1862, a small book was made up and bound, each leaf being a sheet iron plate. The number of pages was 365, and the whole volume scarcely bigger than the volume in which these "Reminiscences" are printed. Opposite Castell Coch is the lesser Garth Mountain, where the iron ore to supply the works below was mined, present day visitors will perhaps discover a huge quarry, resembling an extinct volcano near its summit, down the precipitous sides of which would be hazardous to explore for even the most expert Alpine climber. Here may still be seen remains of the iron ore pockets, with their glistening crystals, and perhaps the remains of the tools and ladders up which a few of us used to climb when the whole concern was a real hive of industry. On the top of this big excavation was erected and worked, a very pretty beam winding engine. It was made at the Abbey Works, Neath, and was put to work on the very day that King Edward VII. was born, and was known as the "Prince of Wales Engine." It had a cylinder of 12-in. diameter, and a stroke of 3-ft., with as perfect a parallel and

valve motion as was ever designed. This little engine hauled up the iron stone from below, which was then taken by mule or donkey back to the works near by. It was then no uncommon sight to see a long team of these animals winding down the zig-zag sides of the hill in charge of female drivers, not only laden with iron stone, but with bags of charcoal for smelting purposes. It must also be remembered that a large quantity of ore was also obtained from the hill on which Castell Coch stands, and which was brought to the Forge in the same way, and when the river was low, it was a common thing to see a "long—long—trail—a—winding" across in similar fashion. The visitor of to-day may look in vain for the "Prince of Wales Engine," for it was removed from the position named in 1866, its occupation being rendered no longer necessary, as a tunnel had been excavated, through which a tramway had been constructed, and the valuable commodity taken away in trams, and then tipped into other trams on the hill side, and then by horse traction to the furnaces below. This tunnel can, at some little inconvenience, be still traversed, for there is a pretty considerable outflow of water always going on, and explorers should be very careful how they proceed in the darkness of the tortuous passage. In order to make it clear, perhaps I had better relate a little personal experience which occurred in 1866.

I had been engaged in taking some dimensions in connection with a winding engine, which was fixed in a large excavation near the foot of the quarry, which was used for winding up the trams of ore from workings lower still than the ones that can still be seen from above. A fixed sheave was attached to gear in the roof of the cave, over which a chain passed with an attachment at one end to the winding barrel of the engine, and to sling chains on the tram at the other. On the occasion named, in company with a youth who was my assistant, and having finished the job we were engaged upon, I emerged from the tunnel very much iron ore discoloured and ran against a lady, who very politely asked me if she could be permitted to see the iron mine. "Alright," I said. "Come along," and thrust a lump of damp clay into her hand, into which was placed a stump of a tallow candle. "Come along, Ben," I said. "Get a couple more candles," and thus we proceeded to retrace our steps, accompanied by the lady.

When we arrived at the place where the trams descended, we clambered into a suspended vehicle, and I shouted to the engine driver to "Heave up and lower." Of course, this was great fun to the boys above, who acted in the same way as Penttyrch boys always did in those days—well, somewhat rudely, with the effect that the swinging tram struck against a jutting snag in the rough-hewn side of the pit, causing the tram to heel over to an uncomfortable, not to say dangerous, angle, so that the lady clung to me, and I hurled some choice vituperations at the youth above, who guided the chain. A little lift up, and another lower, of about 10-ft., we bumped on the bottom of the sump, and the three of us nimbly climbed out laughingly on to *terra firma*. During our travels, the lady told me of a previous visit on which she had been accompanied by various members of the local aristocracy, amongst which she named the Booker family, the Greenmeadow people, Sir Charles Morgan, etc., etc., from which I gathered that she herself was of gentle birth. We climbed various inclined planes, and, more easily, glided down others, until we reached another Aladdin's cavern, with a solitary opening into the floor of the cave above, through which a beam of light somewhat dimly illuminated the great subterranean excavation, a huge natural pillar being left at about the centre, which supported the roof above. Here her Ladyship told me that when on a former visit this cavern was specially illuminated by pyrotechnics. Perhaps these "Reminiscences" may be read by others who were present on that occasion, if so, it would be interesting if they would confirm my story.

When we arrived into daylight, we found a carriage and pair waiting outside, with a coachman and a pair of footmen in green livery and silver buttons. The lady graciously thanked me, and told me that I was to give a sovereign to the workmen, a gratuity that I was not slow in handing over to the man in charge of the mine.

YELLOW PAINT FROM IRON ORE.

Iron ore was not the only mineral obtained from the mine pits of the lesser Garth, for at the time of the events recorded in the last paragraphs of these Reminiscences, a very large quantity of Yellow Ochre was abstracted and made into a useful paint at a little works in connection with the

great tin works at Melingriffith. The ochre works was not found to be sufficiently profitable, and the site and buildings in connection were utilised for a diminutive gas works, which supplied the artificial illumination of the tin works, etc., for some considerable time, eventually giving place to the up-to-date engineering workshops of the Company, who have recently, under the direction of Mr. Spence Thomas, effected some splendid innovations in the old industry, among which may be noticed the conversion of one of the old mills into a turbine installation with an auxiliary electric drive of 400 horse-power. A visitor now standing alongside of the great fly-wheel will perhaps be interested to know that it is no less than 36 feet in diameter, and weighs 120 tons, and revolves at such a speed that a spot on its perimeter travels at the rate of 60 miles per hour. The old paint works was engineered by my old friend and master, the late Mr. Edward Morgan, who was the civil and mechanical engineer as well as the architect of everything in connection with the various and extensive engineering mining work in connection with Messrs. T. W. Booker & Co., and the management of the paint department was under the superintendence of the late Mr. Challenger, of Whitchurch, where all of us used to do something almost every evening to entertain our friends to the best of our varied abilities. Mr. Challenger was noted for his one and only song, which some may perhaps remember. The verses ran as follows :—

Old John Brown is dead and gone,
 We ne'er shall see him more,
 He used to wear an old brown coat
 All buttoned down before.

Now this old man two children had,
 Both born of one mother,
 Abram was the name of one,
 And Ish-ma-el the t'other.

When these two boys to the field were sent,
 The old gray mare to find,
 Abram, he got up in front,
 And Ish-ma-el behind.

These two boys to the play would go,
 Wherever they thought fit,
 Abram in the gallery sat,
 And Ish-ma-el in the pit.

Chorus—

“ Oh, would I were a brewer’s horse,
 A brewer’s horse, a brewer’s horse,
 Three-quarters of the year,
 I’d put my head where my tail should be,
 And drink up all the beer.”

The last line was shouted, and repeated *ad lib* with much enthusiasm by all the boys present, an effect the local aristocracy, including Mr. John Booker, of Green Hill, or the Lewis’, of Green Meadow, never attempted, or desired, to modify.

THE BIG STACK AT PENTYRCH.

The big chimney that stands between Castell Coch and the Lesser Garth has lost many feet of its height since it was built in 1866, and nearly all who were engaged on the work have passed away. It may be known to very few that every brick of that work was made within a few hundred yards of their erection. The brick works itself can scarcely be recognised, being just a dismantled ruin, but that which is left of the big chimney stands out very boldly in the middle of the valley. I have still an old memorandum book with all its particulars and dimensions, which bring back the days when it was desired to ornament its exterior with something decorative, so I prepared a drawing of a pair of immense eagles, which were built of ordinary red bricks on the white brick ground of the chimney itself. These bricks stand out about an inch from the white surface, and as I was, at that time, very keen on the designing of ladies needle work, which was then very fashionable, I had the bricks built in squares, and as it was difficult to get the masons to understand what I wanted, I had to build the birds myself, and this had to be performed at about 100 feet from the ground, from the inside of the chimney. My assistant was a little forge carpenter, or handyman, who was known generally as “Sair Bach,” or

to those who knew him better, Evan Howell. When we had worked from the eagle's claws to a height of about 9 feet, a "brilliant" idea struck me that the birds wanted eyes, so I sent Ianto for two bottles of porter from the Lewis Arms in the Ton, which I carefully embedded where they are to be seen to-day. Then I left the masons to go on with the work. The last thing to do on a chimney stack is to fix a lightning conductor, and this I superintended. Sair Bach and I standing on the top of the chimney, about 150 feet from the ground, and I was reminded of this about a year ago, when I paid a visit to Porth, to see this little forge carpenter, for it was then his 93rd birthday. Then he reminded me that when we stood on the top of the chimney, he confessed that when I left him alone with the bottles, he withdrew the corks and placed the empty bottles in position, and that when we had fixed the lightning conductor, he said, "You do think that there was porter in those bottles? An' you did say, 'Yes, of course there is.' Well, I did say to you, 'No, I did drink the lot, as I thought that the heat would bust 'em, when the fires in the boilers was lit, then you up with your fist and knocks my cap off, which went flying into the Taff, and then I ups with my hand and knocks your stror 'at off, and then both had a race to see which would reach ground first.'" Then we descended singly by placing one foot in a little skep, and were lowered to the ground by Tommy Rosser, who drove the little winding engine that was fixed at the base of the chimney. Tommy Rosser for many years conducted a well known hostelry in Crockherbtown, and was also a very fine musician, being the accompanist to Mr. Sims Reeves on many occasions, as well as on his last visit to Cardiff.

Sair Bach also told me that he had prepared his own motor-car, so that when the time came, he would ride back from Porth to Pentyrch in style. This was no less than his coffin, and very soon after I had the melancholy duty to perform of forming one of the little company who attended the graveside at Whitchurch, to see Sair Bach's motor-car and its contents being quietly and reverently interred.

THE CAPTURE OF A FISH PLATE.

In the days gone by when the River Taff was not so much contaminated by colliery refuse and coal washing, this

was a fine river for salmon and other fish, but I cannot personally vouch for having seen anything larger than a trout in the locality. There is, however, a large disused culvert close to the weir at Radyr; whether this was ever intended for a by-pass to allow of the water above the weir being lowered or drained, I cannot say, or whether it was intended for the capture of salmon, as has been supposed.

I can only repeat a story I used to hear of an old poacher who was employed at Melingriffith, and went by the sobriquet of "Will Meyrig." He was said on one occasion to have caught an exceptionally large and heavy salmon at the weir, and after much heaving and lifting succeeded in carrying it in a bag all the way along the tram lines, past the iron bridge, the Penttyrch forge, the blast furnaces, and up the side of the mountain to the village of Gwaelod-y-Garth, where he deposited his catch in a friendly hostelry. The landlord, for secrecy's sake, conducted him to the beer cellar, where the poacher rested and refreshed himself. Cautioning the landlord to be very careful, as the fish was alive, and might bite, it is said that after much manœuvring, the bag was emptied, when they found that the heavy and "live" fish was nothing else but one of Mr. Booker-Blakemore's cast-iron fish plates from the old tram road that had evidently fallen into the water, and had been captured by old "Will Meyrig."

WHO ARE THE BEST FIGHTERS?

As I am compelled to leave out all reference to many things that have happened since the memorable 4th August, 1914, I humbly ask the Censor to permit this little reference to the fighting possibilities of our gallant army, being a conversation overheard at a ladies' academy, where some small boys were also receiving their kindergarten education.

The first spokesman was a wee Scotch laddie, who persisted in boasting that "the best fechtters in the world was the Gorrrdon Heighlanderrs," and being dressed in full Highland costume, looked every inch a perfect reproduction of the clan MacGregor, or the bold Rob Roy. This assertion was not to be allowed to pass unchallenged in Wales, for one of the noble race of Shenkin stood boldly out with clenched fists, and boldly asserted that the best fighters in the world were the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. When all the various

nationalities of this particular school in Cathedral Road had excitedly put in their claims as being representatives of their particular regiments, the climax was reached when a cheeky, but aggressive, little person stood boldly forth, and at the top of his voice shrieked forth that all of the soldiers named in the discussion weren't anything to compare with his father's regiment.

"What's that?" they all cried in chorus. "The Saint John's Ambulance Brigade," he said triumphantly.

THE WELSH NATIONAL PAGEANT.

My countrymen will expect me to make some reference to the splendid Welsh Pageant which was held in the Sophia Gardens field, and the other adjoining meadows in 1909, and whatever opinion may be expressed by those who had to pay their share of the guarantee which amounted to the large sum of £2,154 8s. od., it can only be said that the expenditure was well worth it, for it was really the most magnificent and artistic production ever attempted in this district, or perhaps any other, and notwithstanding the splendid effort of the promoters, the general public did not give that patronage which such a display demanded.

As an instance of this, on one particular day, notwithstanding the immense accommodation of the grand stands, with no less than 5,000 performers, with a vast display of historical accoutrements, to say nothing of the splendid horsemanship and hunting scenes, the costly scenery and pyrotechnics, and electrical installation, the seats were more often than not comparatively empty, while at the same time, on one particular afternoon, the Cardiff Arms Park was crowded with spectators to see an ordinary cricket match. Perhaps the greatest error committed by the management was the costly grandstand, when a smaller one quite large enough to accommodate the audience on most days would have been more suitable, and I ought to add that the 5,000 voluntary performers, who came from all parts of Wales, acted splendidly, and the amount of voluntary work put in by the costumes committee, was beyond all praise. If I singled out any individuals, I should not forget to mention the names of Mrs. Snead-Davies,

Mrs. Frank Nicholls, Mrs. Jotham, Mrs. W. Taylor and Mr. W. V. James for the wonderful number of hours spent in superintending and making the costumes, and after the pageant was over acted as second-hand saleswoman and men in disposing of the goods to advantage, in order to reduce as far as possible the original cost of production. Most of the performers obtained some small portion of their reward by the pleasure they had in wearing their picturesque costumes on the field in front of the audience, but those who had the responsibility of providing the costumes and other appurtenances were not quite so fortunate. I must not omit the name of Mr. J. M. Staniforth, the celebrated Cartoonist of the *Western Mail*, who was the designer of the costumes, or Mr. Sesom Hiley, who was responsible for the great Castle scenery.

An outstanding and splendid feature of the pageant was the music provided by the Royal Marines band, with Lieut. Miller in command, and it will never be forgotten by those who were present the superb picture which was presented by the beautiful Mrs. Chas. Forestier Walker in the scene in which she represents Nest, the daughter of Rhys ap Tudor, when Stephen of Cardigan finally leads her from the scene to the music of a wonderful cornet solo from "Samson and Delila," played by a member of Lieut. Miller's band, and then they had the rush of Ivor Bach's warriors as they stormed the Castle of Cardiff, as also the death of the poor scout in the first part of the pageant, so effectively played by the well-known actor, Mr. Coves. I must ask to be forgiven for not attempting to mention others, but I cannot leave out reference to the last performance, when just after the ceremony of crowning Henry Tudor after the battle of Bosworth Field, and all the performers in their thousands rushed on the field to wish goodbye to the great audience who had assembled to witness the last display of the National Pageant of Wales.

Harry Tudor was played by my dear old friend, the late Mr. John S. Taylor, who was always ready to help forward any deserving cause in Cardiff. His suit of real plate armour unfortunately fitted him rather badly, the steel legs being a little too long, so after wobbling painfully on the field, he took the first opportunity of carrying them in his arms and in this way mounted the rostrum and congratulated Mr.

Hawtreys on the successful conclusion of the display. He gazed at the sea of heads in front of the grandstand, and with his stentorian voice shouted to the multitude,

"Is my wife there?"

"Here I am, Jack," she shouted, holding up his great sword, helmet and golden crown.

"Are the boys there?" he cries, of which there were four splendid specimens. Mrs. J. T., with the air of a Helen MacGregor in *Rob Roy*, or the mother of the Gracchi, proudly answered in the affirmative.

"Yes, they're all here, Jack."

"Thank God for that," Jack shouted. "They'll never see such a sight again as long as they live."

And I really do not think they will. The boys are now, as I write these Reminiscences, doing their bit in a real battle somewhere in France, and all of us are awaiting the day when the "boys" come home, so as to give them a right hearty welcome.

AN OLD CARDIFFIAN.

Only a few weeks ago, it was my pleasure to meet an old Cardiffian of the name of George Williams, and one who was well known at the docks. He was born in 1832, and could recall the early days of the Glamorgan Canal, when it was a very busy shipping port. He gave me much information about Nixon's Jibs, which were the first hydraulic arrangement in Cardiff for the shipment of coal, which was brought down the canal in barges fitted with eight or nine iron tubs filled with coal. The barges were moored close to the quay. The vessel to be loaded lay further out in the canal. Each tub was lifted from the barge and lowered outwardly until over the hatchway. The bottoms of the tubs had hinges, and when the catch was withdrawn the coal fell out into the hold, the empty ones then being re-placed in the barge. He told me of the opening of the South Wales Railway in 1851. Before this, the river ran along the back of St. Mary Street, and was present when some barges filled with a cargo of stones, and brought down from Newport, were sunk on the spot where the Royal Hotel now stands. There were three or four of these barges, and the man who did the work was called Jack-my-hero. I have heard that some of the excavators, when they came upon these remains, concluded that

Jack-my-hero's barges were nothing less than relics of the Roman occupation of long before the Norman conquest. Between the Theatre Royal and the "Western Mail" offices, at that time, was a little half-tide dock, where vessels of about 400 tons were repaired between tides. Close by was an outlet from the canal into the river, so that the water could be let out at this point for scouring and other purposes. This was always a muddy ditch, and ran right across St. Mary Street.

POWDER TO KILL BIRDS.

Cardiff has, perhaps, a greater variety of nationality than almost any other sea port, and a ride on the top of a tramcar down Bute Road is an entertainment in itself, if a stranger chooses to study the various shop signs displayed over the windows, where an English name is almost entirely absent.

On one occasion, when passing along this world-wide celebrated thoroughfare, a great crowd had assembled. Of course, in other places a crowd soon assembles when there is anything in the nature of a row anticipated. It happened that a foreign gentleman had entered a well-known chemist's shop in search of what he tried to explain in pantomimic gestures, by pointing out into the street at imaginary birds, and imitated the action of firing off a gun, and using up his entire stock of English by the words, 'Bird.' 'Powder.' Our obliging shopman tried to direct him to one of the numerous shops where they sold gunpowder. At this, the stranger grew very excited, and the pantomime was more extravagantly and excitedly repeated, but our chemist was still convinced that a chemist's shop was not the place that his customer wanted, and it was during this altercation that the crowd had assembled. Soon, however, a policeman, who had a little smattering of foreign languages, succeeded in not only dispersing the crowd, but managed to explain to the chemist that it was "Bird's Custard Powder" the gentleman required.

THE INVASION OF FISHGUARD IN 1797. MY FATHER'S STORY.

My father was present on the occasion referred to, on the date named below, and is the author of the following lines, being a rhyme written soon after the invasion of the French troops on Pencaer Rocks in Pembrokeshire on the 22nd day of February, 1797.

Ye muses nine who on Helicon reside,
 And over arts and sciences preside,
 Ye graces three, melodious accents lend,
 All nymphs who do excel in verse attend.
 With all your genius and your arts in rhyme
 Assist the bard to draw his lines to chime,
 Ye powers divine, which over all preside,
 Prepare his heart, and deign his pen to guide.
 To put the subject in harmonious verse,
 And every part impartially rehearse
 How matters went (according to report)
 The time the French did on our coast resort.
 The second month, the twenty-second day,
 In seventeen hundred ninety seven did they
 Invade, and land their baggage and their stock,
 Their daring troops climbed up the craggy rock,
 Without resistance, made their landing good,
 And on a spot by nature fenced they stood
 Between the rocks, on horizontal ground,
 Their camp was pitched, where Nature walled it round.
 Near Fishguard town, upon a fertile soil,
 From whence deserted many a rank and file
 To rob and plunder all the way they went
 Without an order or the least consent.
 Their officers, superior, in command,
 Took all provisions that were found at hand :
 One farmer's house, 'tis said, they did possess,
 And burnt the stuff, their victuals for to dress.
 The farmer's fattlings on the spot they slew,
 To roast and boil for numbers not a few ;
 That night and the ensuing day in toil
 They spent, in hope to gather in the spoil.
 At length were struck, but with a panic fear,
 To see an host appearing so severe,
 With flying colours of a different hue,
 And implements tremendous to their view,
 Which then the country multitude did bear
 Shining like meteors in the open air,
 Besides an host of military force,
 Some corps of foot, one valiant troop of horse.
 Commanded by great gentlemen of fame,

Deserving to be mentioned all by name,
 Because they did exert themselves like true
 Friends to their Sovereign and their country too
 Lord Cawdor, Colby, Ackline, Knox, and more,
 Deserve applause, but God should all adore,
 Who did permit the enemy to land :
 No farther go, was His divine command.
 God as father only showed the rod,
 He could have smote and drained Britannia's blood,
 Might then have said, Ye furious French advance,
 And show in Britain what was shown in France.
 And let it feel what other nations felt,
 Let blood in all Britannia's plains be spilt ;
 His name be praised that He said, hitherto
 Shall you advance, and dare no further go,
 Lay down your arms and take them up no more
 While you are left upon the British shore ;
 The lions thus as mild as lambs became,
 The praise is due to the Almighty's name.
 The chief commander of their troops and ours
 Subdued superior to inferior powers ;
 Where fear was not, did the Almighty make
 The strong to faint, the bold to fear and quake.
 Such daring troops, tremendous to our sight,
 Who bold as lions were on Wednesday night,
 On Friday morn, by unseen hand subdued,
 Made captives were the numerous multitude,
 Who with remorse surrendered and laid down
 Their arms 'tis said, and led by Fishguard town,
 Conveyed from thence by horse and foot were they
 With honour, care, and prudence all the way
 Till they did reach the town of Haverfordwest,
 Where they were put in prisons of the best.
 The Church was one (they laughing in their sleeves
 To see God's house then made a den of thieves).
 On Saturday, before it was well light,
 Brought in fatigued by marching all the night,
 Confined with care and tenderness they be
 Till by course are lawfully set free.
 Now, Britons, all with thankful hearts rejoice ;
 In God, and praise Him with united voice

For this deliverance which Himself hath wrought,
 And never may His goodness be forgot.
 Long live King George, long live the Brunswick race,
 And every branch thereof be blessed with grace ;
 May faithful men, possessed with gifts divine,
 Alway around his sacred person shine.
 Charlotte, who doth the Royal state adorn,
 May God give her a crown without a thorn ;
 His subjects all being hitherto preserved
 From every foe beyond what we deserved.
 May we henceforth the God of Heaven fear,
 And in His strength obey our Sovereign dear ;
 Remembering still the hand that holds the rod,
 Whose power can shake creation with his nod.
 The clouds are black, the vials yet unspent,
 If Thou, give us the cup, give hearts content,
 That we without a murmur drink it up,
 And thank ourselves if it be a bitter cup :
 For we had warnings, cautions not a few,
 And still from bad to worse in practice grew ;
 But let us now attend to mercy's call,
 Lest we may by the hand of justice fall ;
 While in the way then let us all agree
 With that just one, who comes our judge to be,
 Lest we be cast, and by the law confined
 Where chains of darkness do the guilty bind.

“ SOME ” INVENTIONS.

There is nothing like a big war to wake up the slumbering inventive genius of any country, when every patriotic person is doing his level best to suggest or produce annihilating contrivances that are supposed to make future war impossible, but there is one potent force that is, perhaps, greater than that of patriotism, and that is, extreme commercialism. The question of how much can I make out of it, is the deciding factor, how to manufacture the projectiles quickly and accurately. The technics of the trade become quite secondary, and we therefore prefer to muddle through as long as we are provided with a sufficiency of funds. A visit to such a place as the Armoury of the Tower of London will convince the most sceptical that the technics of the armourer's art has engaged

the attention of the best brains of the world for ages. Kings, warriors and statesmen have monopolised not only the pages of history, but almost those of biography. Is it too much to expect that some little corner may be found for the mechanic, without whose skill and labour such things could not exist ! In early times, the smith was a man whose talents were highly esteemed. He was treated as an officer of the highest rank, and was awarded the first place of precedency. After him ranked the maker of Mead, and then the physician. In the Royal court of Wales he sat with the King and Queen, in the Great Hall, next to the domestic chaplain. The smith was thus a mighty man. King Arthur's sword, 'Excaliber,' which we have reason to infer was of local manufacture, and we are told that it was the sword which was sent by Richard I as a present to Tancred. The value of such a weapon may be estimated by the fact that the Crusader sent the English Monarch in return for it "four great ships, and fifteen galleys." The smith of those days was no specialist, for he was often the sole mechanic in the district in which he lived, being tool-maker, farrier, agricultural implement maker. He drew teeth, practised phlebotomy, and sometimes officiated as parish clerk. Shakespeare pictures him thus, "I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus, the whilst his iron did on the anvil cool." We are also told that the monks of old were excellent craftsmen ; thus St. Dunstan, who governed England in the time of Edwy the Fair, was a skilled blacksmith and metallurgist. He is said to have had a forge even in his bedroom. What wonder is it then that the skilled artisan is sometimes, even to-day, appreciated, and that so many are always ready to exploit not only his workmanship, but his inventiveness, as long as it serves their purpose to do so.

The art and science of the engineer is therefore a progressive one, and will probably never reach finality ; and like the steam engine itself, has often been said not to be the invention of one individual, nor of one nation, nor of one age, its growth has been a gradual and slow process, important modifications of its mechanism have been effected from time to time, and that it is, in truth, "one of the noblest gifts that science ever gave to mankind." It is, therefore, an astounding fact that notwithstanding our splendid technical colleges, and the wealth of literature now so easily obtained, that the

simplest and most elementary facts in connection with engineering are so frequently ignored by commercial speculators.

As an instance of this, I append this little Reminiscence, and will presume that all of my readers have some engineering knowledge, and that one of the things that has been a puzzle to all of us from the very beginning is how to make a thing to revolve with the least possible complications. The first philosopher of whom we have any record is that of Hero of Alexandria, 150 B.C., who wrote a treatise on the inventions of the ancients of his day, and he says, "Place a cauldron over a fire, and a ball shall revolve on a pivot as the cauldron gets hot. It will be found that the steam entering the ball, passes out through the bent tube towards the lid, and causes it to revolve. It is a wonderful thing that for two thousand years after their publication in Egypt, they have been invented and enrolled in the records of the Patent Office over and over again, times out of number.

It is a long leap from 150 B.C. to 1782 A.D., when James Watt patented his rotative engine in which a piston fixed on an axle rotates in a hollow cylindrical ring, and this brings me to more modern times, when this identical system has also been the subject of innumerable patents, and it is of one of these that I now desire to notice.

A Hebrew financier did me the honour of calling at my residence one evening, and was shown into a private room, much to the indignation of my family circle, who were much perturbed as to the object of his visit, so after it was made clear that he wanted some professional engineering advice, and the terms arranged, I accompanied him to his residence in a neighbouring street, but before proceeding many steps, he cautiously said, "Now, Mr. Rallan, What are you going to rush me for this piece of advice?" I said, "That depends largely on what it is, and how long it will take me." "Oh," he said, "I want you to see a rotary engine, and give me a good report upon it. It's all ready, and the steam is up, it'll only take you a few minutes." "Oh," I said, "We'll make it a guinea." He looked pleadingly, and replied, "Make it half a guinea, I've spent over £900 on the machine already." So off we trotted, passing on the way some beautiful large elm trees, that the Corporation workmen were felling to make room for some building operations. I called his

attention to this desecration, as they were for years a splendid ornament to that portion of one of our grand main thoroughfares.

"Oh, vatch tha hodds about the treesh," he said, "Haven't you heard that they are going to build a Loafers' Retreat for all the Tramps and Weary Willies to go to sleep in, and read the papersh? Vy, it'll cost many thousand poundsh of the ratepayers' money, ven they could lay out the plot with a dozen respectable lock-up shops and a nice little pawnshop that they could let at good rentals." By this time, we had reached his place of business. I found that two cottages at the rear had been utilised. In one was the rotary engine, and in the other a good-sized donkey boiler with a steam pipe passing through the party wall. "Vell," he said, "Vat do you think of it?" I simply stared in amazement. I found after I had a good look that a central spindle revolved between a pair of cheeks about 3ft. in diameter, and that the centre hub had a fixed abutment which fitted closely to the outer ring of the cylinder, and that a sliding abutment reciprocated to allow the revolving one to pass.

"Vell," he said, anxiously, "Vat's the matter with it?" "It's no good," I said, "The thing can only crawl around, and will knock itself to pieces if you run it at any reasonable speed and pressure. My advice is to scrap it, and not to spend another penny on it." I found that this machine had been made in parts, at various places in Newport and Cardiff, and had been assembled secretly, the inventor having been paid a good salary for many months in the hopes that a great and novel invention would result. Some well-known docks engineers were also much interested, and were prepared to take the thing up commercially, and there was also a London Syndicate who was ready and willing to push it along if my report was favourable. I have often wondered what became of this attempt to perfect this very old idea.

A year or so after the above experience, the same financier called again, and said that as I had given him some valuable advice in connection with a rotary engine, he would like me to see another invention that the same inventor had perfected, and provided that I wouldn't rush him for more than half a guinea, he would like me to report upon it. So again I

accompanied him to the same establishment, and he produced from under his shop counter a very beautifully made piece of mechanism. It had three double acting vertical pumps, operated by a nicely made three-throw overhead crank. On the top was a copper cylinder about a foot long and four inches in diameter, mounted on turned pillars. To the bottom of this cylinder the delivery pipes of the pumps were taken, so that when the crank was revolved the pumps would deliver water into the cylinder. On the top was a little pipe which communicated with a turbine, the shaft of which was attached to the three-throw crank, so that when water entered at the bottom of the cylinder, the air above was compressed, a nice little steam gauge showing the amount of compression.

"That won't work," I said. "Why, it's perpetual motion."

"So it is," he said, "or the next thing to it." I said "It's like a man trying to wheel himself in a wheelbarrow." "Look what I've spent on it," he said, "Can't you give me a good report?" "No," I said. "It's all wrong. Whoever advised you to go to the expense of all this beautiful work and the principle absolutely wrong!" He told me that it was the same inventor who invented the Rotary Engine, and he was a wonderfully clever man, and that he had made it to pump by connecting a pipe to the water tap, and only wanted to perfect it before making a big one to pump out graving docks or collieries.

The following paragraph relating to the means employed by the Ancients for the utilisation of the water power of the River Taff has already appeared in the columns of the "Western Mail" in the writer's "Engineering Notes," under the heading "Expert." I have, therefore, much pleasure in inserting it in this book of my "Reminiscences."

I had the honour of being present at a pleasant function in the beautiful grounds of Cardiff Castle, and saw the mill pond—a spot I had often visited over half a century ago. Never before had I seen the pond drained and cleared so that the beginning of mediæval engineering in Cardiff could be closely examined. With the kind permission of Mr. A. P. Jones I was able to see this interesting relic of the water-power of the Taff. To engineers this excavation is of extreme

interest, as it brings into the light of day the wonderful engineering talent of many a past generation, and the means by which they overcame difficulties encountered since the days when the ancient Britons and, later, the Romans planted this formidable castle on the banks of the Taff, when tidal waters washed the foundations of its walls, and, later, when succeeding generations brought the water of the Taff through mill streams to this very pond, now laid bare. The water was stored and regulated by flood-gates and utilised for power purposes, not only for the castle supply, but the factories, such as they were, of the town itself. A glance at the well-known picture by Paul Sandby, and painted in 1776, shows these water courses, and also some of the houses of the Five Bells Court, demolished in the early sixties of the last century. Although not posing as that mythical person, "the oldest inhabitant," I cannot help stating that I was present and had a hand in this demolition, so that I may be forgiven for being somewhat interested in my exploration. In the shop of Mr. Pearce, in Castle Street, I saw some time ago a nicely and accurately painted view by my old friend and artistic tutor, Mr. Alec Wilson, which showed very clearly the outlet of one of these overflows of the pond, which joined up with the parent Taff opposite the lower end of the Sophia Gardens. I wonder if one of the culverts I saw last Saturday was the one by which the surplus water of the pond was returned to the river. If anyone examines Speede's map of 1610 they will notice four ditches which conveyed the used water to a point considerably lower down the river, and to a point below the site of the old Cardiff Arms Garden. To an engineer the position and shape of the wheel pits would be of extreme interest. The oldest indication of the ravages of the turbulent Taff upon the long-demolished north-west Roman bastion shows that it must certainly have taken place before 1610, as it is quite probable that a very great portion of the river was diverted in this direction, and skirted the western curtain wall, giving up its power to the mills referred to, and discharging through the four tail races of the mills at the old bend in the river, now Westgate Street.

THE POWER OF A WATERWHEEL.

The ancients well knew the driving power of flowing water, and knew that the power exerted, due to its weight falling from a given height, is equal to the product of the weight of the water in lbs. and the height in feet, and that in driving a waterwheel a percentage of the power is absorbed by friction. The friction given out varies from 30 to 40 per cent. of the power of the water. A horse-power being 33,000lb., raised one foot high in a minute, the following is a rule to find the effective power of a waterwheel:—Multiply the quantity of water expended in cubic feet per second by the effective height of the fall in feet, and divide the product by 15, for the kind of wheel probably in use in the old mills of Cardiff.

THE ROMAN WALLS OF OLD CARDIFF.

In the centuries these old Roman walls have stood they have been subjected to years of pillage by the Ancient Britons, but being in places more than 10ft. 6in. in thickness, and of superior masonry, they have defied both man and the elements to entirely obliterate them. Even the Norman conquerors did not attempt to re-build the great wall, with its numerous towers and bastions, but contented themselves with constructing huge mounds of earthwork, which, after nearly 2,000 years of concealment, have only recently been brought to light. The shallow tidal dyke served the purpose of the Romans to enable them to reach and build this citadel. The flat lias limestones they were able to obtain from the shores and cliffs almost at the river's mouth may be seen to-day, with their rounded and sea-worn edges, just as they might have lain on the shores at Lavernock for countless ages, and where owing to the recent restoration, they will probably remain indefinitely. The creek has, in its time, been converted into the town and castle moat, and on the town side a raised embankment, with numerous towers and gateways, in one of which was the direful prison of the Cockmarel, to which Rawlins White, the fisherman martyr of Cardiff, was taken, and from there to his place of execution, being burnt at the stake hard by Cock's Corner, opposite Frederick Street. No other monument now marks the site of this historic tower. The town moat has given place to the Glamorgan Canal

which may in some respects be considered the first great engineering enterprise in the making of modern Cardiff. The mill leat that fed the pond with the waters of the Taff and turned the mill wheels of Old Cardiff is still the Castle moat, but its principal duty is to convey a supply of water to the Bute Docks for locking and other purposes. Its course may be traced from where it leaves the northern wall of the Castle, takes a dive under the Glamorgan Canal, and follows the Law Courts and the City Hall, under the Park Hotel, on its way to the Docks and the sea. From this evidence I conclude that on the river side of the Castle the ancients considered that a moat was superfluous, the river itself being its protection.

CARDIFF FINE ART EXHIBITION OF 1881.

The milestones of one's interesting recollections are mostly punctuated by the large public exhibitions that may have occurred locally from time to time, and the great Fine Art Exhibition that took place in the Cardiff Drill Hall in Dumfries Place in 1881 is no exception to that rule, and quite a lot of interesting circumstances connected therewith have, since I commenced to write these "Reminiscences," occurred to my mind, particularly so, as I happened to meet incidentally an old friend who assisted greatly to make this fine exhibition the artistic and musical success it was. The limitations of this book prevent me from enumerating even the names of those who gave months of their valuable time to the work of organisation and personal supervision of the various details in connection therewith. Most of these people have long passed away, but there still remains a pleasant recollection of them in the minds of those that are left.

Musically—Miss Gertrude Lewis, Cardiff's admitted prima donna, a splendid soprano, and her sister Jenny, who was an equally popular and talented contralto; Eos Morlais, the great Welsh tenor, also no less talented a singer than Videon Harding. Another splendid lady vocalist was Miss Ada Abbot. The knuts of the time called her, affectionately, Ada Rabbit. Mr. Joseph W. Thomas, Cardiff's Borough Analyst, assisted also in the minstrels' gallery. Most of the above have joined the majority, but I am pleased to say, that

there is, as I write, on a visit to Cardiff, after her repeated triumphs in America and other places, the ever popular Madame Clara Novello Davis, who at this exhibition presided at the piano, where she was always surrounded by a bevy of admirers, but the favoured one of all was he, who is so well known as "Clara Novello's better-half," whom I have much pleasure in congratulating on being the successful Romeo, and I am sure the delightful Clara will forgive me for reminding her of the days when I christened the pair, "Romeo and Juliet," for the advent of Romeo was quite sufficient for us to clear out.

Very prominent in the musical success of this exhibition was the gentleman whom I met to-day in Crockherbtown on a visit from the Metropolis, Mr. W. A. Morgan, who is still a name to conjure with in the musical world. I should be blamed, perhaps, by some people if I neglected to recall to mind the little cascade in the gunshed, where I had installed a pumping engine, which supplied a very large body of water to a picturesque grotto, with aquatic plants and realistic rockwork, over which the falling water fell into an artificial pond below, where I had installed a family of young ducks, and where all my young friends assembled to look on, and discourse in the usual way, to the light of the first installation of incandescent electric lamps ever seen in Cardiff. In the exhibition itself, we had installed a system of electric lighting of a novel character. This was the "Jablokoff," in which parallel rods of carbon with an insulation of plaster of Paris between each strip, the arc being formed between the tips of the carbons, an alternating current being employed. I have still in my possession some of these "candles." Mr. J. L. Wheatley, the Town Clerk, one of the secretaries, is, I am delighted to say, still in harness, and going strong, so is Mr. Edwin Seward, the architect and co-secretary, to whom much of the credit is due for the artistic arrangements. Mr. Tom Riches, the Local Superintendent of the Taff Vale Railway, to whom much of the success of the mechanical arrangements is due, has, I regret to say, passed over to the majority, and here I draw a curtain over the page, for the names of so many of my personal friends would be counted among them that I refrain, but I cannot help congratulating again Mr. and Mrs. Clara Novello Davis on the success of their eminent son, Mr.

Ivor Novello, who has done so much in these strenuous times to "keep the home fires burning."

This exhibition, though by no means on such a pretentious scale as that which took place in the Cathays Park a few years later, was a very pronounced artistic success, and what perhaps is more to the point in commercial Cardiff, left a sufficient monetary balance to enable the town authorities to provide very substantial and permanent adornment in the way of beautifying the entrance corridors of the art galleries and museum buildings in Working Street, in addition to inducing the late Sir Edward J. Reed, M.P., to contribute to that institution the splendid picture by Vicat Cole, "Noon," and I here recall the memorable words of the donor at a luncheon which took place at the Royal Hotel, at which I was present, and when Sir E. J. Reed said, in reply to a toast by the Mayor, the late Mr. Rees Jones, "I happen to have in the exhibition a picture which I find has been much admired here, as it certainly has been elsewhere, and which is, essentially a popular English landscape, that is Vicat Cole's 'Noon.' Now, I do not think I could do a better thing, as the proprietor of 'Noon' than profit by the hint which the worshipful mayor has let fall, and ask him, as the Mayor and head of the Corporation, to accept from me as a contribution to the new art gallery, Vicat Cole's 'Noon.'"

Mr. Rees Jones, the Mayor, then said, amongst other appreciative and grateful remarks, "Sir Edward has modestly referred to his picture as 'Noon' by Vicat Cole. Interpreted into plain English, that meant 1,000 guineas, to his certain knowledge, to their new gallery of science and art." This beautiful picture still adorns the gallery, despite the attempt of modern impressionists to introduce a school of painting into the gallery, a different and inferior class of work. Sir Edward had no less than 21 objects of interest on the walls and in the cases of the exhibition. And it was here that photographic portraiture by artificial light was first introduced into the Principality by Mr. Alfred Freke, the electric current being supplied by an eight-horse power Linford gas engine. This was the first real rival to the well known Otto cycle engine of Crossley's, and, as far as I remember, subject to a lawsuit between the rival manufacturers. The main hall

was lit by the British Electric Light Company, with six lamps of 6,000 candle power, each driven by a 20 horse power Tangye's engine.

THE QUEEN STREET HALL EXHIBITION OF 1884.

A no less pretentious, but perhaps more popular exhibition was that of 1884, which was held at the Queen Street Hall, now adapted for a popular business arcade. There was, in addition to the large hall, a smaller hall or lecture theatre alongside, and over the Working Street entrance, in which popular entertainments were frequently given, and, occasionally, Shakesperian and other recitals. The late Mr. J. Pike Thompson was a frequent elocutionist, and I also had the honour of contributing, the scene between Brutus and Cassius being one of the popular items. A celebrated actress of the old school (Mrs. Chadwick) did me the honour of impersonating Helen in the play of the Hunchback, with my humble self as Modus, and thus did we keep the game alive, for the audiences were not satisfied with the contemplation of beautiful pictures and such like, they simply sat down and waited for us to "begin," so we had to engage for a considerable time, well known entertainers, in addition to our personal efforts. There was Herr Dobler, a wonderful conjuror, who could extract florins from the air in unlimited numbers, and drop them into a hat, besides wonderful things with rabbits, pigeons, and guinea pigs. Then in the great hall we had on several occasions the celebrated Dr. Price, with his fox skin cap and scallopped green trousers. In one of his lectures, about the mundane "egg," he horrified some of the fair sex by removing much of his costume, and appearing in green tights, with alphabetical decorations. He shouted, as he came to the front of the platform, "I am dressed in the garments of my forefathers," in which guise he insisted that I should accompany him through Crockherbtown to the Taff Vale Station, which I did, followed by a considerable retinue of small and admiring boys. On another occasion we obtained the services of the celebrated Oscar Wilde, who lectured on the beautiful decoration of the household. The effect of his epigrammatic lecture was somewhat marred by the Philistine demonstration of some of the well known "dock's boys,"

who promenaded the rear of the hall, displaying gigantic sunflowers, tiger lilies, and such like, somewhat to that aesthetic gentleman's discomfiture.

The arms and armour being my particular department, I, in the company of the late Dr. John Llewellyn Treharne, was commissioned to interview the late Earl Cawdor and other influential people in search of exhibits, so we went to Stackpool, in Pembrokeshire, and there we were regally entertained. There were several noblemen present on that occasion, but as each of them suffered from deafness, we had some difficulty in matters conversational, but as each of them could tell a good story, those who had ear trumpets listened attentively. I had previously told the earl something that interested him, and likewise he told me of the memorable occasion when he was one of the party immortalised in the well known picture of the wedding of Queen Victoria. So the conversation went on, until he insisted that I should also tell the party a story, my friend the doctor meanwhile prompting the earl as to my capabilities, so that I was enforced to shout out the yarn into no less than four ear trumpets, with evident success, as I gathered from their appreciative laughter and remarks. The result of this visit was the big stack of arms we brought back, and which were arranged by the main entrance on a special stand. The majority of these were the identical weapons Earl Cawdor had captured from the French troops when they landed at Fishguard in 1797. A notable exhibit was that of the celebrated Hirlas Horn, or "Cawdor Horn." This was given by Henry, Earl of Richmond, to David Ap. Evan, who entertained him and his men on the way to Bosworth field in 1485. Perhaps the most popular exhibits were the Norwegian natural history specimens, which one of the members of the committee, Mr. Carl Hansen, had managed to collect from Norwegian friends, such as a large stuffed polar and brown bear, and a huge elk. The whole of this fine collection was not accepted by the town authorities. The fate of the elk was to be elevated, if not dignified, by, for many years, gracing the parapet of the Philharmonic Theatre in St. Mary Street, until it gradually perished. It was understood that the reason for the rejection was a pecuniary one, and, besides, they did not illustrate anything of a local nature.

Needless to say, those of us who had taken so much trouble to collect these valuable exhibits were somewhat annoyed at the want of appreciation of those in authority, and some excellent comic ditties were composed and sung on the platform in derision. The late Mr. T. H. Thomas (Arlunydd Penygarn) was the principal promotor in this exhibition, as he always was in everything in Cardiff, and, indeed, throughout the Principality where a knowledge of things artistic was a necessity, and in this he was nobly seconded by that stalwart art collector, the late Mr. Robert Drane, whose splendid collection has so recently been dispersed, much to the regret of all art lovers, who confidently expected that the whole would have found a resting place in our National Museum. I must not omit the name of Signor Paggi, and his talented family, who for many weeks charmed the audiences with both music and elocution. Miss Linda Paggi was a very capable actress. One of her triumphs was that of Prince Arthur in Shakespeare's play of King John, the writer of these "Reminiscences" taking the part of Hubert, in the scene where the little prince has been condemned to have his eyes put out, her pleading to be saved from this outrage will long be remembered by those who witnessed the scene, even if they forget where I had prepared a special instrument of torture in the way of a red hot iron. It was not really red hot, but had one side of it covered with glittering red foil, and the other side black, so that the ruffians who assisted us in this criminality had to turn the red hot side towards the audience when the words of the play demanded it, and when the boy says, "The instrument is cold, and will not harm me," the iron was supposed to be reversed. I had some difficulty in explaining this to the ruffian, who kept wobbling it about, so that it was hot and cold almost simultaneously. One of the ruffians was Mr. William Best Ferrier, and I take this opportunity of recalling the circumstance to his mind, as a mild reproof for his letting me down when we performed the scene between Hubert and Prince Arthur, when I had to say, "Heat me these irons hot, and look you, stand within the arras, when I stamp my foot upon the bosom of the ground, do you rush forth and bind the boy you shall find with me, fast to the chair. Be heedful, hence, and watch. Young boy, come forth." The other ruffian was my friend the late Mr. James Radley, the much respected member of the firm

of Messrs. Edmunds & Radley, who will be long and lovingly remembered in connection with everything masonic in Cardiff.

THE EXHIBITION OF 1896.

By far the most ambitious exhibition that has taken place in Cardiff was that of the "Fine Art, Industrial and Maritime Exhibition of 1896," which took place in the Cathays Park, on the identical site now occupied by the City Hall, Law, Courts, Technical Institute, County Council Offices, University College of Wales, Welsh National Museum, etc. This exhibition was, from a showman's view, a splendid success, but, as a speculation, a woeful failure. The end of the park near Cathays was devoted to a spectacular representation of Santiago, with a considerable lake, and long canals, in which were manipulated electric launches, and other craft. A fine dramatic play was performed, depicting the siege and battle of Santiago, and when the night came on, illuminations and fireworks on a scale that has never been approached before or since in the Principality took place. A huge stadium, or cycle track with concave sides was erected, capable of accommodating many thousands of spectators, who were seated comfortably, and had a full view of the racing, and such like events that frequently took place. It was from here that an aeronaut dispatched a balloon, and those of us who were present on that occasion will probably never forget the moment when a little girl, dressed in a sort of naval uniform, appeared on the scene. We did not know then that this was to be her first ascent. On the previous day, the man who was running the show declined to go up, as he said that the wind was not favourable, yet, on this particular occasion, as far as I could judge, the wind was practically in the same direction, and, to my mind, more unfavourable. We all held our breath as this poor little girl left the stadium, waving her hand to us as she rose high in the air, taking a course which we thought was in the direction of the Rhymney River. We watched her until she appeared a mere speck in the distance, when she released the parachute, and slowly descended, but where she alighted was a mystery to all. The aeronaut and some friends, raced out

of the grounds in a horse-drawn vehicle, while we awaited anxiously their return, but without success, the girl, the balloon, and the parachute could not be traced. Those who watched the descent from Penarth sent a tug boat to scour the channel. Still no success, and so the days went by, during which time everything was done to trace the poor little thing that we had seen leave the grounds so light-heartedly. The Usk River, and the banks of the Severn unite at a place called the Nash, near Newport, and when all hope had been abandoned, some balloon wreckage and the body of a little girl dressed in a naval suit, with gilt buttons and a gold braided cap were found. It was our little aeronaut of the exhibition of 1896. It was her first and last flight. At the cemetery in Cathays, a monument has been erected to her memory, which bears the following inscription:—

In Memory of
LOUISA MAUD EVANS,

Aged 14½ years.

Who met with her death on July 21st, 1896.

On that day, she ascended in a balloon from Cardiff, and descended by a parachute into the Bristol Channel. Her body was found washed ashore near Nash (Mon.)
on the 24th day of July, and was buried
here, on the 29th.

To commemorate the sad ending of a brave young life,
This memorial is erected by public subscription.

"Requiescat in Pace."

Brave woman, yet in years a child,
Dark death closed here thy heavenward flight,
God grant thee pure and undefiled,
To reach at last the light of light.

—C. T. W.

It was at this exhibition that the Animated screen photography was first publicly shown, and where royalty had first honoured the cinematographer by unconsciously posing to be "took." It was the late King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, with their two princesses. The operator was Mr. Birt Acres. I had cut a hole in the canvas scenery, and through this the lense was projected, and from where we had a clear view. I should say I cut two holes, for my camera peeped through one, and I took several "snaps" with my whole plate camera. Afterwards, the films taken on this occasion were exhibited at Marlborough House by my friend Mr. Birt Acres, to the intense amusement of the then Prince of Wales, who had a funny little trick of scratching his ear, and which intensely amused the royal party.

SOME BIG STEAM HAMMERS.

A bold attempt was made in Cardiff in the early sixties, being the establishment of an important engineering industry by Messrs. Fred and Clifford Winby, at the Altas Foundry in Canton. Here they turned out some very fine steam hammers, colliery and other engines. Many of the huge hammers were built to the order of the Russian and other governments. Mr. Winby afterwards became a successful railway contractor, and specialised in tramway tracks, and, as far as I can remember, was a pioneer in the modern form of street tramway rails, and their method of manufacture. The last time I had the pleasure of meeting, or rather speaking to, Mr. Fred Winby, was when I had been on a visit to the City of Dublin. I had just embarked at the North Wall, in one of the passenger steamers for Holyhead, when I heard a familiar voice saluting me. It was my old friend Fred Winby, and I often remember the pleasant chats we used to have about rolling mills, and the difficulty experienced in making the groove for the flange of the wheel to work therein. Another circumstance in connection with the Dublin visit was an inspection of the really magnificent zoological collection in the city. I had been admiring a very beautiful and majestic full grown lion; the keeper, observing my apparent admiration said, "That's a foine lion, sorr." "Yes, it is," I said, admiringly. "but not as big as the one I saw at Bristol recently." He replied,

with evident ill-concealed sarcasm, "Are yez shure it was a lion you saw, sorr?" "Of course it was," I said. To which he retaliated, "Begorra, you must hev been deceived, for this is the biggest lion in the whole wurld, in captivity or out of it, shure, it was an elephant you must have seen." And with a look of contempt which seemed to infer that I didn't know the difference between an elephant and a lion, I discontinued the argument.

RETROSPECTIVE.

When I commenced to write out these recollections, I had no idea that my friend Mr. Alderman Trounce had contemplated publishing his interesting *Reminiscences*, and as these have already appeared in the columns of the "*Western Mail*," I have refrained, as far as possible, from references to many of the circumstances that have already appeared in print, relying almost entirely on those subjects that have come directly under my own observation, and which have been uppermost in my mind at the time of writing, being my impressions of what I considered of personal interest, hoping that it may appeal to my friends in the same way.

As my early Cardiff recollections and interests are mostly of a mechanical and technical character, an apology may be necessary if I have excluded so much from these pages of the commercial and municipal doings of the times when Cardiff was just emerging from being quite a small place to the important city we know to-day. Perhaps it may interest many if I just retrace my footsteps towards the Hayes, as it appeared to me in 1859, before the little rookery of cottages was cleared away from the canal side, and soon afterwards arose the big corner building known as the Stuart Hall, and to the boys of the Hayes as Cory's Coffin, not that it was any reflection on that great and honoured Cardiff philanthropist, but merely to its shape. One of the lock-up shops was taken by the late Mr. James Howell, and being, like myself, a Pembrokeshire boy, I soon made his acquaintance, as well as a small boy named Hutchins, who was his first and only assistant, as far as I knew. The boy's father was a school-master in the far away suburb of Canton, who used to coach some of us in our grammar and elocution, and this

leads me to one of our efforts at play acting. We had engaged a room in the "Duke of Cornwall," a well known hotel in the Hayes, and Mr. Hutchins came in occasionally to help us in our rehearsals. On one occasion the play was well advanced. It was the Corsican Brothers, and the duel scene was then being enacted. It must be remembered that at the time, prize fighting was a very prominent amusement in Cardiff. The Sayers and Heenan fight had just taken place, and Dan the Union and Patsey Reardon were our heroes, so that, naturally, the duel between the combatants in the Corsican Brothers took rather after prize ring rules. At this point Mr. Hutchins came into the room, and stopping the play, abruptly remarked, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, is this a Spanish bull fight, or what?" "No, sir," I said; "we are rehearsing the duel scene in the Corsican Brothers between Fabian La Franci and Chateau Renaud." When Fabian has broken his rapier, and has just bound up the broken blade with his handkerchief, the other combatant says, "The duel is at an end, for we fight with daggers of an unequal length." And so the fight goes on to the death, and, of course, the final triumph of the hero. The late Mr. Alderman Carey was one of the duelists.

In recalling our doings in the early sixties at the Hayes, it occurs to me that on my first Sunday in Cardiff, being left alone to take charge of the foundry and office, I thought I would go to the Tabernacle Sunday School, and being fresh from "Little England beyond Wales," I knew not a word of Welsh, so I determined to start to imbibe the Welsh alphabet, which, thanks to the teachers in this particular school, I completely mastered in one afternoon, and the knowledge of which has never been forgotten even after nearly sixty years. The next Sunday I was instructed in learning to read the New Testament, and the third, I was to be put into a higher class, where I was to learn to read the Old Testament. I regret to say that I did not go, and thus am obliged to confess that my Welsh education came to a sudden collapse, for on this day I and my fellow apprentice, the late Mr. Charles Jenkins, of Sunnymead, discovered that a superior attraction was that of having successfully re-captured a dog that had been missing for some days. It was a regular Bill Sykes' bull terrier, so we fished out from the stores a good long length of rope yarn, and tied it round his neck by way of a lead, to

prevent him again straying from home. The three of us set off for a country walk towards Newport, where one of our principals lived, and the other near Pontypool. We did not however get so far as either place. So before we got to Castletown, the three of us decided to return, as we were very tired and hungry. We arrived just as our old housekeeper was setting off for Mr. Nathaniel Thomas's chapel opposite, leaving us in charge of the establishment, so the three of us being somewhat tired and hungry, set about what remained of the dinner. It was six pounds and a quarter of beef. I remember the weight most distinctly, as we were never afterwards allowed to forget it. After we had had several helpings, and, of course, shared our meals with our canine companion, the joint became considerably smaller. The following morning, on the return of those whom we were pleased to term the Boss and the little Boss, and old Ann had placed the meatless bones on the table for dinner, the look of dismay on both of their faces was a picture, and the lecture we received left a lasting impression. My uncle, the late Mr. Charles Parfitt, of Newport, came to the rescue, and stood by me and prevented further chastisement, and Mrs. Jenkins, of Croes-Y-Ceillog, the mother of my fellow apprentice, spoke burning words to the little Boss, by stating that six pounds and a quarter of beef was not much for two growing boys, who were left to themselves from Saturday to Monday. "And a dog as well," I interposed.

THE SEVERN AND THE WYE.

It is said that there is no place in the world where there is a greater rise and fall of tide, except in the Bay of Fundy, than that of the Severn in this particular locality, and with a rise of 70ft. the depth should be more than ample for the big ships of the future.

THE NEW NAVAL BASE.

Strangers to the locality will not only be impressed with the unsurpassed beauties of the Wye, which is easily reached by good sized ships on the top of each tide. The neighbourhood of Tintern has for many generations been considered an important industrial locality on account of its natural



LORD TREFEGAR.

His Lordship explains to me the intricacies of one of the Russian Guns at Tiedegar Park.

resources in material for the manufacture of charcoal iron for tin-plates and wire. Within my own knowledge several mills were busily employed for these purposes, the power being obtained from a rapidly-running tributary that emptied itself into the Wye at a spot near where the railway now crosses the river. It may interest many to know that some years ago, before the railway was projected, a little rolling mill stood almost on the site of the shore abutments of the present bridge; but the power of driving was not entirely obtained from falling water, as it had been found that in very dry weather the water was insufficient. In flood times or high tides the wheels would not go round in consequence of the excess of tail water, so a steam engine was decided upon, and one of the old Taff Vale locomotives was purchased by the proprietors of the mill, and the driving wheels were utilised for connecting up by a flange to the breaking spindle of the rolls direct. This engine worked for some years very successfully, driving the shears and rolls and other accessories.

HOW THE ENGINE WAS REMOVED.

I might here relate how the engine with its boiler complete and intact travelled from Cardiff to its destination. In the first place, a schooner was chartered in the Glamorgan Canal, and after being brought into the little Taff Vale dock, and the leading and trailing wheels removed, strong timbers were placed athwart ships sufficiently large to just fit between the horn cheeks and to rest comfortably on the deck. The engine was made to slide sideways on to the deck between the two masts, and thus, with this great top-heavy load, she travelled via the Bristol Channel to the Wye. She reached her mooring place near the Abbey of Tintern on the top of a very high spring tide. She was then some feet above her final resting place, with a slight fall towards the land, and with some additional timbers, greased rails, and a crab-winch fixed on the shore, we caused her to slide towards the land, amidst the general prophecy of those assembled that she would find another home at the bottom of the Wye, about 30ft. below. The prophets were disappointed. The schooner lay snugly at rest on her usual berth, and the T.V.R. locomotive safe and secure on the sloping bank many feet above

OFFA'S DYKE.

Where the beautiful River Wye meets its great sister, the River Severn, at perhaps the most romantic spot in the whole of the British Isles, there is confirmation of the ideas suggested by those who figured in the very dawn of Welsh history, for it was at Beachley, at the mouth of the Wye, that so much hard fighting took place between contending races, in order to obtain a safe road into the Principality. Traces of the ancient dyke can still be seen only a few miles from the spot where so much modern shipbuilding is hoped for and confidently anticipated. This locality has been celebrated in history, for it is recorded that from here in 633 King Offa, who was not only a great warrior, but also a great statesman, when he had succeeded in driving the Welsh back from the Severn to the Wye, built a huge dyke from the mouth of the Wye to the mouth of the Dee, in order to keep back the unruly natives. This dyke may still be traced in many places, and is known still as Offa's Dyke. Harold is said to have made a law that any Welshman found on the English side of Offa's Dyke armed with a missile or a weapon should lose his right hand. It will thus be seen that the sons of old Wales were always capable of "some fight." It is also recorded that close to this spot in 1065 Harold built a great hunting lodge at Portskewett, and when all was ready for occupation the natives went and slew almost all of the men engaged on the buildings, and carried off the spoil.

MEETING WITH OLD FRIENDS.

I have not attempted, in these Reminiscences, to enumerate anything like all the notable occurrences that have taken place in local history, or to record a kind of inventory. The published periodicals of the time render such an attempt unnecessary, therefore I have relied almost solely upon those occurrences that I have been interested in. There is no doubt but that very many things worthy of note have escaped my recollection, and will, I am sure, be remembered by many of my friends. As an illustration of this, only this morning I met a gentleman in Cardiff, viz., Mr. Padfield, of the Howard Gardens Secondary School, who was desirous of

knowing when this book was to make its appearance, as Mr. Padfield expected that I would say something about the time when I had the melancholy duty of taking him to the old Cardiff Infirmary, now used as part of the University, and this conversation revived some old memories, the first of which may be interesting to many, for at the time this gentleman referred to, he was an employee at the Bute Docks, as was also myself. I had a little box sort of an office, with glass sides through which I had a clear view of the fitting shop and machinery. There was a large power-driven grindstone about 50 ft. or so away, where Mr. Padfield was engaged in grinding something or other. I should here say that the central spindle of the grind-stone projected somewhat beyond the outside bearing, and was unprotected. This spindle revolved at about 90 revolutions per minute, a large belt-driven pulley receiving its motion from a pulley above. I heard a terrific yell, and almost before I could look up from my drawing board, the man was being whirled around at the speed named. As quick as lightning, I sprang toward the machine and threw the weight of my body on to the large driving belt, with the result that Mr. Padfield lay much injured on the ground, with his clothes torn to shreds, as can be readily believed, for he had been whirled around about 100 times. By this time, someone had rushed to the engine, and turned off the steam. I ought to add, that in the early sixties I was not only known in Cardiff by an abbreviated address, but that to many of my friends of the sixties by a greater abbreviation, for at this time a dear old lady who kept a ladies' seminary in Charles Street, by the name of Madame Aubertin, when she desired my assistance in organising the stage performances of her young ladies, always addressed her letters to "'Sam', Cardiff," and these billets doux, never failed to reach their destination. Many of her pupils are now grandmothers, and their descendants have won, and are winning, undying honours in the Field of Battle in France, her mother country.

A FLEET OF STEAMERS.

In the early sixties, a speculative and energetic foreign gentleman happened to drive up in his carriage to the foundry

where I was apprenticed. We were then making a large winding engine for Messrs. T. W. Booker & Co., for their Craig-yr-allt Colliery. It may perhaps puzzle some people at the present day to point out the position of this important colliery, yet it existed at the time I refer to in close proximity to the place where the celebrated Nantgarw china was produced. In fact, it was practically in the bosom of the mountain below, and also directly under the Glamorgan Canal, with the river Taff flowing not many feet from the entrance of the level, which was really facing the roadway, so that when there was a big flood there was nothing to prevent the water flowing direct into the workings. The engine I have referred to was placed in a sort of dug-out, a few hundred yards from the entrance, and hauled up the trams of coal along an incline of about one in six, and also operated some large pump rams from a crank upon the winding shaft. It was upon the main guide, or motion bars of this engine that I was engaged when I first met the foreign gentleman, who appeared to take great interest in the planing machine and its operation whose office was to plane a true surface the full length of the bar, which was about five feet six inches in length, with curved up ends, so that the machine slowly travelled towards the abutments and then quickly reversed, much to his consternation. He thought there was going to be a grand smash up, so he started a terrific yell, which not only alarmed myself, but all the fraternity within earshot, but as the action was entirely automatic he soon realised that it was the natural order of things, and we fell into conversation. He told me, in his broken English, that he was in the employ of the Portuguese government as an inspector of rails, or something of the sort, and that he would like to have an engine made so that he could put it into a small boat. The result was that he purchased a sort of jolly boat, and we were commissioned to make a small engine and boiler with which work I was entrusted, and on board this frail craft he spent much of his spare time taking out captains with their crews and stores to vessels anchored in the roads, and also towing out brigs, smacks and schooners from the old sea lock, much to the disgust and opposition of the Dock hobblers, who regarded such a proceeding as an encroachment of their privileges. It was a very ordinary occurrence to see him in the roads with three of such vessels in tow.

His carriage was also a very primitive affair. It was a vehicle that had seen better days, and the old nag that supplied the motive power was on an equality with our equine friends who hauled the canal boats alongside of the Hayes. In this equipage we were frequently to be seen, in Bute Street myself seated in state alongside of Madame, who frequently honoured us with her gracious presence. She was an Irish lady of ample dimensions and faded finery, while the coachman—a raw Irishman—sat on the box in ancient livery, brass buttons and all, was her brozzaar Joe, while to everyone we happened to meet I was ceremoniously introduced as “Ze young gentleman wat draw my engine.” The hobblers tried their best to cripple his boat by surreptitiously removing various parts of his engine, and smashing the gauge glass on the boiler, so he hit upon the idea that if he mounted a pistol on a kind of swivel arrangement and tied strings to it and passed them around the gunwhale of the boat, so that when the marauders came aboard in the night, “Bang poof, and I kill dem, hooray.”

A HORSE-POWER CALCULATION.

He used to tell his friends that the power of his ‘steamaar’ was ‘three horse for ze engine, three horse for ze fly wheel, and three horse for ze boiler, which is nine horse-power for ze steamaar altogezzer.’ He afterwards purchased a larger boat from a boat builder’s establishment in the West Bute Dock, and I think I am correct in stating that this was the first steamer launched into that Dock.

A woe-begone foreigner, with his arm in a sling and heavily bandaged, might have been encountered in the neighbourhood of the Hayes Bridge. I enquired sympathetically as to the nature and cause of his misfortune. “Ah, Senor Sammy,” he said, with tears in his voice, “I burn my som,” and then he proceeded to relate how it occurred. He said, “My steamaar was lie up in ze Penart beach, when I try to raise steam in ze boiler, and broke ze gauge glass wiz ze coal shovel. Zen I try to stop ze steam, which came out of ze hole wiz my som, which I pushed into ze hole.” “Why didn’t you turn off the top and bottom cocks?” I said. “Vell,” he replied, “I couldn’t do zat, for ze tam hobblers

had knocked off ze handles in ze night." Soon after this, his fleet increased to three, which eventually found a home in the bottom of the Bristol Channel, somewhere near the Flat Holmes. At least, I suppose so, for not only the proprietor and his "brozaar Joe," but Madame, the fleet, and the equipage suddenly vanished, and we heard no more of them.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL LECTURE.

It was whilst passing through the Running Camp, the little street that ran in front of what is now known as the Queen Street entrance to the Arcade of that name, for it must be remembered that the houses in between, and Smith's Street on the north side had not at that time been demolished, or had the houses that filled up the now open space known as St. John's Square, when I chanced to make the acquaintance of Mr. Morgan, the respected father of that well known Impresario, Mr. William Morgan.

He was much interested in the entertainment of school children, and possessed that best of all appurtenances for such purposes, a 'Magic Lantern,' and as I had just returned from my first visit to London, and had spent most evenings after several days' inspection of the splendid collection of machinery at the great International Exhibition of 1862 at the Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street, where Professor Pepper was just introducing his wonderful ghost illusions, and also exhibiting in the large theatre coloured lantern pictures illustrating all sorts of curious things, and where electrical experiments with large induction coils, revolving glass plates, producing immense electric sparks of many feet in length, besides a real diving bell in which we used to descend into a big tank filled with clear water, such is the way we managed to get a little technical instruction in 1862, with this result, that I had a great desire to produce coloured pictures such as I had seen at the old Polytechnic. It was on my return home that I happened to meet Mr. Morgan, who unfolded to me his desire to get illustrated on glass some Biblical stories, amongst which was that of Elijah being carried up into heaven in a chariot of fire. He therefore provided me with some suitable sized glass plates, and powdered colours, which I had to grind up, and mix with Canada balsom, and with some fine

camel hair brushes I managed to paint some fearsome looking transparencies. The Gamboge, Carmine, and Prussian Blue were startling, so when Mr. Morgan produced from under the counter of the little twine shop his long-chimneyed and smoky lantern, and placed a white sheet on the wall, and projected a magnified picture thereon, my readers will, I am sure, imagine my feelings of astonishment when I saw the magnification of my first attempt.

Not long after this, the celebrated Dr. Dallinger resided in Cardiff, being then a noted Wesleyan divine, and from whom I obtained much information as to improved methods of drawing and painting on glass, so that when I was requested by the authorities of the Wesleyan Church in Canton to display my artistic ability, not the palatial building in Severn Road, but a more modest edifice on the corner of Romilly Road, which at that time served as a Sunday School as well, and where such things as tea meetings were frequently indulged in. It was on one of these occasions that I attempted to produce a large transparency painting on glazed calico. It was to be "No Cross, no Crown," but I unfortunately did not "size" the calico, and so the colours spread out and ran together, the minister on that occasion being the Rev. Mr. Bentley, who usually did not mince matters with his congregation, so that he was well known in Cardiff as "Hell fire Bentley." When he arrived in the room he looked up at the banner and said, in undisguised astonishment, "What?—No tea, no cake." I blushinglly tried to explain to him what it was intended to represent, but that the cross had been misinterpreted and looked something like a T, and the crown was a good representation of a large cake. It was thus that I gained some little experience of what not to do in attempting oil painting without size.

ART CRITICISM.

Some years ago, a very beautiful and celebrated painting by Hubert Schmalz was exhibited in Cardiff. It was the "Return from Calvary." This picture, as every intelligent person knows, is very beautiful, and the technique delightful, leaving no room for adverse criticism, or is any explanation necessary, as it tells its sublime story without the need of

interpretation. It shows unmistakably that the darkness which was on the earth is clearing away, one long cloud is hanging over the city like a pall. The Virgin Mother weighed down by fatigue and grief, knowing not whither she goeth, is being held up some steps towards her own home by St. John, and Mary Magdalene. Whilst admiring this beautiful picture, I could not help overhearing criticisms from a gentleman close by, who was explaining things to a companion. "You see this picture," he said, "is called the 'Return of the Cavalry.'" His companion then asked, "Where are the horses?" "Oh," says the critic, "They are in the barracks, which you see is in the centre of the picture, and the woman in the front being led up the steps is coming from the hospital, where her husband has been taken after being wounded in the battle."—And this is how Art is appreciated by some people. And after such vast sums have been expended on Art Education.

CARDIFF'S FIRST ELECTRIC LIGHT.

One wonders to-day how the world managed to get on without the electric light, yet it really did seem to proceed on its way nevertheless. The gas manufacturing industry does not seem to be affected, judging by the huge gas holders that are to be seen almost everywhere in spite of the numerous electric light and power stations. It was only a few months ago I was reminded of the time when the electric light was first seen in Cardiff. It was by the very gentleman who pioneered its introduction. Some of my readers will, perhaps, remember him, as his name was a household word at the time, who has not heard of George Hopkins, of the American Meat Market in the Hayes, or Hopkins' farm-house bread? for his business was of a very extensive character, and really occupied the site of Messrs. Parfitt & Jenkins' Hayes Foundry. Here, this enterprising gentleman installed Cardiff's first electric light. He had a lamp hung out on a bracket in the Hayes and where, for some time, crowds used to assemble until the street was uncomfortably blocked to witness Hopkin's electric light. He had purchased a small dynamo machine from Messrs. Siemens & Co., and in order to make a preliminary trial, I was permitted to see how the thing was to be done, so in the very room that was my resting place a few years

before he had the lamp hung up, and when the wheels went round the light appeared. This was a great fascination, for with intently watching the carbon and the arc, my eyes were so greatly affected that they became badly inflamed, so much so, that iced pads were requisitioned to ease the pain. I have since learned that blue spectacles or screens are necessary to avoid this, but as these things at that time were not so well known as they are to-day I suffered from the result of ignorance.

A LARGE PRIMARY BATTERY.

Soon after this, I assisted the late Mr. W. Daw, of the Cardiff Theatre Royal, in some elaborate experiments in producing electric light by means of a huge primary battery. We had no less than 60 quart Bunsen cells, each filled with sulphuric acid, and the usual zinc plates. The lamp consisted of a pair of flat carbon plates which I had sawn out of some large pieces of retort carbon from the Cardiff Gas Works, and between these we expected the arc to form and travel along as required. With this arrangement, we set up an excellent electric light, which was erected on the parapet of the theatre and shone out in the direction of Westgate Street as an advertisement. The current thus produced was not only sufficient to produce the light, but short circuited into the walls so that when we placed our hands on any of the bricks, we received a considerable shock, but this was to be expected in such a crude, if expensive experiment.

Quite recently I happened to recognise a little Siemen's dynamo in the Engineering Laboratory of the University College of Cardiff, in apparently good working order. It was the identical piece of mechanism I had been so familiar with nearly half a century ago, in the American Meat Market of the Hayes.

EXPLOSION OF THE BOILER OF THE "RIFLEMAN."

The explosion of a steam boiler is, happily, of rare occurrence in Cardiff, so that when one does really happen, it becomes a sort of landmark in one's memory, particularly so if the disaster is accompanied by fatal results. Such a thing

took place on March 9th, 1886, when one of the Cardiff Tug-boats, called the "Rifleman," had just towed into the East Bute Dock a large sailing vessel, and then proceeded toward the West Pier Head, when a violent explosion took place, and five of the men on board perished. One man was thrown high into the air, and over the Bute Dock Offices, and, to show the great force exerted, a large portion of the back end of the boiler was also projected as far as the East Bute Dock Basin, and alighted on the deck of a ship, killing the man at the wheel. Before the debris was cleared away, I saw various parts of the boiler, and, of course, made a minute examination of the safety valve, which was, unfortunately, inoperative, and it was no doubt due to this fact that an excess of pressure was possible, and more than the boiler was capable of standing.

SEWING MACHINES AND TOOLS.

The invention of the domestic sewing machine is by no means a new thing, for as far back as 1790 a patent was taken out by Thomas Sant. It is known, however, that working machines were never made upon this plan, but it cannot be ignored that many inventors were endeavouring to produce a machine that would do the household sewing, so that the apprentice boys of the Hayes Foundry are not claiming to have made the first sewing machine, yet we certainly were very busy trying our hands at it. One of the first occupants of the lock-up shops in the Stuart Hall was a boot manufacturer of the name of David, who was very keen on the subject, as he had heard that Elias Howe, of the United States, in 1854 had applied for a patent, and it was not long after this that Mr. David communicated the intelligence to us, with the result that we were all very much bitten with the desire to make a sewing machine. One of our number, Jesse Jenkins, actually completed one, and with this he used to sew up not only his own domestic work, but run up curtains and window blinds for all and sundry. My own machine was made of flat sheet iron, profiled to the required shape, and as the lock-stitch was, as far as we knew, a thing of the future, we contented ourselves with chain stitching, such as the toy machines of to-day produce, and in which, as is well known, that unless the strain on the thread is fairly light, the line of

stitching becomes easily unravelled. To effect our desire, we worked early and late, when opportunity offered, as it had to be done surreptitiously, it not being considered profitable engineering work, so we had to get in what time we could upon the work, unknown to our superiors in command, for our hours of work at that time were from 6 to 6, and what recreation time we managed to get in was devoted to not only trying to invent and produce a working sewing machine, but all of the ordinary hand tools, such as the squares, callipers, or centre punches, not to mention bicycles or velocipedes, that many of the apprentices of to-day are content to purchase ready made, and this is the way we managed to effect our own technical education.

A "BOMB" FROM THE BLUE.

The Defence of the Realm Act forbids all reference to things naval and military. I am, therefore, obliged to refrain from many happenings that have come under my immediate notice since August, 1914. There are circumstances, however, that I may be permitted to insert in these Reminiscences, in connection with one particular air raid that happened, not on the East Coast or South Coast, but somewhere else, where a large piece of fixed artillery was mounted, and as it was near the coast where a large number of soldiers could conveniently reach for their summer ablutions, and as the day was delightfully warm, with a splendid array of sunshine, I also gravitated to the rocks on this sandy beach, and was much interested with the play of our noble defenders who were having a jolly time with a football on the level sands prior to indulging in a dip in the briny. I should here remark, that a day or two before I happened to be in a district some distance away, where the Huns had been at their favourite game of baby-killing, and my thoughts naturally turned on bombs and such like. Perhaps affected by the heat of the sun, and under the shade of a large umbrella, and being comfortably seated in a cleft of a convenient rock, I fell into a sound sleep, when I was suddenly awakened by a terrific gunfire from the rocks just over my head, and at the same moment, as soon as my optics could be brought into action, saw a shot slithering over the rippling sea, throwing up fountains of spray as it sped along, within a few

yards of the bows of a too venturesome steamer that had ignored the official order to pull up. At the same moment I observed falling from the air a huge "bomb," which, however, did not explode or cause any other damage but a resilient rebound. It was the football that the soldiers had kicked high into the air, and which happened to come into my line of vision just as the gun was fired, and which started instantaneously all sorts of weird and warlike visions.—So I woke up.

X-RAYS.

Perhaps one of the most interesting and useful discoveries of modern times is that of being able to photograph the unseen, and this was made possible by Professor Rontgen's appeal to the popular imagination by utilising Crooke's tubes, which were then well known to most people, who had access to a suitable coil, and a glass bulb exhausted of atmospheric air. At the present time the X-Rays, as they are called, are extensively used in all our hospitals and by most surgeons for many purposes, and as these are my personal reminiscences, I can only refer to local events, and note what has come under my personal observation. Like many others, I was extremely interested in this particular form of photography, as that science has always been my pet hobby. I had read about the new discovery, and with the assistance of Mr. Jesse Williams, who at that time conducted a very extensive Chemists' business in the Park Hall Buildings, Cardiff, and who obtained for me a suitable bulb. With this and a five inch spark induction coil in the possession of the Cardiff University College, I managed to make some successful experiments. The first was that of the hand of Mr. Jesse Williams, which showed the bones most distinctly, and after this a little girl's fractured arm, who was a patient of Dr. Alfred Sheen at the Cardiff Infirmary, and after this a gentleman who had unfortunately swallowed some false teeth, and also a patient who had received a shot wound at a local shooting gallery. It must be remembered that, at this time, the local doctors looked askance at this invention, and, in fact, some of them said that it would never be of any practical use to the surgeon. They know differently now. Col. Lynn Thomas, C.B., C.M.G., was the first to recognise the great potentialities of the

invention, and he proceeded, accompanied by the writer, to Bath, Bristol, London, etc., to hear lectures by Mr. Gifford, of Chard, in Somerset, who had devoted much time and study to the science, and Mr. Campbell Swinton, the eminent electrician of London, with the result that Mr. Gifford was induced to give a lecture at the Park Hall, under the auspices of the Cardiff Photographic Society, of which I was the president. In that lecture a whole plate photograph of a member of the audience was taken, and this was immediately developed, fixed and dried, and then put into a reducing lantern, and a positive on a $3\frac{1}{4}$ -in. plate produced, and at the end of the lecture was successfully shown on the screen to the entire audience. Soon after this, with the aid of a screen of Sulpho-Cyanide of Potassium, the exhibition of the X-Rays became a popular side show performance at exhibitions.

ELECTRICITY.

The marvels of electricity have always been a subject of mystification to almost every investigator, and it is well known to-day that wonderful things are capable of being performed by its agency, yet there is still much room for further development of its powers, and this has been fully recognised by speculators who are attracted by the possibility of exploiting its many applications. To say that a certain operation is performed by the aid of electricity is sufficient information to many company promoters who have been persuaded to invest their, or other people's money, in many financial schemes that a little knowledge of electric limitations would have saved them from. Every schoolboy who rubs a stick of sealing wax on the sleeve of his coat and then holds it over dusty shreds or scraps of paper knows that they will fly up and cling to the wax. Electricity, like fire, was probably discovered by some savage, who rubbed certain beans to make them attract wisps of wild cotton. The ancient Greeks knew that a piece of amber had, when rubbed, the property of attracting light bodies. Amber is the fossil resin of a pine tree, and is found on the shores of many parts of Europe. Its attractive power might have enhanced its value in the eyes of the superstitious, but it was not until the time of Queen Elizabeth that a learned doctor made it the subject of

experiments, and showed that far from being peculiar to amber, this property was possessed by sulphur, wax, glass, and many other bodies. This great discovery was the starting point of the modern science of electricity.

Some people have been much impressed by the considerable amount of electric current evolved from a freshly manufactured reel of paper, such as newspapers are printed from, and are astonished that if they place a hand upon such a roll that may happen to be within close proximity to an unlighted gas burner, that by placing one of their fingers of the other hand near the burner, a spark of sufficient intensity is produced as to cause the escaping gas to burst into flame.

The fur of a cat is also capable of producing electricity when stroked with the hand, and if the experiment is tried in frosty weather, quite perceptible sparkling and crackling can be observed.

The same thing happens when a lady combs her tresses with an ebonite comb. I remember, many years ago, being much astonished at the gullibility of a London crowd, who were much impressed with the oratory of a gentleman who was selling electric hair brushes in the Crystal Palace. His method of convincing his victims was to produce a little pocket mariner's compass, and this when brought near the brush caused the little magnetic needle to be violently agitated. He did not tell them that a slip of ordinary hoop iron was concealed in the back of the brush, and this "marvel" was quite sufficient to enable a cute commercial person to induce a gullible public to purchase his "Electric Hair Brush."

A clever mechanic, and a much cleverer "electrician," were, years ago, in Cardiff engaged upon the production of a mechanical and electrical arrangement for producing motive power. They had been financed by a London Syndicate who were much impressed by the latent possibilities of the abilities of these gentlemen of eventually producing some great discovery. They had also enlisted into their financial assistance some local friends, who had full faith in their mysterious assertions, and had fitted up a workshop which was well guarded and locked up, so that no prying eyes should see what was going on.

At this stage, I happened to visit the establishment on some other business, and quite accidentally glanced momentarily upon the mysterious machine they were making, and concluded that it was some sort of an electric motor. The next time that I saw this contraption was in London. The same inventors had also produced a variation on the "Bell" telephone. As is well known, this instrument usually consists of a bar magnet with a little spool of fine insulated silk covered wire at one end,—close to a diaphragm of soft iron, which is, of course, magnetised by the induction of the pole, and would be attracted bodily to the pole, were it not fixed by the rim so that only its middle is free to move.

The instrument that formed the object of our visit to London differed only from the above by reason of the central pole being mechanically attached by a small screw, and was therefore pulled or pushed alternately by the power of the voice. We had previously interviewed Sir William Preece at the General Post Office, and also Colonel Gouroud, who was the head of a great telephone business, and came to the conclusion that the existing patents covered the ground of our friends, and so they hoped to float another company to run their other invention, and it was to see this model that we went to the office of the company promoters.

They had agreed to meet in the City. When we arrived there I found a semicircle of seedy-looking individuals in tall silk hats that had evidently seen better days, with gloves to match, and a bottle-nosed gentleman who took the chair. Our electric friend, who found that his command of the English language failed him, and I, who had never had a chance to previously see the invention, was invited by him to explain the principle of the machine which was brought out from under a desk for the purpose, and from which I gathered that it was intended as an electric motor for driving a motor launch on the Thames. I was told that they were proposing to run all of the Thames river traffic by means of electricity, but how the current was to be provided they evidently had no idea, so I set to work to try and elucidate things whilst kneeling on the ground with the machine in front of me and my audience seated around. After I had proceeded quite a long time, I discovered that my audience had gone fast asleep, and

also that neither of them was a capitalist, but that each of them knew someone else who knew of someone else who was a capitalist, that each of them thought they would be able to induce to take up shares in floating the company, and from whom they hoped to obtain their individual remunerations and commissions.

It has been found that electricity, among other useful purposes, can be successfully employed for the removing of incrustation in steam boilers for, as is well known, the accumulation of deposit is not only the cause of great extravagance in the consumption of fuel, but has the dangerous effect of overheating the plates in contact with the fire. The loss of fuel by incrustation has been observed to be about 15 per cent. for every 1-16th of an inch of thickness of scale. Among the various electrical devices that have been devised for producing the desired effect is that of suspending in the water space of the boiler large plates of zinc, the suspended supports of the zinc being in metallic contact with the boiler, naturally forms an efficient electrical conductor, the water in which the zinc is immersed forming a comparatively weak battery.

The electrogen is simply a globe of zinc more efficiently connected up, and acting in the same way. Mr. Augustus Marquand, of Cardiff, found that if an electric battery of low voltage was properly applied it would be of great advantage, but if connected up wrongly would have an opposite effect to that desired. Soon after the experiments referred to were being put into practice, it occurred to the pushful foreign gentlemen, before mentioned, that the application of a dynamo would do better, but came to grief on account of the current being too strong, and thus defeated the intended purpose, as it caused great pit holes to form on the plate surfaces in the water space.

The current thus produced effectively drove out the scale, and also the impurities in the boiler plates themselves, with the result named, thus proving that it is possible to remove deposit by electricity, and it is also almost certain that injury to the boiler itself can be as easily effected, and incidentally, that a little electric knowledge, as in other things, is more than dangerous.

POWER FOR NOTHING.

The necessity of providing a practical method of obtaining motive power for road and other vehicles has provided mental activity for an enormous number of would-be inventors for ages, and I have no doubt but that most people have had, at one time or another, a desire to embark on such enterprises, and could provide interesting reading if they would relate their experiences. I once met a gentleman who told me he was an "engineer," and was then engaged upon the usual business of floating a company, and with this object in view, had on exhibit at the Agricultural Hall in Islington his marvellous invention. It was for the purpose of demonstrating the practicability of increasing the power of an ordinary bicycle. This gentleman was an expert cyclist, and I noticed he had immensely powerful limbs, especially about the legs, and could, on the cycle track, go around the arena at a wonderful speed, and beating all his competitors, and this result, he said, was accomplished by the use of his new appliance; therefore, I became much interested, and desired to learn what his mechanism was like, so I made a careful inspection of the machine and probably expressed my disapproval, which rather annoyed the "Inventor." He said, "Look here, mate, if you've got any money to invest in my company, I shall be glad to discuss the question, but if not, I shall proceed to demonstrate that I gain 25% more power by the adoption of my idea than the other riders can upon their machines." So I was obliged to retire from the crowd that assembled, as they looked threatening, knowing full well that the inventor had given practical proofs of his claims. No engineer with the least knowledge of elementary mechanics will believe that a London crowd at a big cycle-racing exhibition could be taken in by anybody astride a bicycle holding in front of him a child's windmill, such as may be seen in the rag and bone man's cart, as an inducement to juvenile trading. It occurred to this "inventor" that if he mounted a similar concern on the front of his bicycle and connected to the central spindle, a bevil gear arrangement, with another similar gear on the crank spindle, so that as he moved forward the vanes would revolve and operate the driving gear of the bicycle. He could not, or would not, understand that it was his fine muscular power was doing all the work, and at the

same time wasting much valuable energy. So instead of the windmill driving the bicycle, the man with the super muscular legs was driving the windmill in addition to its complicated mechanism. This reminds me of another engineering attempt to create power that was the invention of a "mining" engineer, who conceived the idea that the S shaped crank usually adopted by itinerant street operators of razor and scissor grinding machines, with the idea that a bent crank is more powerful than a straight one by reason of its length when straightened out, forgetting, of course, that the length of a crank is the distance in a straight line from centre to centre, so our "Engineer" had a straight crank of several feet in length coiled round in a helix, so that the actual distance from centre to centre was about 7". He really thought that he was getting a crank of as many feet in length.

LLANDAFF CATHEDRAL.

When Cardiff was quite a little place, and the fine bridge that spans the river on the Cowbridge Road was not the wide, or massive structure it is to-day, and when the incline, or rise, in the middle was a stiff climb for horse traffic, the appearance of which is well shown in all river views of the town during the earlier part of the last century, and when each abutment had angular recesses into which pedestrians could retire to allow of the passage of vehicular traffic, like nearly all other picturesque things, the widening and modernising of the bridge, its beauties had to be sacrificed, for public convenience. The beautiful view from one of the little angular retreats left a pleasurable impression that has not been effaced with years. It was here that I saw for the first time, an artist actually at work, and engaged upon a beautiful water-colour picture of the scene, and, perhaps, both the picture and the subject are responsible for my affection for this particular spot, and with this in my mind, I was shortly afterwards trying to induce an unimaginative young lady to appreciate its beauties, with this result. I said, pointing to the river, "This is the Taff." "Oh," she said, devoting her nose, "What a dirty little stream." "Ah," I said, "But you should see it when the tide's in." "Oh," she replied, with another sniff, "I don't believe there's room for it." I felt crushed. When we arrived at the Cathedral, which was then in course of restoration

by that celebrated architect, Mr. Pritchard, of Llandaff, the builder being Mr. Thomas Williams, a native of near Pontypool, and an old friend of one of my employers, who also came from that quarter. Hence I suppose the reason of our firm having to make some of the ornamental iron work of the roof, much of which I had been engaged on, as ornamental work was in my line during the early days of my apprenticeship.

Mr. Williams, many years after this, had the contract for "Old London," which was built on the site of the Exhibition of 1862 in Hyde Park, and on which Mr. John Evans, of whom I have already spoken in connection with the work at Cardiff Castle, as also was Mr. Cambell who was responsible for the artistic decoration and stained glass, etc. To return to my lady friend, who had wandered inside the sacred edifice, and was much interested in a recumbent effigy of a skeletonised figure of a lady. "What's that horrid thing?" she said, with ill-concealed disgust. Then I explained, that for many years, possibly centuries, this marble statue had been exposed to the wind and the rain, there being no roof over it to preserve it. "Oh," she said, fully grasping the situation, "I suppose that when the roof was off the rain had washed the flesh off its bones, and left only the skeleton."

THE MARRIAGE REJOICINGS OF THE LATE MARQUIS OF BUTE.

In April, 1872, the Marquis of Bute brought home his bride, the beautiful Lady Gwendoline Howard, and Cardiff rose to the occasion by elaborate celebrations. The Bute workmen, determined to show their loyalty to the new bride and bridegroom, made an interesting presentation, and formed a huge procession from the docks to the Castle, carrying banners and other paraphernalia. One of these was no less than the great Bute House flag, which usually adorns the flagstaff on the Keep when the family is in residence. This was extemporised into a processional banner with a pair of vertical poles, and a cross yard on the top, and the usual guy ropes and tassels. The day was somewhat boisterous, and this huge flag took a considerable amount of navigation along Bute Street, and the G.W.R. Bridge, being several feet too high to pass under. The carrying of this banner was acknowledged

to be the hardest day's work the men who were told off for this job had undertaken for a long time. Arrived at the Castle, the presentation was made by the oldest member of the staff, the late Mr. Richard Greaves. I shall always remember with great pleasure the gracious way in which Lord and Lady Bute received the humble tribute from the Bute Docks workmen, and the splendid picture her ladyship made, for it must not be forgotten that she was then acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful ladies of her day. As for the presentation, much difficulty was found in choosing a suitable gift. It was, however, left to the writer to ask Mr. Clarke, of Dowlais, an acknowledged authority in all matters of good taste and archæology. His advice was to purchase an original copy of Lady Charlotte Guest's translation of the Mabinogion, and told me where such a one could be obtained. This was accomplished, and a suitable casquet was made, with a parchment scroll enclosed, and this was handed to her Ladyship on the steps of the main entrance to the Castle, while we all stood in a large semicircle facing the new-made bride and bridegroom. Probably, as an outcome of this presentation, the late Mr. Burges designed and had executed in the Library, that quaint and ancient Welsh tale, that may be easily followed, in sculpture over the doorways of the Banqueting Hall. Here will be found the remarkably quaint story which illustrates the search for Mabon the son of Modron, who was taken, when three nights old, from between his mother and the Castle Wall. The first object King Arthur's retinue met with in their search was the Ousel bird, who said, "When I first came here, there was a smith's anvil in this place, and I was a young bird: and from that time no work has been done upon it, save the pecking of my beak every evening, and now there is not so much as the size of a nut remaining thereof. Nevertheless, in all that time, I have not heard of the man for whom you enquire." So they proceeded to a large place where there was the Stag of Redynvre. The Stag said, "When I first came here, there was a plain all around me, without any trees save an oak sapling, which grew up to be an oak with an hundred branches, and that oak has since perished, so that now nothing remains of it but the withered stump. And from that day to this, I have been here, yet I have never heard of the man for whom you enquire." So they proceeded to the place where was the

Owl of Cwm Cawlwyd, who said, "When I came hither, the wide valley you see was a wooded glen, and a race of men came and rooted it up, and there grew there a second wood, and this wood is the third. My wings, are they not withered stumps? Yet all this time, even until to-day, I have never heard of the man for whom you enquire." Then they came to the place where they found the oldest animal in the world, the Eagle of Gwern Abwy, who said, "I have been here for a great space of time, and when I came hither there was a rock, from the top of which I pecked at the stars every evening, and now it is not so much as a span high. From that to this, I have been here, and I have never heard of the man you require, except once, when I went in search of food, as far as Lyn Llyw, and when I came there I stuck my talons into a salmon, so the salmon said, 'As much as I know, I will tell thee. With every tide I come near to the walls of Gloucester. Let two of you go thither on my two shoulders.'" And they proceeded until they came to the walls of a prison, and they heard great wailing and lamenting from the dungeon. It was Mabon, the son of Modron."

It was whilst Mr. T. Nicholls, the eminent sculptor of Lambeth, was engaged on this work, and Mr. Charles Cambell, of the firm of Cambell and Smith, was effecting the necessary colour decoration that I was frequently present, and took much interest in this ancient Welsh legend.

I do not anticipate that any of my readers to-day would find as much difficulty in finding the respected miners' representative of the same name. I refer to the Rt. Honourable W. M. Abraham, M.P., whose ample proportions cannot be very well ignored, and this gives rise to a joke I once heard of gentlemen who stood on Canton Bridge, and a lover of Nature was pointing out to him the view of the Garth Mountain. His friend, who dearly loved a joke, said that the reason that he could not see the whole of the mountain was due to the fact that Mabon was standing in front of it.

AN ACT OF GALLANTRY.

There is another story that may be of interest that happened about this time. His Lordship, who was of a retiring disposition, visited Cardiff with her Ladyship soon after the incident related in the last paragraph, and as it

happened to be rather late on a Saturday evening, when St. Mary Street was, as usual, somewhat crowded with the town folks, whose custom was to parade the streets of the parish in large numbers on that particular evening of the week, and I think the custom still remains. Of course, everyone desired to do honour to the bride and bridegroom, but such was not the wish of either of the visitors, and desirous of escaping attention they started to walk to the Castle, but this was not possible, as they were very soon recognised before they reached the station approach, when Lord Bute conducted her Ladyship and a lady friend, bidding the cabby to take the ladies to the Castle, and he would follow after on foot. The crowd then became extra loyal and demonstrative, and proceeded to take the horse out of the vehicle, much to the alarm of the occupants. One of the Bute workmen then came to the rescue, and secured another cab, and pushed the ladies inside, following them, and keeping guard alongside of Lady Bute, and told the cabby to drive through the crowd to the Castle. Her Ladyship, much alarmed, enquired the name of her protector. Lord Bute had to push his way right along St. Mary and High Streets, arriving soon after, and thanked little Tommy Griffiths for his gallantry, and afterwards instructed Mr. John McConnochie that he was to be presented with a sovereign, and to also receive Lord and Lady Bute's grateful thanks. Little Tommy lives in one of the streets off City Road, and is the nephew of the late celebrated Cardiff artist, Mr. Alexander Wilson, whose Dutch fairs have adorned the houses of many old Cardiff inhabitants. The picture I reproduce, of the old Town Hall in St. Mary Street, is the property of Mr. Griffiths, and is the original from which the well known lithographs published by Jacquier were reproduced. Mr. Jacquier occupied the shop in Castle Street, between the Angel Hotel and High Street Corner, and was Cardiff's first Daguerreotypist.

THE FINE OLD TOWER OF ST. JOHN'S.

The old, picturesque, if perhaps unsanitary little town of Cardiff possessed charms to the inhabitants that perhaps cannot be appreciated by those who only know it as the great commercial city of to-day, yet there is at least one great

architectural feature that will appeal to them as the central object in almost every view of the old town that has been preserved to us. I refer to the venerable tower of St. John's Church: that to me, at least, has no equal for perfect symmetry or graceful detail in the country, not even excepting those said to be by the same architect, at Wrexham, and St. Stephen's at Bristol. To appreciate this beautiful specimen of perpendicular architecture at close quarters, an ascent of the winding staircase and an examination of its fine peal of bells on the way is necessary, and a view from its summit on a clear day will give a visitor a better idea of modern Cardiff and the surrounding landscape than is possible from any other available elevation, for from this position he will see a large portion of the county of Glamorgan for very many miles in every direction, with Monmouthshire stretching away on the left, and the Bristol Channel and the Flat and Steep Holmes, Clevedon, Weston-super-Mare, and many miles of the Somersetshire coast almost as far as the Bristol river, with such a large amount of ocean and other vessels as he will probably be unable to see at a glance from any other port.

Desirous of revisiting this beautiful old tower, I recently managed to induce the courteous verger, a gentleman who, many years ago was one of my associates in the boiler making way at the Bute Docks, and who at one time gave me valuable help in the building of the large girders which span the Taff and Ely Rivers on the Penarth Road, but finding Church duties more to his liking, he forsook engineering for the more congenial work of being in charge of this venerable structure. My guide first of all introduced me to the bell-ringing and clock-face rooms. The bells are eleven in number, and are each swung by ropes passing upwards into the belfry. On one side of the room is a hand chiming arrangement, and in order to demonstrate the method of operation, my guide manipulated several beautiful tunes. The clock face is about 4ft. 6in. in diameter, and is illuminated by electricity, the old gas lighting system now being dispensed with. There are tappets on one of the wheels, which automatically make and break contact, so that at any given time the lamps are automatically lit or extinguished, according to the hours of light required. The mechanism of the clock is placed in a chamber immediately above the ringing room, and is a fine specimen of

local clock engineering of one hundred years ago. It was built by Thackwell in 1814, and as far as I can see, bids fair to last another century at least. I am given to understand that it is a perfect timekeeper.

The bells are very large, and are swung by means of rope sheaves 5ft. or 6ft. in diameter. The eleven big bells are wonderfully arranged to swing clear of each other. They are suspended on trunnions working in bearings, resting upon very heavy cast iron frames, and cross beams to absorb the vibration, which must be immense when the whole peal is being manipulated.

One of these bells rings the curfew every night at eight o'clock, and afterwards strikes the day of the month, so that all and sundry, if they listen, need have no occasion to refer to a calendar for that information. Old Cardiffians used to call this bell the "Cruffin," and the children, when they heard it sounding, knew that it was time for them to retire for the night, and besides, instead of the parents threatening chastisement when they were naughty or obstrepulous, called their attention to the fact that "Cruffin" was near at hand, which generally had the desired effect.

One of the bells has this quaint inscription—

"My sound is good, my shape is neat,
'Twas Bayley cast me so complete."

It is much to the credit of the Rev. Canon Thompson and the lovers of the old Church, that such a fine restoration was effected a few years ago by Messrs. S. Shepton and Son, when the whole of the structure was carefully examined, and reverently and effectually restored. I may be perhaps excused for recording my appreciation of the effective way this work was undertaken, and the wonderful scaffolding that was erected for that purpose. It was the admiration of all who appreciated the importance of the work, and as I had the honour of knowing the contractor intimately, I venture also to record this little story. A garrulous Irish labourer who was seeking employment, and spying old Mr. Shepton, who had a wholesome dislike to all kinds of platitudes, commenced to pretend to admire the workmanship. He said, "That's a foine schkaffold, Mr. Shepton, Sorr, look, there's foine poles. They are the finest poles I ever saw, there's no fear of them

breaking. A man working on the top of such a schkaffold would be as safe as if he was on the ground. There's ropes, Sorr, every one of 'em is strong enough to moor a ship in the dock wid. I'd loike to work up there carrying morthier, Sorr. Will you give me a job to work, Sorr? on that foine schkaffold, Sorr?" "No, my good man, go away, I don't want any labourers just now." But the man persisted in his palaver, and the contractor repeated his determination that he didn't want his assistance, when the Irishman changed his tone completely. "Call that a schkaffold?" he says; "Bedad, I wouldn't wurrk on such a dam thing for anybody," and with that he departed gesticulating along Church Street, until he was lost to sight in one of the many rookeries that at that time occupied the back premises of St. Mary Street

THE BUTE DOCKS.

The late Mr. John Boyle, who was the great personage in connection with the Bute Estate during the minority of the late Lord Bute, was a gentleman of great austerity, and had the interests of the port of Cardiff very much at heart. One of his ambitions was to establish a line of large steamers to take passengers and goods between Cardiff and New York, and to this effect he commissioned Messrs. Simons and Co., of Renfrew, Scotland, to build two fine steamers, the "Glamorgan" and "Pembroke," and to save the management every possible facility in dock charges and the like, in order to make the venture a success, a special wharf was constructed at the North West end of the East Bute Dock, with large goods warehouses, and hydraulic cranes for dealing with the expected goods traffic. There was great excitement on the advent of the first vessel, which had on board several Cardiff gentlemen, including the manager, the late Mr. John Laughland; Mr. John M'Connochie, the engineer of the Bute Docks; Mr. Henry Chappell, the master shipwright, who is, I am glad to say, still well and vigorous, and living in retirement in one of the streets off Roath Park. Captain Leybourne was in command, and on this, her maiden voyage, one of my own pupils, who acted as one of the engineers managed to leave one of his fingers on board, having been in too close contact with the revolving cranks. This was the

late Mr. Harry Ferrier, a son of Captain Ferrier, who was the Tidal Harbour Master at that time. Dock folks of to-day might be interested to know that this little harbour was a creek, which was afterwards converted into the present Roath Basin. The arrival of the "Glamorgan" was a red letter day in Cardiff, for she was the only Atlantic passenger steamer that had visited the port up till that time, and excursions were run on the local railways to greet this fine vessel. As for myself, I waited at Penarth Head, and made some sketches of her in my note book, and afterwards waited at the newly constructed Atlantic Wharf, in order to be one of the first to jump aboard, and have a good look at the machinery. What interested me much was that in her saloon was a fine library of books, beautifully bound in solid leather, with a gold monogram of S.W.A., which was, in addition to "South Wales Atlantic," my own initials as well. I have always felt jealous of old Davy Jones, who shortly afterwards became not only the possessor of this fine library of books, but the "Glamorgan" as well.

Mr. Boyle took a very great interest in the "Thisbe" Mission Ship, one of the old warships that was moored for many years both at the lower end of the East Bute Dock, and the West Bute Dock. Here Mr. Boyle, and the Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Melliss, used to contribute musical evenings to the seamen, who were entertained almost nightly on board. Mr. Boyle had a delightful tenor voice, and sang with great musical knowledge, and feeling, such songs as 'My Pretty Jane,' 'The Death of Nelson,' in fact, as far as I can remember, all of the songs made popular by Sims Reeves, whose artistry Mr. Boyle very much resembled. It was a great loss to Cardiff and the Bute Docks when this gentleman retired from its management. His successor, the late Mr. W. T. Lewis, afterwards Lord Merthyr, like most of the general managers taking on a new vocation, soon made things lively for all the old retainers, and in order to effect greater efficiency, a gentleman who had for some time been in the employ of the Sultan of Turkey, who told me when discussing the best form of fire bars to stand the action of sulphury coals, that when he was in the Turkish Navy, his great difficulty was not in the shape of the bars, but in getting enough of them, as every time a Turkish fireman refused to carry out orders, was to tie one of the bars with

a piece of rope round his neck, and quietly drop him overboard, and this accounted for the large number of bars he had to order from ashore. I never knew whether this was a hint for me, as I had previously been complaining of burnt fire bars in our locomotives, and the fact of having to put in as much as three sets a day into an engine was, he thought, not the fault of the coal, but in the way it was used. This enlightenment only lasted a few weeks, for upon one memorable Easter day he did not make his appearance at the Docks as expected, but a gentleman whom we had christened "Captain Moonlight," who had formerly been something at a colliery, and was then gentleman-in-waiting to our new friend, who had been to his lodgings in Newport Road that morning, and had been unable to get an answer to his rapping on the bedroom door, so with the help of the alarmed housekeeper they broke the door in, and, to their horror, found our new Engineer in an apoplectic fit on the floor. A doctor and myself were immediately summoned, and as nothing else could be done, I wired to his relatives who resided a few miles away, who soon arrived, and we stayed by him and did all that was possible, but of no avail, for he passed away two days later. I then arranged with Mr. Stone for the last ceremony, and as the interment was to take place in the neighbourhood of Aberdare, I accompanied the cortege thither and this was the end of that chapter; but the new broom had not yet finished sweeping for another engineer came upon the scene. He had formerly been an engineer of a large iron works, and I was requested to show him round the Docks and engine houses, etc., and in order to accomplish this quickly, I thought that a row in a ferry boat would be the most expeditious, as the East Bute Dock is about a mile in length, and to save about half a mile in walking I always took a boat, but never allowed Charlie, the ferryman, to do the rowing, he taking a seat in the stern and I handling the paddles. So I managed somehow, to induce my friend to come aboard, this was the only time he ever crossed the dock in a small boat, and every time I did so afterwards (which was almost daily) the ferryman gave vent to his uncontrollable merriment, and gave me an illustration of what happened on that memorable occasion by grasping the gunwale with both hands, and assuming a woe-begone and terrified expression. About this time there was a man employed in repairing the dock gates. He was not what

would be called a skilled workman, but a very active and useful man in rigging up rough staging and the like, and could do such work as was required about the Pierhead quite as expeditiously and at considerably less cost than any of the other men, who objected to a non-union man being employed, with the result that I was inundated with anonymous letters about him, the whole of which I ignored, until the police superintendent told me he suspected this fellow of dishonesty, so that a sharp watch was kept on him, but for a long time things were missed from the stores and other places, so I induced a friend who was a clerk of the works at Castell Coch Restorations, to give me a very savage bull terrier he owned, and as he was about finishing up that important work, he was very glad to be rid of "Crib," so I installed this otherwise undesirable animal inside the stores and left him there o' nights, when the pilfering ceased for a time. On another occasion, late one Saturday night, a dock policeman called at my house and said that they had captured the man in question wheeling a barrow load of copper firebox-plates off the premises, and would I come to the lock-up in one of the arches and see for myself, which I did, for hitherto I did not believe the tales I had heard about him. When he was searched, they discovered his pockets were filled with all kinds of skeleton keys, which fitted every door and cupboard we tried them in. The result was a period of imprisonment for the dishonest rascal, and a complete smash up of each of the keys under the steam hammer in the smith's shop, so that no one else should utilise them. When I had decided to become a consulting engineer on my own account, my successor, who was of a timid disposition, asked me what I was going to do with the dog. I did not reply, but as we were standing near the dock side, I called "Crib," and gently tied a short length of string to his collar and the other end to a heavy railway chair that happened to be handy, and without a word allowed the casting to fall into the communication canal, followed by poor "Crib." I am afraid that this method of getting rid of undesirables was suggested by my friend late of the Turkish Navy. A few rapid bubbles arose to the surface and all was over. My successor and myself then silently adjourned to the office, wherein I had been in command for about fifteen years, and where I had accumulated a considerable amount of odds and ends. My successor had already taken possession

of the room overhead and had placed a comfortable chair just over a little shelf where I had stored the remains of a material I had used for a certain experiment, which I will describe, which was what I conceived to be a novel means of ship's propulsion. It consisted of a rough model of a vessel with a length of strong iron pipe, fore and aft under the water line, in which I intended to place a water-tight cartridge of explosive, the ignition of which by fuse or otherwise, would tend to drive the ship along, when fired intermittently. The experiment incidentally never materialised. Anyhow, my friend gruffly asked, "What's in that box?" I said, "Only gunpowder." "What are you going to do with it?" he asked with ill-concealed alarm. I did not reply, but took down the little box and deposited its contents in the water, somewhere near the spot where lay the drowned "Crib."

The following is what my employer, the late Alderman Mr. John McConnochie said concerning the writer of these 'Reminiscences':

16, Bute Crescent,
Engineer's Office, Bute Docks,
Cardiff, 19th June, 1883.

I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the professional attainments of Mr. S. W. ALLEN, who has been superintendent Engineer, of the Locomotive and Mechanical Department, of the Bute Docks, for the last 15 years.

During that time, he has been actively engaged in the maintenance and renewals of Locomotive, Stationary and Marine Engines, Coal Tips, Bridges, Hydraulic Machinery, Dock Gates, Railways, Water Works, Gas Works, Steam Dredgers and Plant, Cargo and Passenger Steamers, Steam Tugs, Cranes, Hoists and other Machinery, nearly all of which have been executed in our own Workshops, under Mr. Allen's superintendence, with credit to himself, and to my entire satisfaction.

Mr. Allen possesses unusual talent, both for Designing and Executing Mechanical Work.

Mr. Allen left the Marquis of Bute's Works on the 31st December last, to enter business as a Consulting Engineer.

JOHN M'CONNOCHIE, M.I.C.E. & M.I.M.E.

AN UNFINISHED MOTOR CAR.

In writing *Reminiscences*, it is difficult to bring back to one's mind many things that have been partly forgotten, but occasionally a glance at certain things will set up a train of links with the past of more or less importance. Such a thing happened only to-day when I happened to be visiting certain workshops, somewhere at the Docks. It was where a busy weaving machine was plaiting ropes for the purpose of making hydraulic packing, the material being passed through a steam heated tank filled with tallow or some such lubricating material, the heat being supplied by a little vertical steam boiler, three feet high and eighteen inches diameter, with a few hanging tubes attached to the top of the fire box, their lower ends being in close contact with the fire, the chimney passing out at the side. On seeing this little boiler, visions of the early seventies passed through my mind, for it was one that I had devised and had made, for I had conceived the idea of a steam velocipede with a pair of large wheels on either side and a steering wheel in front. Parts of the solid rubber tyres are still in my possession. I had nearly finished the concern, when it occurred to me that the law did not allow of a power-driven carriage unless the speed did not exceed four miles per hour, and that it was imperative that a man should walk in front all the way carrying a red flag, besides which, had I not confided my idea to Mr. Fred Weekes, the celebrated London artist, who made a comic sketch of myself being blown to atoms by a terrific boiler explosion, my head away in the air, with my body and limbs in all directions, and the machine parts scattered broadcast, my mother and sister standing on our front door step holding up their hands in ill-disguised horror, so without a word being said the affair came to a full stop, but the little boiler now supplies steam for the packing of most of the huge hydraulic machinery in use in, perhaps, the most important docks in the world. Alas, to what unthought of uses may we not return.

CARVING ANGELS BY MACHINERY.

I expect everyone who has done me the honour of reading these *Reminiscences* has seen, and appreciated, the wonderful architectural and artistic work in the Castle of Cardiff, and

some will remember the time when that portion now constituting the banquetting hall was a series of much smaller and lower apartments. The restoration of these rooms was undertaken in the early seventies and a new roof placed on the ancient corbels. These are to be seen to-day, but it was considered by some of the authorities that the apartment would have a much better appearance if the roof was raised a few feet higher. This decision was very much criticised at the time. The architect and many others agreed that the heightening of the apartment was not an improvement. Anyhow, the whole of the top structure was raised, lead covering and all. This was accomplished by placing a series of screw jacks along the top of the walls, and at the word of command, each screwjack was simultaneously operated, and the massive roof slowly rose to its present elevation, and so successfully was this accomplished, that not a single crack or undue strain resulted, the short lengths of pilasters resting on the corbels were capped with carved figures of angels. It may interest many to know how these figures were produced, and perhaps they will be surprised to know that they were carved by machinery, although not very long ago some of the London papers described a new method of reproducing sculpture which was practically identical with the one employed upon the angels in this beautiful room. Before the mechanical work commenced, one of the figures was carved in the usual way, and this was mounted between centres and slowly revolved lathe fashion. Another pair of centres carried a rough piece of wood of the necessary size, and both revolved simultaneously. Above these was a swinging frame with a vertical movement, and nicely balanced. This frame carried a high speed revolving cutter of small diameter, and this was allowed to gently touch the rough piece of wood. Over the finished figure, or model, was a pointer, or piece of steel the same shape and size as the revolving cutter, both, of course, rising and falling together as operated by the attendant. The frame had also a longitudinal traversing movement, so that the full length of the model and the figure being reproduced could be brought under the revolving cutter and pointer at will. In this way, the angels in question were carved. An observer will notice that no attempt was ever made to obliterate the tool marks, as it was found that the sculpture was very much more effective without this

refinement, and I do not think that many have observed that any sort of smoothing up was necessary.

The foreman carpenter, the late and talented Mr. John Evans, was not only responsible for the building and raising up of the roof, but for the sculptured angels as well.

The heavy sheet lead covering of this roof, as well as other parts of the Castle, was also produced by the Bute workmen. A large table, or shallow trough, many feet in length and width was filled with moulders' sand, and carefully smoothed and levelled. At the end of the table was an iron trough, or ladle, supported on trunnions. This was filled with molten lead and tipped over, the lead flowing over the bed of sand in a shallow wave, followed by a metal strip the full width of the table, guides limiting the thickness of the finished sheet, the overplus flowing over the end of the table into a suitable receptacle. In this way, then, was the lead sheeting on the roof of the Clock and other towers produced, as well as the many gargoyles that spout the rain water clear of the walls. Mr. Mathew Montries was responsible for the lead work, one of the archways at the head of the East Bute Dock being utilised for the purpose.

Now that I have attempted to describe the method employed to carve angels by machinery, I think I ought to say that about the time when this work was being carried out, there was to be a grand fete and gala, to be given in the Sophia Gardens, for the benefit of the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Llandaff. The leading promoters of this fete were the late Mr. Lascelles Carr and the late Mr. Louis Esmond of the Theatre Royal in Crockherbtown. Both of these gentlemen approached the late Alderman M'Connochie, who was the Engineer of the Bute Docks, and my superior, to obtain his help, and the cause was such a very charitable one that he readily gave his consent. Hence his handing over the mechanical arrangements to me, with the result that I erected the afore-mentioned carving machine in a suitable tent, with a small engine and boiler and a number of interesting working models. One of those angels supporting the roof in the Banqueting Hall is the one carved on this occasion. I induced Mr. Melville, of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, to

take all of the money, amounting to £15, admission to the tent, so that there were no expenses to be deducted for this little side-show, and Kate Kennedy (Mrs. Esmond) was in the pay box at the entrance gates outside.

Some years after, in conversation with Mr. Carr, I wanted to know something about the financial success of the undertaking. He then explained to me how the thing originated. He said he knew that the Deaf and Dumb School were in need of funds, and that he had discussed matters with Louis Esmond, and that they had agreed to give Mr. Melville the sum of thirty pounds down, and that they were to get up the fete and pay all expenses, and divide the excess takings between them. A long time after, he questioned Mr. Esmond as to his share of the profits. "What?" says Louis; "There isn't any— —" "Nonsense," said Mr. Carr; "There must be a big balance, as there were practically no expenses, and the field was crowded all the time." "Well," says Mr. Esmond; "Kate took the money, and I took the cheques, so there could be no possibility of leakage."

ANCIENT AND MODERN ARCHITECTURE.

The picturesque, if insanitary little town of Cardiff, in the sixties was destined very soon to develop into the beautiful and prosperous city we know to-day, with its splendid White Palaces, spacious streets, and parks. The beginning of this great change was, undoubtedly, the erection of the Clock Tower that decorates the South Western Angle of the curtain wall that surrounds the ancient Castle, and little even at that time did, even the oldest inhabitant, know or dream that this stupendous piece of masonry actually occupies the site of a still very much older bastion of the Roman period, the masonry of the foundations having to be removed in order to make footings for the new structure. I have no doubt but that this revival of the 13th century Gothic work gave a kind of spurt to local architects and builders throughout the neighbourhood, in adopting Mr. Burges' beautiful details in many of the residential and public buildings we see around. I might also mention here that Mr. M'Connochie's house in Park Place was also put in hand soon after, which was also the work of the late Mr. William Burges, A.R.A., after the carved

and sculptured work at the Castle had been executed by Mr. T. Nicols, of Battersea. The decorative painting was put in hand, and to this effect the celebrated London artists, Messrs. Frederick Weekes, W. Smallfield, C. Rossiter, and others were engaged. The gem of these mural paintings is the series of small panels over the windows in the summer smoking room, representing the metals, such as platinum, gold, silver, bronze, bell metal, strontium, potassium, sodium, etc. The one, however, that I like best is that of bell metal, which depicts a youthful figure in mediæval costume, vigorously ringing a hand-bell, and also, in another part of the Castle, a series of panels illustrative of the triumphs of virtue over vice. It is some years, however, since I have had the opportunity of admiring these beautiful paintings by Weekes, but I am pleased to say that I quite recently visited the artist at his residence in Pembridge Crescent, and renewed an old friendship by being permitted to admire his splendid collection of ancient mediæval armour, of which he is, perhaps, the greatest living authority at the present time. My first meeting with Weekes was when he was painting the figures in Lord Bute's bedroom. These represent stories relating to the discovery of various jewels, such as that legend which most schoolboys remember in which Sinbad the Sailor and his friends, finding that some wonderful jewels were guarded by fearsome dragons, so they got some lady friends to play beautiful music, which had a soporific effect upon the dragons, so that they fell into a state of slumber, whereon they cautiously approached and threw large chunks of meat into the dragons' cave, which had the effect of sticking to the gems. The next business was to get at the meat, and this they accomplished by waiting until some rapacious and carnivorous birds spotted the enticing beef, and other delectable joints, which they took up in their claws and beaks, and of course flew away with them. In the meantime, the dwarfs and giants, who were on the look out, with all sorts of sharp weapons and noisy instruments, which frightened the birds so as to induce them to drop the meat, when they made off with the jewels, and taking advantage of the sleeping dragons, made short work of these ungainly monsters.

Mr. Weekes's assistant in the painting of these figures was the late Mr. William Frame, who had previously been

assistant to Mr. Pritchard, of Llandaff, the architect of the important and beautiful restoration of Llandaff Cathedral. Mr. Frame had, soon after, won the Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship of the Royal Academy, for the design of a nobleman's town residence, and spent much time in measuring and drawing Chepstow and Caerphilly Castles, as well as the restoration of Castell Coch, the little mediæval stronghold which dominates the valley of the river Taff at Tongwynlais, as well as the delightful Terra-Cotta suite of offices that stands between the sea entrances of the West and East Dock basins—a building that has, perhaps, no equal for refinement and original detail.

Mr. Burges, like many another clever man, had a queer temper, and was very exacting in matters of detail, of which he was a past master, and in these matters was extremely particular, for in works of art a knowledge of detail is everything, and his drawings in this effect were proverbial, a lesson perhaps some architects should take to heart, for he knew what he wanted, and had sufficient knowledge to see that his instructions were carried out by the specialists he employed—on one occasion, a grotesque figure was being represented, when he saw it, he screamed with passion: "The dam thing won't work," he said. "The limbs are anatomically impossible, and its the wrong colour. "Where's my 'yellow belly'?" he yelled, and with that he kicked some inoffending material across the apartment, to the terror of the unfortunate decorator. Mr. Frame, who succeeded him as Architect, who I suppose had learned or assumed something of his master's manner, was one day taking some measurements at Caerphilly, and as I had made him a nice little working model of a portcullis, I wished to confer with him about it. Willum, as I generally called him, was in a bad humour that morning, and as I had two ladies with me, he commenced showing off by firing off a battery of DDDDDDD's, etc. I expect he had been irritated, as he had been very hard at work, and I hadn't; for William could work extremely hard, practically night and day, when the fit was on—so to retaliate, I wrote to Weekes telling him of the circumstance, and in reply received the following drawing in order that I should, as he said, "get Willum's rag out."

On one occasion, Mr. Burges requested me to design a Portcullis and Drawbridge for Castell Coch. He told me that it was a difficult problem, and the old walls were not quite square and true, and that the Portcullis should act as a counter balance to the Drawbridge, and although the ancients had, he thought, plenty of men to use it, the present one should be worked by a single operator, and should be perfectly safe, in order to prevent anyone being trapped or guillotined by accident. The result was, that all of the mechanism for the present arrangement was designed and carried out at the Bute workshops, with the result that many thought it a bit slow. It is however quite safe and effective. I have no doubt that after maturer consideration, I expect there are some portions I would like to reconsider. Some time after the circumstance I have touched upon in the last chapter, Mr. Burges desired to visit Castell Coch, and wished me to accompany him thither if I could obtain a suitable conveyance, and as I knew that Mr. Peter Whyte, who was at that time an Assistant Engineer to Mr. M'Connochie, and had a two-wheeled trap, and as this was occasionally at my service, I drove up to the Castle with this. When Mr. Burges saw the open vehicle, he told me that he would not ride in such a vehicle for anything, as he feared the cold air, so I reluctantly sent the trap away, and procured an ordinary closed-up four-wheeler, and proceeded comfortably to our destination. That was the last time Mr. Burges visited Castell Coch, for on the same evening he unfortunately went to a dinner party at Llandaff, at the invitation of Mr. Luard, of the firm of Messrs. Luard and Shirley, Lord Bute's solicitors, and contrary to his desire of the afternoon, rode in an open vehicle and contracted a chill, which very soon after ended in his death.

CONCLUSION.

I am aware that many of my old friends could write up recollections of old times in this locality far better than I—indeed, I have been told by more than one that I could not tell them anything that they did not know themselves, and one old friend said that he did not think he would be justified in becoming a subscriber to my book until he had a chance of

criticising it, in case I had left anything unrecorded that he was familiar with. My reply was, and is still,—

“ You write a book, and give others a chance of learning

What took place in the days of your youth,”

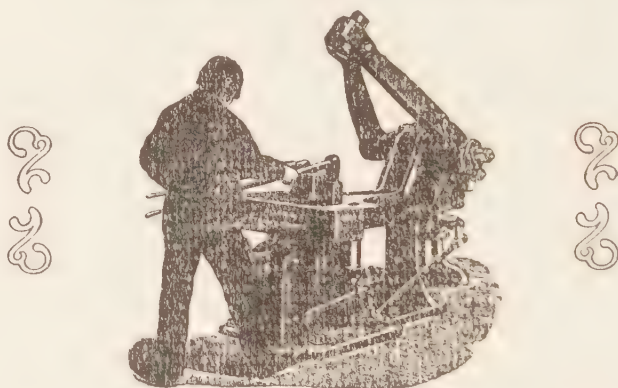
as I am sure many will be interested, as I hope they will be, in these Reminiscences.

Another friend says, “ Put my name down for as many as you like,” and another says, “ Your personal recollections will be a most valuable addition to local literature. I will take 100 copies, and I have filled in the form to that effect.”

With such encouragement, I venture to put forth this effort of recording my personal and a few other reminiscences.

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CARDIFF OLD AND NEW.

CHATTY REMINISCENCES BY MR. S. W. ALLEN.

Hard on the heels of the late Alderman Trounce's interesting little book comes a volume from another old and well-known Cardiff man. Mr. S. W. Allen's "Reminiscences" is on slightly different lines from its predecessor, the latter being a copious record of happenings carefully dated, whilst Mr. Allen chats easily and pleasantly about men and places and things as a man of age and experience would talk to his friends in the "ingle nook." The future expert engineer was born at Haverfordwest, and can carry his memory back to the forties. The first part of his "Reminiscences" is, therefore, of peculiar interest to citizens of "honey Hariat," an old town with a brave tradition and endless food for gossip. Mr. Allen's grandfather was an old sea captain, and it was a lucky accident that he was not on the "Frolic" when she was lost on the Nash Sands with all on board.

Mr. Allen came to Cardiff in 1859, and gives us a vivid description of the future Metropolis of Wales as it was when he arrived. In its main features it actually differed but little from Speed's famous map of 1610! He has much to tell us of the town and district, its progress, its public men, and its industries, particularly shipping and engineering, and of its quaint characters, the latter more in evidence (we fancy) than is the case to-day, for the larger a place the less the personal element obtrudes. A great deal of what Mr. Allen has to say will be quite new to most readers, and those to whom it is not new will have their memories agreeably refreshed as they turn over the pages of his chatty, witty, and entertaining book. Mr. Allen is well known to his friends as a doughty critic of spiritistic phenomena, and the story of his experiences in this line forms not the least amusing section of the volume. The pictures relating to these experiments are very quaint. There are many illustrations of considerable antiquarian interest, and—last but not least—a beautiful and striking photograph of the author himself. "Reminiscences"—which is dedicated to the Marquess of Bute—is issued by subscription. Both it and Alderman Trounce's little work were brought out by the "Western Mail, Limited. In the days to come works like these will be of untold value to the local historian.

*An Appreciation from my sincere old friend, S. A. T.,
from the columns of the "Western Mail."*

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY READING
MR. S. W. ALLEN'S NEW BOOK OF
REMINISCENCES.

By S. A. T.

Refreshed by reminiscences
Since eighteen fifty nine,
When here I met the author in
His boyhood's first decline,
My mind reverts to when I felt
My feet upon that track
Where never yet a man has met
Another coming back.
Life's spoorweg is a single line,
Still engineered by fate ;
The passengers jump on and off,
The train is never late.
There is no earthly terminus,
For, where each one is bound,
On jumping off he finds he has
To take the underground.
The man who sees what is and was
Is blessed with second sight ;
To-day is but the outcome of
The birth of yesternight,
To-morrow's stores will all be filled
From what the past supplied,
What is was never drifted down
By any ebbing tide ;
To-morrow's graves cannot be dug
To hold to-morrow's dead,
'Tis by the vision of the past
We see the light ahead.
The men who turned their meadow in
To bramble growths for sport
Have left their living legacies
Though they are a la mort,
But when the boys come back to plough,
If reminiscent, they
Will think of things their fathers thought
In quite another way.

Extract from the "South Wales Daily News," May 20th, 1918.

MR. S. W. ALLEN'S REMINISCENCES.

Mr. S. W. Allen, the well-known consulting engineer of Cardiff, has published a volume of reminiscences. The author, who modestly describes his book as "a few rambling recollections of some people and things I have met with," is to be congratulated upon having turned out a most readable and interesting book. Though we have long been accustomed to regard Mr. Allen as an old Cardiffian, he was, in fact, born in Pembrokeshire, and the first 30 pages relate many interesting memories of his boyhood at Haverfordwest. Mr. Allen came to Cardiff in 1859, and the greater part of his book concerns his experiences in and around this city. Every page bears the hall-mark of its author, whose astonishing versatility and kindly outlook on life are well known to a large circle of friends. Mr. Allen's splendid memory has enabled him to recall little scenes and incidents and to give personal descriptions of the chief characters of the city half a century ago in the most graphic manner, so that in his pages the past lives again, and one is able to realise more than ever before the wonderful developments of the city during the past 50 years. Mr. Allen deals with many sides of life. His stories of the old theatre and the old circus and the "penny readings" are all delightful. He tells of early shipbuilding, of the first bicycles in Cardiff, of the old iron ore mines of the Garth, of Ely Races in the old days, of the first fine art exhibition, of the old Town Hall, of Penarth Tidal Harbour, of the stage coaches, of the old Turkish baths, of elections, and a hundred other subjects; and he writes as a man with a sense of humour and a comprehensive outlook on life. The volume is illustrated by photographs and by pen and ink sketches by the author, and all his pictures are peculiarly valuable. Few men can tell a tale as Mr. Allen can, fewer still have that keen, perceptive power and deep personal interest that enable one to recall and describe men and events. Mr. Allen has shared in so much of local life, has won so wide a circle of friends, and has followed so closely the development of the district, that his book is assured of the warmest welcome.

